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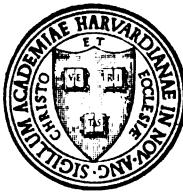
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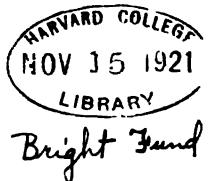
THE
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WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Numbers—Nos. 69-72

VOL. XVIII.

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THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Numbers 69-72

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THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 69 70



RARE LINCOLNIANA—No. 15

COMPRISING:

- TWO CONTRIBUTIONS (Poem) (1868) From the Dutch of J. C. Altorffer
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE NATION'S MARTYR (1865) John W. Tarbox
PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S UNLUCKY PASS (1887) - - Allan Forman
PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND COLONIZATION Charles K. Tuckerman
MY FIRST AND MY LAST SIGHT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN Gen. Horatio King
ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT CINCINNATI - - - W. M. Dickson
PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BRAVERY - - - Gen. Benj. F. Butler
LINCOLN AND MISSOURI - - -
LINCOLN'S LAST ANECDOTE - - - Gen. James Grant Wilson
COBDEN ON LINCOLN - - - John Morley
AN UNPUBLISHED LINCOLN LETTER (1860)

TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK

REPRINTED
WILLIAM ABBATT,
1920

70
Being Extra Number 69 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

Application pending for admission as second-class matter at the postoffice at Menasha, Wis.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

Of the various items which comprise this our fifteenth *Lincoln* Number, the first is one which seems to have escaped bibliographers. It appeared in a volume of poems published in Holland in 1868, and probably loses a good deal of its force through translation into English.

The Tarbox article has never before been printed, since its original appearance, and is therefore very scarce.

The article by Mr. Forman originally appeared in our predecessor, the *Magazine of American History*, in 1887 and is especially valuable as showing the difficulties which beset both the President and Stanton in such cases.

The other articles are all of interest and we think the brief Cobden article will be found especially so.

Mr. Tuckerman's article will be new to most of our readers. Of all schemes foredoomed to failure, that of African colonization seems to be chief—yet within twenty years the editor has heard it powerfully advocated before a New York club, by a gentleman whose opinion commanded respect, and of whose sincerity there could be no question.

TWO CONTRIBUTIONS

1845—1865

BY

J. C. ALTORFFER.

I

JACOB VAN ARTEVELDE

July 17, 1845—September 14, 1863.

What's right he meant to have;
Brooked, for his Land's good name,
No servitude or shame:
No man of Ghent—a slave.

Inscription on a house in Ghent—September 14, 1863.

UTRECHT, HOLLAND

C. VAN DER POST, JR.

1868



TWO CONTRIBUTIONS

WHY, O Ghent, with hastening pace
Speed'st thou to the old Marketplace,
Of which so many famous acts
Are part of thy proud record's facts?
Why these crowds together streaming
With joy of which their glances tell,
With zeal that makes their bosoms swell?
Why have they come up thus beaming?
Is 't but from Flanders' fertile clime
Or are they Brabant's pastures' grangers?
From North and South flock pilgrim strangers
To thy strong fortress, grey with time.

What for?—O cast your glance around
And say where you the statue found—
The Regent's, who with boldest hand
Did the standard of your freedom plant
For commonwealth and congregation?
Who force withstood with latest breath,
The people stayed in stress and death? . . .
A grave's fantastic violation.
A soul by party spirit quelled—
His lot in hearth and shrine defending;
Where turns your eye its view extending,
No monument it sees for Artevelde!

Ingratitude, ingratitude!
To people's friend the offer rude,—
It was the crown that thou didst gain
When by the assassin's hand wert slain.
And yet the people loyal stayed;

They honor thee, wise man of Ghent!
 Thy name is on their soul imprint,
 Indelibly it stands portrayed—
 The commonalty's champion,
 Who bravely for their rights was waking,
 This noble mission ne'er forsaking
 For prince's smile or people's frown.

And did five centuries pass by
 Before rewarding's hour drew nigh,
 Before a grateful later race
 Brought thee their homage bright with grace?
 The dawn of that day now has broken,
 And harmonies with festive calls
 Resound within Saint Bavo's walls.
 Th' unveiling word has just been spoken,
 The bond which for five hundred years
 The Fleming pressed is now discharged,
 In pieces torn with pride enlarged . . .
 See—Artevelde's form appears!

Renownéd man of Ghent! His home,
 Proud as he, of right and freedom.
 His form stands bright in that same spot,
 Stage oft of weal and woe in what
 Of praise and grief you have enjoyed!
 He now shines there, and 'tis as if
 A magic word turns senses stiff;
 As if no time had been destroyed.
 The Regent lifting still his hand
 On high, a sacred signal giving,
 For right and freedom to be living,
 To battle for the Flemish land.

As if he hears the old war-cry,
“Flanders—the Lion,”¹ sounding so nigh
Where he is in the terrible camp,
So many a Liliart’s² heart to cramp;
It is as if he sees flags waving
Over the market-place so gay,
The Guilds’ symbolical display
So wildly on the wind behaving;—
It is as if he still views men
As strong of build, as calm of purpose
As those whom he for victory chose,
For leaders in the States’ domain.

But fades the vision from our eye,
The monument stands proud on high,
Teaching the folk of German tongue
“Keep watching o'er the victory long
By Artevelde’s mind obtained,
Which Artevelde’s blood did buy.”
Should ever one your liberty defy;
Then let him meet the spirit gained
By the Regent’s life’s defence!
Share thou your Burghers’ celebration;
Their boon of highest valuation—
Constituted Independence.

¹ The war cry and meeting call of the Flemings.

² “Liliart”—followers of the French Lilies, a name of scorn for the Flemings inclined to the French and others of that mind. In contradistinction, the loyal Flemings were called Clawwaerts, for being associated under the banner of the clawed Flemish lion.

II

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Muse of history took her pen
And wrote the fourteenth day of April down
In the big book that tells posterity
What things, great and bad, on earth occurred,—
And when the name of Lincoln was inscribed
A bitter tear fell from her solemn eye;
In him a noble man had fallen.

A nobleman, in very highest sense,
Who for himself, nor praise, nor grandeur sought.
To whom the people's good, the Republic's honor,
Above all, the boon of liberty, was precious—
A liberty that does not make her grace depend
On race or color, and thus but mocks mankind;
But one, in love embracing all that are.

A nobleman; in earlier days,
When still his hand, for scanty wage,
On field and flood, held axe and strap,
His ear had caught, as an offense to God,
The clanking of dark slavery's chains.
And now the rousing words of Beecher-Stowe,
Scattered as so much fruitful seed,
Had spread its ripened harvest everywhere.
Now that the words had grown to deeds, and deeds required,
He did for the great cause nor dread the issue,
But, like a Luther in the far-off West,
When with the Union's leadership entrusted,
From the inmost depth of soul he spoke,
“Here I stand. So help me God I can't do otherwise.”

That word was deed, 'twas clear when the fraternal war
Burst forth between the North and South.
Lacking in money, no fleet, no army force;
Instead, discord in bureaus of control,
Yea, treason in the Capital's heart
Was what he found, clasping the helm of state,
But power of will found the experience,
And power of will trod treason under foot.
So confidence rose; yea, when in powder-smoke
The dreadful war along its wretched trail
Tired not, by clashing sword and gleaming bayonet,
By plundering and arson with sound of trumpets,
And thundering tread of cavalry,
Of adding by the thousand its victims,
To the gigantic number of the slain

And then broke forth a shout, a joyful shout,
A flying word along the wires of steel
Sped, swift as light, throughout the North;
For Richmond fell before the conquering force:
As dust the hostile power flew over field and road,
As in the smallest hamlet, so in the greatest city
Of the Great Republic, a song of jubilee
Was raised by every one who slavery despised.
For Richmond's fall raised up the colored man
Whose every right the South continued to withstand.

What sweet emotion did thy soul enrapture,
O Lincoln! when thou that vanquished city,
Whilom the South's brief capital, didst enter!
No desire for revenge glowed in thy human heart;
No "woe the conquered!" proceeded from thy lips
In that place, to fall with dread upon the ear.
Nor did thy hand in angry mood

A long list of guilty exiles sign.
 Too great a man, and of a mind too noble
 Wert thou, not to extend to vanquished foe
 The hand of peace for brother love and freedom,
 For which thy warm heart throbbed for good and ill.
 Thou also now shalt have thy noble brow
 Adorned in pure simplicity with garland fair,
 The civic crown which Washington obtained.

To rest his spirit from the trying task
 The great man and his family attended
 An humble theatre in Washington.
 There his head and heart found relaxation
 In witnessing one of Shakespeare's^{*} plays.
 Attentively the story's thread he follows
 As it sets forth the truth of human ken.
 Affected by the drama's grief and joy
 His face looks clouded, beams with pleasure.
 There he sits with fellow citizens; no armed
 Bodyguard stands near for his protection.
 Is he not full of confidence among his own?

^{*}I have assumed that the evening Lincoln was killed a play of Shakespeare was given. Later I read in the newspapers that the play was "Our American Cousin." Still I deemed it best to let it stand.

As his only relaxation, Mrs. Lincoln took him to the theatre from time to time almost in spite of himself. He was extremely fond of Shakespeare. "It is unimportant to me," he said to me one day, "whether Shakespeare be well played or not; his thoughts are enough for me."

I had the honor of being invited to accompany him to see "King Lear," one day in January, 1865. I went with him that same night to Ford's Theatre, and to the same box where he was afterwards so cowardly assassinated. The theatre is small: the Presidential box is reached by a passageway left open behind the spectators in the gallery seats, and to gain entrance you opened a door, put aside a curtain, and entered it.

The back of the box was hung with red velvet, but they had not even taken pains to cover, either with velvet or cloth, the bare pine boards that formed the front.

A. LAVOIE.

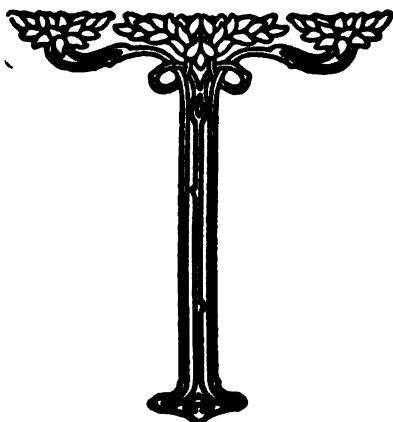
Revue des deux Mondes, May 15, 1865.

He's with his own.—But treachery never sleeps,
 Nor did it sleep here;—two bright eyes peering,
 A shuffling step stealthily creeping near,
 A sure aim—a firm grasp—a sharp report—
 The bullet flies and quick completes the horrid deed,
 And Lincoln falls—never to stand again!
 O night of sorrow after a day so fair!
 O dread decision in a plea so noble!
 Shattering end of the country's dreams
 Whose actors have been falling by the thousands
 And now hurling people from the height of ecstasy
 Into the abyss of wretchedness and tears!
 O crime, base, unprecedented crime!
 Of old indeed did murderous rebels prowl
 About the palace and through armed bodyguard
 To slay who, by presum'd right divine,

Or stroke of policy, thought themselves their people's lords.
 But a first burgher of a burgher-state,
 Who had no royal heritage or patent of nobility
 Where one takes pride in him who, to be free,
 Out of the shadow of the commonplace
 Bore forth his name into the light of worth and truth—
 Must such a one as well become the victim
 Of a Cain in the slaying of his brother?

Rest, noble one! rest from the heavy task
 Which thou wouldst fain in love have finished.
 Mankind mourns in the Old world and the New,
 And heaves a sigh of horror and distress.
 The glorious flag of stars and stripes
 Which drapes thy bier is fairer far
 Than royal crown by tyranny and perjury won
 And with the blood of subject peoples smirched.

Rest, Lincoln! rest. The Historic Muse
Inscribed thee on her roll as nobleman
And on thy tomb the angel of reward writes this:
"America! Let Lincoln's name in honor gain:
Before his power of will fell slavery's chain."



NOTES

A FEW extracts from the introduction that precedes the recitation of the accompanying poems in a literary circle may not be deemed out of place here.

The 17th of July, 1845 A. D. furnished for the renowned city of Ghent a fearful spectacle. A riot—not uncommon in those days—took place on the Kalanderberg, near the present Saint Bavo's Church. The chief scene of this sad drama was the upper story of one of the prominent houses on the square. A well-built man, with noble features, stood leaning over the iron railing addressing a crowd of people, who with wild clamor and waving of sword and dagger, by the blood-red glow of torches, were threatening the chief of the armed citizens, who was the speaker. Having begun to answer them, the convincing language of the intrepid man gradually won him their attention, captivated them, when suddenly a treacherous hand lifted behind him the murderous battle axe and with it split his head. The assassin then stirred up his accomplices to wreak their revenge on the defenseless body as, maltreated and mutilated, a cord was thrown about its neck, it was dragged down the steps and along the street amidst the astonished multitude, and, in the darkness of the night, soon hidden from the eyes of friends and foe.

The last words which escaped this victim of despicable vengeance were these:

"People!—Ghent!—Flanders!" While the breath of life was still in that mutilated form, they came to be, "The wise man of Ghent, Flanders' mightiest Protector!"—The shield of civic freedom and nationality!—By name, Jacob Van Artevelde."

On the 14th of September, 1868, there had gathered at Ghent, on its Friday market, so rich in historical reminiscences, an innumerable multitude. But neither fury nor vengeance, murder nor destruction, radiated from the glances of that multitude. On the contrary, exultation and enthusiasm showed a remarkable interest,

and the name of Van Artevelde sounded from every one's lips, Van Artevelde's statue held every one's eye. Those excelling in learning, in art, in government were gathered about the honored head of Belgium's kingdom, and later at the festive banquet joined joyfully in with the words which then fell from royal lips: "To-day we have celebrated the memory of a powerful man, who at a critical period did by his uncommon courage maintain the existence of this important community. True, these facts belong to an age far removed from our lifetime, but upon such courage, and such prudence, is the independence of peoples founded."

Thus after a lapse of five centuries, along with so many other tokens of honor, did the highest power in the state express its appreciation of a great man, a noble citizen, a symbol of the Flemish people's peculiar character.

Changed are the times; generations have come up and are gone down. Rude forms are giving place to a more refined civilization. No longer partisanship with a dagger for the bloody murder of a defender of the people's rights and liberties. Employed instead to-day is the simple poison of slander and suspicion. These, too, however, can be deadly, as the history of our day teaches us. Let the voice of the past therefore keep on speaking to the present, and that not in empty sounds of air echoing and reechoing until dying out, but in words that abide in mind and heart.

Did the poem *Jacob Van Artevelde*, owe its origin to the 14th of September, 1863? Hardly had the second year thereafter closed its round, when in the far west, in the capital of the United States of America, the 14th of April, 1865, would belie the few lines written above in praise of our civilization. For then indeed did a man of the people share a lot similar to that which five centuries before fell upon Jacob Van Artevelde.

If sympathy exists between peoples and lands, just as between individuals, then the relationship of language and tribe must contribute thereto the strongest inducement. Flanders and North America, free states, do both of them point toward language and

descent. Here are the low lands on the North Sea, the outlet of Germany's and Gallia's main streams, in one word, the Netherlands, at present politically separated, but heretofore united, and at one time one of the most flourishing realms of Europe, and still for a good part bound together by language. Now, it is scarcely two centuries ago (1664) that the great city of New York bore the name of Nieuw Amsterdam; and does not many a name now there indicate a Dutch descent? Do not a number of emigrants sail across from these regions from time to time and give occasion thus for perpetuating the tribal relationship? It was with deepest interest therefore that Netherland watched the latent and most important war between brothers in the West; and the bloody crime committed after the North's victory, in the murder of the country's president, called forth the poem entitled *Abraham Lincoln*.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

14 APRIL, 1865

With Malice toward none, and Charity for all.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Has placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noblest host of those
Who perished in the cause of right!

—Bryant.

THE NEW ERA.

DEVOTED TO THE RESTORATION, RECONSTRUCTION, AND UNION OF THE STATES

IF THOU HAST TRUTH TO UTTER, SPEAK, AND LEAVE THE REST TO GOD.

VOL. 1.

DARLINGTON, S. C., TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1865.

NO. 2.

THE NEW ERA

Published Every Tuesday at Darlington, S. C.

By JNO. W. TARBOX

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—THE NATION'S MARTYR

FOUR years and a few short months ago we took from the quiet, almost unknown people of Illinois, an untried man. We gave him our assurances of fidelity and trust with lips that trembled with the fears that exercised and "the prophecies" that alarmed us. From the prairies of the West we had sought a Chieftain to lead us, whom we believed, when he registered his oath, would do so with the solemn estimation of its sacredness, and dare to "preserve, protect and defend the Government" of our Republic.

We looked upon him as one who had been raised up for a peculiar purpose.—In every age of the world there have been "the sent of the Lord" to deliver, lead and save the people.

Moses, Joshua, Elijah, Solomon, Daniel, Christ Jesus the Lord have passed before us, and their glorious influences, powers and acts yet inspire us.

A Constantine, Luther, Alfred, Wilberforce, Washington, Lincoln! with their noble works, words, deeds, still actuate us and lift us up to the grander summits of a better life.

All are conversant with the relations into which our country was thrown, ere the arm of seditious intent was raised, when threats followed invectives wild and bitter. All are aware of the compromises we had made with such and such only as would strangle freedom to nurse and foster thralldom. The cockatrice's egg was in all our covenants, and the cloven foot of the desolator trod upon all our accessions. Given up to the idolatries of our political alliances—almost let alone in our folly and iniquity—we were snatched at length like brands from the burning, and "ABRAHAM" was given us as a father to guide the Ship of State through the storm, where dark portentous clouds were gathering thick and fast and whose blackness hung like a pall over the Republic.

In all political chicanery we had become unparalleled; and so many were the pitfalls we had dug that nought but peril was in our way. A MARTIN,¹ JOHN and JAMES had held the helm of our noble Ship, and left us upon the drifting turbulence to be dashed among the rocks, reefs and shoals of indifference and constitutional infidelity.

Our Capitol became riotous with the language of defiance, assault and treason. The pampered of the land—as they saw their craft endangered—with proclamations fierce and rash, dared those who would "the right maintain," to assert their manhood.

We need not repeat the insults, the assumptions, the boasts and prophesies of those "who stood in wisdom's halls" for the last time and threw down the gauntlet to destiny. So arrogant; so traitorous! How they washed their hands in innocence and claimed defence of virtue they never knew; how they looked with scorn at the "mud-sill" representations they turned their backs upon, and the slaughter, the destruction they breathed upon the generations of the North. All these things are fresh in our memories, and the same smile of contempt lurks about the corners of our lips as then.

How replete were the days and hours with impulse and decision, when the voice of those upon whom the fair fame, the honor of the

¹ Van Buren, Tyler, Buchanan.

Nation rested was heard.—Party spirit in hot haste pursued the revelations of the grand triumph of Freedom's pioneer step, which established the campaign against usurpers in human prerogatives and the Champion of Liberty was crowned. The heavens in that November rang with the cheers of millions, and the name of LINCOLN was as the charm of households.

Soon the festering sores of treason burst; the CATILINES and BRUTUS' throughout the South revolting, disregarding the writing upon the walls of doom, were heard in words of foul intent stirring up the bilious of their craft to follow them in rebellion wild and murderous design.

Already having determined upon an Empire the sceptre of which never should depart; with consciences seared; ever violating confidence; the repose of the strength, the material of a Nation's working in their hands; our Navy beyond reach; the Army scattered; contracted for in inglorious surrender by recreant commanders; disloyalty permeating all the avenues, channels and sources of Government, it is not to be wondered at that in mockery they beheld "the coming man" as he started forth, not with the pomp of one who, eager for the vesture of royalty, begins to frown on subjects and smile on courtiers; no! unassuming as he was unwavering, unpretending as uncommittting, he bade farewell to his home to assume the responsibilities of a rule such as no man before him in our mighty Republic had ever wielded. With the prayers of the faithful, with the belief that upon him had the mantle of duty fallen and with no desire to falter in the great work of the hour, the sublime realities of the Age, he went forth trusting in the God of Nations—believing

"Right is right since God is God,
And right the day must win."

No anonymous threat slackened his pace, no spirit of anarchy or blood caused his heart to quail!

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right," he moved on fearlessly, though cautiously, to become the guardian of the public weal.

In the midst of the tempest that threatened to tear
The bonds of our mighty Republic in twain,
Like a guardian angel, his genius was there
Gathering the links to unite them again.

It is in vain, in the space allotted to us, to recapitulate all the events, the fears, the doubts, discomfitures, distress and wonder, the retreats, defeats, success and triumphs which have been crowded into the history of the past four years. We cannot repeat the struggles, sufferings, marches, sieges, victories with which our era has been linked, nor can we name the chieftains, heroes, martyrs, all whose record is as the scroll of glory unrolled to the vision of eternity.

With all that the Republic has known, his life, his energies, wisdom, sympathies, integrity and nobleness have been connected. Never failing in the darkest and stormiest hour to cheer; when the strong bark was almost foundering in the gale, standing with firm hand and dauntless heart the Pilot of our hopes, he ever proclaimed the halcyon days which now are wedding their happier aspirations with peaceful emotions.

When the howl of the blasts all furious, with fiercer elements mixed, appalled the mind and terrified the soul of the multitude, his watchful eye, unflinching nature and never-despairing voice brought the faithful assurance that "all was well" to them who persevered in the struggle of humanity and equity.

"Upon his country's war fields and within the shadow of her altars" he has stood, the Knighted and the Anointed! From the hour of insult to that emblem Banner now more glorious and glorified—each stripe made redder by the blood of martyrs, (himself the Chief); and purer by the virtue of their sacrifices; while the stars all brilliant in their azure field, shone out anew with the records of the heroes living and slain, our beloved President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, has stood the standard bearer of promise and triumph!

With him *success was a duty!* The purposes of heaven were sure! "He exhibited," says one eulogising his virtues, "in due pro-

portion and harmonious action those cardinal virtues which are the trio of true greatness—courage, wisdom and goodness. Goodness to love the right; wisdom to know the right; and courage to do the right. Tried by these tests and the touchstone of success, he became with us in our Nation and for humanity in the world the greatest among men."

His was the mind, the heart, that thought and felt out through the leadings of Infinite power, America's proudest deliverance. Moving in his conceptions with the finger points of destiny, interpreting the significance of signs revealed, honest in purpose, in will, in faith; always advancing, never retreating; given to the exploration of truth, the searching out of logical and moral inferences, teachable to himself, to all, with "an understanding heart, discerning between the evil and good," he was in Solomonic prudence, able to govern and counsel a great people so that every tongue could say (unprejudiced and loyal)

"Powers depart
Possessions vanish and opinions change;
And passions hold a fluctuating seat;
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
Subject neither to eclipse nor wane
Our Chieftain stands!"

Bishop SIMPSON, in his funeral oration at the grave of President LINCOLN, at Springfield, Ill., thus alluded to what will always be regarded as the great act of the deceased President, and which will make his name immortal:

"But the great act of the mighty chieftain on which his fame shall rest long after his frame shall moulder away, is that of giving freedom to a race. We have all been taught to revere the sacred character of Moses, of his power, and the prominence he gave to the moral law, how it lasts, and how his name towers among the names in Heaven, and how he delivered three millions of his kindred out of bondage, and yet we may assert that ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by his proclamation, liberated more enslaved people than ever Moses set free, and those not of his kindred or his race.

"Such a power or such an opportunity God has seldom given to man. When other events shall have been forgotten; when this world shall have become a network of Republics; when everything shall be swept from the face of the earth, when literature shall enlighten all minds; when the claims of humanity shall be recognized everywhere, this act shall still be conspicuous on the pages of history; and we are thankful that God gave to ABRAHAM LINCOLN the decision, wisdom, and grace to issue that proclamation, which stands high above all other papers which have been penned by uninspired men."

But just as the rewards of fidelity to trust, of honored service, of unshaken faith, of duty accomplished were descending to wreath the brows of Columbia's Magistrate with coronals of glory; just as the gates of rebellion had swung back before the ponderous blows and surging strides of patriot hosts; just as the favorite leader of the Union legions proclaimed from the citadels of treason the traitors vanquished; just as the bronzed columns of veterans gained the summits of completest triumph, and from Richmond's centre *our watchman* hailed us with the salutation, "Lo the morning cometh;" while with speedy steps, returning to administer upon the fast-approaching evidences of "a righteous peace," he came, to rejoice with the jubilant millions as the foe on every hand were yielding, our arms victorious and our armies victors; while with mercy counseling, that he might toward the guilty bring long sufferance and gracious ministerings, he was stricken by a hand accurst, and fell an unexampled lover of his race, calling in his latest hours blessings on the wayword. O foulest crime on annals borne! O blot the blackest! from whence such execrable heart, such hand with fell intent, save from the pit—the bottomless pit—where all the spirits of rebellious deeds have been conceived, and to which they must return!

By the assassin's hand our honored President has fallen, the last and chiefest of martyrs! In sable has our land been dressed throughout its loyal borders, wherever the flag he loved, supported and defended is unfurled.

But a few days have passed since all that was mortal of the great and good Chief Magistrate was laid in the tomb near the home he made so genial and proud. Oak Ridge with its sepulchre so mute retains the form, but in our hearts shall we enshrine the memory of the murdered Nation's Father.

"Ah, well may the heart of America mourn,
An orb from the bright constellation has sped,
An oak from the forest of greatness is torn,
A line from the rainbow of glory has fled,
He is gone! but his greatness has kindled a fire
In the temple of fame on Columbia's shore,
A beacon of glory that cannot expire
Till truth be forgotten and Freedom's no more."

For eighteen hundred miles the funeral procession of ABRAHAM LINCOLN solemnly lengthened out its course 'mid tears and sighs and "bleeding sympathies."—Nought in historic pages has surpassed the length of the passage of the honored remains of him whose name and fame is universal. ALEXANDER THE GREAT, conqueror of worlds, though borne on a golden chariot from Babylon in Asia, to Alexandria in Egypt, created not the emotions our ABRAHAM the Good, the Just, has stirred in the bereavement which his "horrid taking off" has occasioned.—Empty ALEXANDER went in dishonor to his account. In the fulness of time, in the ripeness of the harvest of duty well done, our ABRAHAM went, bearing his sheaves with him to the rewards of the just.

Around the earth is the solemn car of mourning moving; from kingdoms, empires, the isles of the sea the wail of sorrow is heard. Princes, potentates, the learned, the wise, the small, the great, all add (in silence universal) expressions of profoundest grief to our united lamentations.

America has lost the JOSIAH of the present age, "who turned not to the right hand nor to the left, but did that which was right in the sight of God."

Often shall we meet to tell his virtues, to speak of the elements of his nature, the wisdom of his rule, the kindness of his heart, the

unsullied integrity of his will; for, says another, "his love for man was boundless, his charity all embracing, and his benevolence so sensitive that he was sometimes as ready to pardon the unrepentant as the sincerely penitent, yet truth and justice were so mixed in him as to making his failings virtues, and nerve him to administer impartially."

It is impossible to measure all his powers and prudence in our allotted limits, his relation to our institutions, our perpetuity as a Nation, his exemplification of the great democratic principles which are the palladium of our rights and prerogatives. His bearing toward the past, his comparative parallelism in character, intellect, purpose, accomplishments to those who have been deservedly great and revered among us.

With us no struggle will be inaugurated to claim his birth-place. The cities of the world may wrangle and dispute over the natal hours and lives of their Poets, Conquerors and Kings, but the *Continent* is only the fitting nativity of the peerless and spotless Magistrate of Columbia's heritage.

A short time since a banner, borne in procession, where returning disloyalists confessed the brutality and "deep damnation of his taking off" had this appropriate inscription upon its folds: "GEORGE WASHINGTON—the Father of his Country; JEFF. DAVIS—the Destroyer of his Country; ABRAHAM LINCOLN—the Redeemer of his Country," and

"The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it last beat high,
Sad life, cut short, just as the triumph came.
The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse,
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men."

And for all that we have found in our Chieftain slain, to revere and honor, let us devoutly thank the God of Heaven who bestowed upon him gifts so rare, elements so pure, and strength to the last that

he might fulfill the great objects of his mission according to the immutable decrees of Divine wisdom.

Let us acknowledge to whom we are indebted for the ELISHA of our new dispensation, in order that our grief, our loss may be mitigated; let us humble ourselves before the throne of Him in whose hands are the destinies of nations, and with sincere desire seek the sanctification of the universal chastisement in the removal of the good man from our presence. Let us importune the ear of Jehovah-Shalom until He shall cause us deeply to feel our need of His sustaining power, His everlasting arms of mercy and forbearance, His unfailing knowledge, to the end, that our present Magistrate may be governed by the same faith, inclined by the same trust, actuated by the same righteous disposition and purpose in the conduct of our momentous affairs as was

"Our Nation's martyred Father."

God's hand alone has preserved us through our years of peril and doubt, and it is he that can keep us from falling in the future. Let us then, like ABRAHAM LINCOLN, calling "God as our witness make it our prayer, that both the Nation and ourselves may be on the Lord's side, knowing that the Lord is ever on the side of the right. With his example before us, let us

Cling close, O my friends, cling close while we may,
The night is far spent, we are nearing the day,
'Tis an hour of strong counsels, brave acts, but good cheer,
For the dawn on the mountain breaks ruddy and clear.
'Tis a great hour to live, and a great hour to die,
With the bright bow of liberty spanning our sky;
So shoulder to shoulder, side by side let us stand,
With God the protector of our dear native land.

(This is the only form in which Tarbox's fine tribute appeared. It was headed as an editorial, occupying five columns of the first page of the paper. As a Southern tribute, appearing so soon after the President's death, it is remarkable.)

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S UNLUCKY PASS

THE following incident is from the private papers and memoranda of a gentleman high in the Secret Service Department during the late Civil War. He had partly written the story for publication prior to his death, thus it is given in his own language. The facts have been carefully compared with official documents, and are found correct in every particular. No publicity was ever given to the affair, it having been kept from the press entirely, and it appears now for the first time in any form save that of an official report. It is believed that outside of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Stanton, the lady and gentleman mentioned in the article, and the officer from whose notes the account has been obtained, the details of this incident were wholly unknown. For obvious reasons, real names are not given. The two principal actors in the scenes are still alive,* and history would in no way be benefited by making public matters which might wound their feelings. Late one night in the fall of 1863, the following telegram was received by the provost marshal in the city of Baltimore:

"War Department, Washington, D. C.

Colonel Fish:

Information received at this office renders it almost certain that a lady about sixty years of age, name unknown, visiting her daughter or daughter-in-law at Syracuse, New York, is preparing to run the blockade with several trunks containing articles contraband of war and otherwise. I hope you may be able to take means to secure this person and her baggage, *no matter under what circumstances she may present herself.*

(Signed)

EDWIN M. STANTON."

The wording of the telegram, as will be observed, was peculiar, and the fact that such a telegram should be written at all about an ordinary smuggler was somewhat puzzling. Knowing that our bluff Secretary seldom wasted words on any matter I was forced to the conclusion that there was more in this affair, or, at least, that he

*This account was written thirty-three years ago—they are probably dead now, and their names will never be known.

knew more about it, than he cared to say through a dispatch, and although nothing was ever said by him as to this presumption on my part, yet events which afterwards occurred in working up the matter proved my surmise to have been correct. It was worse than useless, however, to be losing one's self in abstract speculations concerning a matter which required immediate action. Secretary Stanton evidently intended this dispatch both as information and as an order, although the order was not well defined. Syracuse was many miles distant; it was fair to presume, in a place of that size, there might be more than one "lady about sixty years of age, name unknown, visiting her daughter or daughter-in-law"; but, would there be more than this one "preparing several trunks"? Here was a faint hope of being able to get some trace, if we only had the proper person or persons there to investigate; but to send a stranger upon a matter which required such accurate and minute local information would clearly never do. Whether Syracuse had a good police force, and whether its chief was "loyal," was a matter better understood now than then; knowing they must have a postmaster, and presuming from the fact of his being a government officer that he was loyal and trustworthy, a copy of the telegram was sent to him, with a request that he would take measures to inform me if he could obtain any clew to the person mentioned.

This postmaster proved to be a good officer, and his heart was evidently in the Union cause, for in a very short time he sent back word that "such a person had been there visiting her daughter-in-law for some time, and that she had left for New York City the week previous, taking with her three large trunks which he had positive information contained medicines, dry goods and 'Yankee notions'; sorry he did not know this before, and could he be of any further assistance?" Of course he could not be expected to do anything further, and it was very uncertain whether any one, at this late hour, would be able to proceed with the case, for the clew, very slight at first, had now become so frail that the chance seemed small indeed of

ever finding the lady or her desired trunks. The fact of her having gone to New York was bad enough, but to have it occur "more than a week ago," seemed a climax of the complication. She had had time to escape with her effects, and before this might have been in Nassau, congratulating herself on her success; still there was a chance that she had been taking matters more leisurely than we supposed, enjoying the good things of New York thoroughly and lingeringly, before voluntarily shutting herself away from them by going into the Southern States. She had taken her own time in Syracuse, might she not do the same in New York?

While no probable chance could be thought of whereby Mr. Kennedy (superintendent of police in New York) could render any assistance in this matter, yet there was a possibility, and it was thought proper to leave no means untried; therefore a history of the case was prepared and forwarded to him for such action as he might think proper in the premises. A more complete description would have assisted him in the search, but he was given already all we had. "A lady about sixty years of age, with three trunks; came from Syracuse a week ago, doubtless *via* Hudson River R. R." A small thread indeed to follow in a city of a million inhabitants. Thus the matter stood for at least two weeks, when there came a little ray of light from New York. A lady who would answer the description had gone to Washington several days back, and she might be in that city at present; still there could be nothing positive about it.

This might, or might not be information; if indeed it was "our lady," we did not believe it possible for her to get through the lines at any point this side of Eastern Tennessee without a pass from this office, unless she should have unusual influence "at court" and manage to obtain a pass directly from Mr. Lincoln, which was a very rare achievement. No flurry was necessary, for, if this had been her intention, she had doubtless perfected her plans so thoroughly before reaching Washington that all had been consummated; or, which seemed more probable, she had failed. In either case, she would be compelled to come to this office herself finally; in the first event to

get her pass countersigned ere it would be accepted by the Bay Line steamers, and, in the second, to try for a pass here for herself.

No developments had occurred in this direction for some two weeks after the date of the information mentioned above, as to her (or some one something near the description of her) having left New York. But in the midst of a mass of correspondence one morning, I was interrupted by the orderly who informed me that a lady and gentleman wished to see me as to a pass.

"Why do you let them trouble me with this matter? Show them to the desk of the officer in charge of that business," I said.

"I could not help it, sir. I directed them to Lieutenant Walker, but they insist on seeing you," was the courteous reply.

"Well, show them in, but don't permit this to happen again; people must learn to transact their business with the proper officers," I remarked with some asperity.

The door swung open somewhat impatiently, and there entered a lady past middle age, rather tall and commanding in her appearance, a pleasant but decided cast of features, an unmistakable air of gentility and breeding pervading everything about her, and tastefully and quietly dressed in mourning. She was accompanied by a middle-aged gentleman whom I recognized instantly as one of the most eminent lawyers of the city, a gentleman of wealth and high social standing, but with the reputation of being at heart a sympathizer with the South. These were the visitors who would not be put off, and although the subject had been entirely out of my mind for some days, yet as I rose to receive them it came like an inspiration that this was the lady I had for more than a month been seeking. Presenting chairs, they, especially the lady, were reluctantly seated; she seemed to think her dignity demanded that she should in no manner accept the hospitalities of the office; but after a short hesitation, catching the eye of her escort, she accepted the proffered seat. Waiting a few seconds for the visitors to make their business known, I asked in what manner they could be served. The lady partially rose

as if intending to come toward me to speak earnestly, but her friend with a very slight motion to her to remain seated, said:

"We are sorry to disturb you, and are aware you seldom give personal attention to individual passes, but the circumstances are so peculiar, we have presumed to come to you direct rather than to deal with one of your subordinate officers."

A gesture of assent was given, as he seemed to pause for such, and he proceeded:

"The lady who accompanies me is the wife of one of your —, one of the general officers in the Federal Army. She has relatives in the State of Virginia, whom she is anxious to visit, and has obtained a special permit from Mr. Lincoln to do so, but upon presenting herself at the gangway of the steamer last evening and tendering her pass from the President, to her astonishment she was informed it was of no avail without being countersigned by you. Unable to understand why this was necessary and unacquainted with the location of your office, the boat being about ready to start, she was forced to abandon for the time her undertaking, and was driven to a hotel. Having had for many years the honor of her acquaintance, she came to my house and solicited my assistance, if any was needed, in seeing you to have this matter (which we presume is of form only) made straight."

A square, straightforward story, said in few words, and to the point, if we except the little stumble as to the side the general officer was on; and had it not been that the lady was "about sixty," and an unaccountable presentiment that she was the one we had been so long seeking, they would have been immediately furnished with the required pass, and dismissed, but with all these suspicions it could not be done, at least without some questions. Turning toward the lady, I asked:

"Will you allow me to look at your pass?"

She presented it somewhat ostentatiously, almost defiantly. Sure enough, there it was, all perfectly *en rigle*; the signature was

well known, and besides this, the whole body of the pass was in the unmistakable hand-writing of Mr. Lincoln:

"Officers and guards will pass the bearer, Mrs. —— through the lines *via* Fortress Monroe, unmolested and her baggage undisturbed.
A. Lincoln."

Rather a tough document to get over; if my surmises as to the holder were correct, however, under the circumstances, it was deemed best to shrink from nothing, even to ignoring a document as clear, concise, and of as high authority as this.

Remarking that "this seemed to be all right," she was asked "why she had waited so long before availing herself of the document, its date being some days back?"

She replied that she "had been visiting friends, and knowing it to be good at any time, had been in no haste."

"Have you been North long?"

Madame started abruptly at the question; straightening herself in her chair, she replied:

"I fail to see how any such questions bear upon our business; you will excuse me if I decline to answer."

The gentleman, at this point, rose abruptly and somewhat nervously. "Perhaps I can smooth this difficulty," said he, advancing to the desk. "Mrs. —— has been for a long time with her daughter in the North, and availing herself of the known and tried loyalty of her gallant husband, has asked for and obtained the safe conduct you see, in order to enable her to visit near and dear friends in less fortunate circumstances."

Turning toward the lady again, who, evidently taking her cue from her friend, had relaxed somewhat in manner, I asked:

"Madame, you will pardon me, but there are a few questions it will be necessary for me to ask. Is your daughter-in-law living in Syracuse?"

"Yes, sir."

"You went from that place about a month since to New York?"
She bowed.

"About two weeks since you went from there to Washington?" I continued.

"Yes, sir; I did. But of what interest I pray can the recital of all this possibly be to you?"

"Excuse me, madame, but one more question. Where is your baggage at this time?"

"You are becoming impertinent, sir," said she, rising. "My trunks are at Barnum's, where I took rooms last evening; and I decline to answer any further questions."

This conversation had all been conducted so quietly and respectfully, that it was doubtless the most distant thing from the minds of either the lady or gentleman that there was any possible doubt of the ultimate success of their undertaking; indeed, how *could* it be otherwise? Were they not armed with the protection of the highest authority in the United States? This being the fact, what had they to fear? It was their province to give orders, not to obey; true, some little official routine must be conformed with, but in face of the document held, all *must* bend to their will.

Touching a bell, the orderly making his appearance was directed to inform Lieutenant Morris to report immediately. As the lieutenant came into the room and saluted in his quiet, impassive manner, the smothered anxiety or curiosity of both the lady and gentleman, which had begun to manifest itself from the moment I had sent for the officer of the guard, could be no longer contained; both started to their feet impatiently, angrily.

"What is the meaning of this remarkable conduct?" said the gentleman, vehemently. "Am I to understand, sir, that you are about to dare to controvert the orders of the President of the United States?"

"Remain perfectly quiet, sir, if you please. It simply and positively means that I am about to place this lady in arrest, as you will see. Lieutenant, you will take charge of madame. Conduct her to her hotel; see that she needs nothing to make her comfortable

in her own rooms, where it will be necessary for her to remain until further orders, and in the meantime she is to hold no conversation with any person without a special permit from these headquarters."

The poor old lady sank back in her chair as white as death. "What?—what, sir?" she gasped; "arrest? arrest me?"

The lieutenant, obeying an almost imperceptible gesture, took two or three steps toward where she sat. The gentleman, who had apparently been stunned and bewildered by this sudden turn of affairs, now recovered, and in truly manly style came to the rescue. Stepping out as if to intercept the officer, his voice trembling with suppressed excitement, he turned toward where I was standing, exclaiming:

"How dare you, sir? Are you insane? Do you know who she is? Your power, I well know, is considerable, indeed too much—but there *is* a limit. You shall not do this thing. She is here under the protection of the chief magistrate of the nation, her husband one of the most gallant officers in your army" (the "your" came out squarely this time, his indignation having made him forget his guard), "and she shall not be insulted and outraged by you, a subordinate, who, because clothed in a little brief authority, seem to consider yourself infallible, and unaccountable to any one for your actions." Turning again to the officer, he said: "Touch her at your peril."

The lieutenant looked inquiringly, then, evidently satisfied there was to be no change in his orders, respectfully requested the lady to accompany him. She rallied from the startled and frightened condition into which she had been thrown, and as he addressed her she rose to her feet with dignity and a certain stately manner which well became her, saying with emphasis:

"I will make no scene; I will go with you, but dearly shall that man," pointing toward me, "suffer for this indignity."

"One moment, lieutenant," I remarked. "Madame, we shall be compelled to trouble you for your keys."

"Never," she broke in impetuously, "never shall you have them unless taken by force. Is there then *no* limit to your insolence?"

"Madame, it is imperative, and it will be so ordered that your three trunks be brought to this office. Should you refuse us the keys, we shall be compelled to break the locks. This we dislike to do, but should we have to do so, you must not after this positive assurance blame us for so doing. This whole affair is to be regretted, but under all the circumstances, and in the face of previous orders, I see no alternative. It is fully understood what liabilities are being incurred, and we do not shrink from the responsibility. If there is any one you particularly desire to send for, inform your friend and your wishes in that respect shall be obeyed."

She haughtily drew herself up, as she replied: "My friend," with somewhat scornful imitation of manner, "is abundantly able to take the proper steps to punish this insult, without any suggestions from you. As for myself, I can cheerfully endure a short imprisonment for the sake of the satisfaction I shall certainly soon feel in seeing you justly punished for this high-handed misdemeanor." Without a tremor, with a stately bow to her companion, she waved the officer in front of her and marched after him out of the room, erect and dignified. Her friend closed the door and turned back, saying:

"That I am astounded at your presumption, and shocked at your want of feeling, I need not say. But, sir, that is not all; I shall take the next train to Washington, and lose no time in laying your extraordinary behavior before the authorities you have insulted and outraged. You may expect to hear from me again in a very few hours, and unless I am more mistaken than ever in my life, your present quiet and cool demeanor will be changed more than you will care to have it."

Assuring him of my perfect willingness that he should take the course he proposed—nay, more, that it was impossible to see how he could honorably in friendship to the lady take any other—he was also informed that everything had been done upon mature reflection, and that there was no desire to shrink from any responsibility incurred through what seemed to him an arbitrary and unjust course.

He went away with every indication of being highly incensed, and a positive prospect of a coming retribution upon the head of the man who had wrought this unforeseen disturbance.

Within a very short time the three trunks arrived, *with the keys*. Upon opening them, it was apparent the postmaster was correct as to their contents. If any further evidence had been needed as to the expediency of seizing them, they would have furnished it themselves, and had Mr. Lincoln known what he had been cajoled into passing unmolested over his signature, he would without doubt have been excessively displeased at those who had, wittingly or unwittingly, assisted in the deception so successfully attempted. The same evening our friend, who had so energetically made a raid upon Washington, returned. Entering the room with a brisk, satisfied step he presented me with an important "I told you so" air, a document bearing the impress of the War Department and addressed in the bold, nervous handwriting of Mr. Stanton.

"It is as I expected, sir," said he, as he laid it upon the desk, "and I have good reason to believe when you have read that letter that you will most heartily regret the steps you have taken in this matter." Opening the envelope there was found, what it was natural to expect from the information they had at Washington, *viz.*: a peremptory order from the Secretary of War "to immediately release the lady from arrest, restore her baggage, furnish her with a pass, and show cause why you should not be dismissed the service for disobedience of orders."

Short, curt, and to the point. Just such a document as any one knowing our irascible Secretary would expect. Our friend watched closely while the communication he had delivered was being read, evidently expecting to see a marked change of countenance.

"This is precisely what was expected," I said, laying the open letter on the desk; "he could not well have written anything different, knowing what he does, as yet, of this affair."

"Well, sir," exclaimed my visitor, "you do not pretend to say you refuse to obey that direct order? I was astonished at your audacity

before, but *this* is inconceivable. May I ask, sir," mockingly, "who is the real conservator of power at the present time in these unhappy United States? My old fogey notions had always led me to believe the Secretary of War superior to any subordinate, and that deliberate, willful disobedience of orders was a crime to be most severely dealt with; but it seems I am mistaken, or else not educated up to the *advanced* age. May I ask what you *do* intend to do in this matter?"

"Certainly," I replied blandly. "It is proposed to immediately answer this letter by telegraph, stating what action has been taken; also to make a written report, in which reasons will be set forth why the course has been taken which evidently seems so unaccountable to you. Upon receipt of answer to this proposed report, it will be possible to give you information as to probable final action in the case. Until that time things must remain precisely as they now stand."

"I trust that I shall yet see you humbled in this matter. Shall I be allowed to see Mrs. —— and provide for her comfort? Or does it suit your convenience to render her as unhappy as possible?"

"You can see madame, if you desire it. But as far as personal comforts are concerned, she has the best a first-class hotel can afford, and is restricted in nothing but permission to leave her apartments, and intercourse with the outside world except through this office. She also has female attendance from the servants in the house. Very many people in this city would be most happy to be similarly situated, as far as necessities, or even luxuries, are concerned."

Accepting a permit to visit his friend, the gentleman went away, evidently discouraged. The support he had so strongly leaned upon had as yet proved of no avail, although it was apparent he was far from believing but that all would yet be reversed, as was natural from his stand-point of view. Yet the quiet composure and confidence in which all that had seemed so extraordinary to him had been done, had shaken him quite considerably in this belief. As soon as he was gone a telegram was sent to Mr. Stanton, stating that, not-

withstanding his last and peremptory order it had been thought proper to stay the execution of it until he could be put in possession of further and complete information as to the case, which there were strong reasons for believing would cause him to revoke the order and approve of the action taken at this office, and that a full report should be sent next mail. Such report was prepared, giving the case in detail; first quoting his telegram of a month back, and emphasizing the sentence, "*I hope you will be able to take such measures as to secure this person and her baggage, no matter under what circumstances she may present herself*"—and then giving each step in the prosecution and development up to the present time, finally assuring him this was the person spoken of, and inclosing an inventory of the contents of the trunks.

The next morning's mail brought an autograph letter from him, most heartily approving the course taken, and leaving the whole case for the final and usual disposition in such matters, further stating that the matter had been laid before Mr. Lincoln and that this letter was written with his consent and approval. Some regrets were also expressed that no intimation had been previously received from this office as to the nature and bearings of the case, which would have prevented the summary tone of his previous communication brought by the gentleman interested.

In a very short time the gentleman in question entered, evidently a wiser and a sadder man. It was apparent he had been to Washington again, faithful to his trust, determined to leave no means untried to assist his friend. Mr. Stanton's letter was silently handed to him; he read it carefully and remarked sorrowfully that, "it was past his comprehension. That when subordinate officers presumed to dictate to their superiors, and were upheld in it, it boded no good to the country," etc.

To his inquiry as to "whether it was decided yet what the final disposition alluded to was," he was informed that the lady should have her own personal effects; to wit, her clothing actually made up, or cut and not made, and other things of like nature, returned

to her, and be passed through the lines under guard whether she desired to go or not, with charge not to return during the war. Also that if she would designate some one of her relatives in the North to whom she wished the other things which were in her trunks delivered to, that should also be done, although such was not the usual course.

These promises were fulfilled, and she departed the next day. The articles not permitted for her to take were delivered elsewhere according to her directions, and thus ended this singular affair. Some time afterwards, the matter came up casually in conversation with the President, and he remarked that he "was glad on some accounts that it had occurred, for it gave him an excuse ever after, when urged to grant a similar pass, to quote this case, and truly say that it might be of no avail, for his pass sometimes proved of no account except to be the means of getting himself into trouble, and he preferred to leave such business entirely to the officers who were expected to regulate and govern such matters."

ALLAN FORMAN.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND COLONIZATION

THE business which brought me into personal relations with President Lincoln in 1863 was connected with a public measure much discussed at the time, and now a part of the history of that exciting Presidential term.

After the President's famous Emancipation proclamation the Northern States were threatened with a deluge of refugee freedmen and their families, for whose protection and employment in the country no possible provision could be made, and the alarming cry arose, and was echoed all over the North, "What shall be done with the negro?" Mr. Lincoln strongly recommended colonization; and Congress voted \$600,000 to be employed by him, according to his judgment, for this object. The Government invited proposals, and experiments were made, one in Central America and another at the island of La Vache, within the republic of Hayti. The applicant for the latter was an individual highly recommended to the Government, and who had obtained from Hayti a lease of the island for the cultivation of cotton by the freedmen.

President Lincoln favored this enterprise. A contract was accordingly drawn up and the contractor went to New York to form a company and obtain the necessary capital. It was proposed to ship five thousand freedmen, including families, the future of the enterprise to depend upon the successful founding of a permanent colony, under white superintendents, for the cultivation of cotton and cereals.

The affair had advanced to the charter of the first vessel, its fitting out and supplies for five hundred negroes, then gathered at Fortress Monroe under the supervision of General John A. Dix, when an unforeseen difficulty intervened. A rumor, presumed to have originated with opponents of negro colonization, reached and greatly disturbed the President. It was to the effect that the con-

tractor was in league with Semmes, the notorious Confederate privateer, to hand over the negroes to him on the high seas as "runaway captured slaves." Absurd and utterly false as was this mischievous story, Lincoln and his Cabinet withdrew the contract, on the ground that no scheme of the kind should be undertaken which, in case of failure from any cause, might subject the Government to the after charge of having neglected proper precautions.

Such decision not only subjected the New Yorkers who had incurred a large expenditure and larger liabilities, to great inconvenience and prospective loss, but promised to inflict much misery on the destitute freedmen who were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the vessel to take them to the "Land of Promise." As one of the subscribers to the Colonization Company, I visited Washington to ascertain the wishes of the Government in this dilemma. Mr. Lincoln laid clearly before me the embarrassment in which he found himself, notwithstanding he was fully convinced of the baseless character of the person with whom he had made the contract. He assured me he had the enterprise greatly at heart, and that "it should go on." He did not feel justified, under the circumstances, in making a new contract with the original contractor, but would make one with those known to him and in whom he had confidence. "Would Mr. Paul S. Forbes—one of those who had come forward to assist the measure and myself—accept the contract?"

Now the name of "contractor," after the experiences of the war, was more to be avoided than a pestilence. This I said to Mr. Lincoln, and added that if any other person acceptable to him would relieve us of the expenses incurred, and carry on the enterprise, we would relinquish it. But the President had "put his foot down" on the subject, and his foot was a very large one. The matter had been fully discussed by the Cabinet, and this was the conclusion. Communicating with Mr. Forbes, I found him equally disinclined to contract for the deportation of the number of freedmen it was intended to cover; but after further consultation with Mr. Lincoln—who pressed the matter as a personal favor—we agreed to accept the

contract so far as the shipment of the first five hundred was concerned, and for whose deportation provision had already been made. Accordingly, the five hundred and their families at Fortress Monroe were shipped to the island La Vache, shouting hallelujahs and falling on their knees in thanksgiving for the anticipated blessings.

Alas, both they and those interested in their welfare soon had cause to regret the undertaking. No enemy appeared, but a series of disasters, which under the circumstances no one could have foreseen, occurred, and first checked and then ruined the enterprise.

Small-pox broke out aboard the ship and in spite of medical care, decimated their number. No sooner were the survivors landed, and the necessity for work on their part apparent, than the lowest characteristics of the negro—indolence, discontent, insubordination, and finally open revolt, were manifested. Mistaking liberty for license, they refused to work, and made preposterous demands for luxuries to which they were wholly unused in slavery.

History repeats itself. Their conduct closely resembled that which is recorded as having occurred in the early part of the century, in the colony of liberated slaves at Sierra Leone. "A company had been organized in London, with a board of managers including Wilberforce and Granville Sharpe. In spite of the large capital subscribed and the ability of those who carried on the noble undertaking as a purely humane one, things went smoothly only while the business of the colony was confined to eating the provisions brought in the ships, but as soon as work became real and food short, the whole community smouldered down into chronic mutiny."

But at La Vache natural and wholly unlooked-for causes, for which the negroes were not responsible, assisted the spirit of insubordination. The virgin and entangled soil proved mostly incapable of cultivation, save by unusual processes of patient labor. Even corn and potatoes failed, which gave those who were willing to work a plea for accusing the white overseers of having deceived them by bringing them to a desert island instead of a land of plenty. This discontent was actively fostered by black natives of the main-

land of Hayti, whose object was to induce the colonists to desert the island and become Haytian subjects. Such would have been a satisfactory solution of the difficulty, so far as we ourselves were concerned, but the report of a special agent sent out by us to make a vigorous investigation as to the condition of the colony, did not favor this project, and we refused to allow the freedmen to exchange what was at least an independent condition, for one which under the name of "service" to native employers, would in all probability, result in a second and hopeless servitude.

Meanwhile the preservation of the freedmen became our imperative duty. Shiploads of provisions and other necessaries were forwarded, and instructions of the most concise and liberal nature were given for the maintenance and support of the families until they could be returned to the United States under proper protection. All this involved great delay and it was not until after eight weary months of anxiety and expense on our part, that the depleted colony of freedmen were returned to our land by a Government ship. By that time the question "What shall be done with the Negro?" was in process of solution by the natural turn of events. The necessity for the cotton crop, and the demand for free labor on the neglected Southern plantations, were gradually inducing the ill-fed and impoverished negro to return to the soil and climate to which he was accustomed, and where, under the impetus of wages, self-support would be assured to him.

The Hayti experiment, and others elsewhere, having utterly failed, negro colonization received its death-blow, to the chagrin of its supporters and the delight of its opponents. So far as money is concerned, the Hayti experiment cost its promoters nearly \$90,000 not a dollar of which was recovered from the Government or any other source.

No one felt the failure more keenly than President Lincoln, and had he lived but a few months longer it cannot be doubted that under his advice to Congress a large part of the loss, including the cost of deporting the freedmen,—for which a fixed sum was appropriated

by the contract—would have been repaid to those who at his express desire assumed the contract. Unfortunately for them, Abraham Lincoln, who was the sole trustee of the fund voted by Congress, was assassinated before his intentions in the matter were ascertained. An appeal to Congress, and to the Court of Claims if necessary, was at one time contemplated and some preliminary steps taken, but were finally abandoned, as the chief pecuniary sufferer was a millionaire, who preferred pocketing his loss to undertaking the prolonged and unsatisfactory prosecution of a Government claim.

The papers are still to be found, I dare say, among the archives of the Senate Committee on Claims; and even now some enterprising lobbyist, with a constitution of iron and a faculty for wearing out the patience of the committeemen, might succeed in obtaining justice for the claimants or their heirs.

CHARLES K. TUCKERMAN.

MY FIRST AND MY LAST SIGHT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

HERE is no more vivid or apparently indelible impression on the tablet of my memory than my first and last sight of President Lincoln: and the circumstances connected therewith are equally well remembered. The first occasion was when he called upon President Buchanan, in company with Senator Seward, on the twenty-third of February, 1861, and the last was when he excused himself from making a speech at the Executive Mansion on the evening of April tenth, 1865, the next day after Lee's surrender.

It is generally known that Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington, unannounced, several hours before he was expected by the public. It was supposed he would rest at Harrisburg over night, and probably not more than three or four persons knew he intended to come directly through without stopping. Indeed it was said at the time that he kept this intention entirely to himself; but it was doubtless known to his traveling companions, Ward H. Lamon, afterwards Marshal of the District of Columbia, and E. J. Allen, as well as to William H. Seward. None of the railroad officials on the train, either from Harrisburg to Baltimore or Baltimore to Washington, knew he was on board. Great preparations for his reception had been made, both at Baltimore and Washington; and as late as eleven o'clock, after his arrival in the morning of the twenty-third, active preparations were making to send the contemplated extra train to Baltimore for him. Shortly before six o'clock that morning, somewhat to the wonder of the few around at that early hour, Mr. Seward was seen waiting at Willard's Hotel, where rooms had been quietly engaged for Mr. Lincoln the previous day. He had not long to wait before Mr. Lincoln arrived and was immediately escorted to his rooms by Mr. Seward, who left him alone for rest. At nine o'clock he had breakfast in his private parlor, and his presence

was so little known in the city that it was one o'clock in the afternoon before any callers came to see him.

About eleven, Mr. Lincoln with Seward went to pay his respects to the President. There was a special Cabinet meeting on, and it was in session when the doorkeeper came in and handed a card to the President. With a look of pleasant surprise Mr. Buchanan said, " 'Uncle Abe' is downstairs!" and immediately went to meet him in the Red Room. In fifteen or twenty minutes he returned, with Lincoln and Seward, who were presented to the members of the Cabinet, and after a few minutes' conversation the visitors left, to call on General Scott. Although I had been living in Washington while Mr. Lincoln was a member of Congress, in 1847, I had no recollection of ever having seen him then. I was at once struck by his tall, lank figure, towering almost head and shoulders above Governor Seward, and overtopping Mr. Buchanan, as they entered the room. I was equally impressed also by his quiet, unaffected manner and placid disposition. I did not observe in him the least sign of nervousness or deep concern; and there is good reason to believe that "with malice toward none, with charity for all," he felt confident of being able to gain the good will of the Southern malcontents and of soon bringing the seceded States back to their proper relations in the Government. The Peace Convention was then in session, and hopes of an amicable settlement had not yet been abandoned. But instead of allowing wisdom to control, folly bore sway, and for four long years the country was deluged with blood!

The news of Lee's surrender was received at the War Department just before nine o'clock Sunday evening, the ninth of April, 1865, and ere dawn the citizens were awakened by the sound of cannon proclaiming the joyful tidings. Soon, crowds accompanied by bands of music, passed through the streets, singing the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and other patriotic songs. The courts met and adjourned, and nearly all business was suspended. The clerks in the various Government offices were dismissed for the day, and hundreds of them, as well as throngs of

other citizens, gathered on the south steps and sidewalk of the Interior Department, and sang the Doxology.

Never before had I heard those words sound so sweetly or seem to touch the heart so tenderly. I was on my way to the Postoffice Department, where I found Postmaster General Dennison, in the main hall of the second story, addressing a crowd of citizens. About ten o'clock, a line of nearly two thousand persons, and constantly increasing, passed along Pennsylvania Avenue, headed by the Marine Band, and followed by two small cannon which were fired at intervals. On reaching the White House, after several airs by the band loud calls were made for the President. Soon he appeared at a front window, and was heartily cheered. The band struck up "America," and the great crowd sang the words. It was some minutes before order was restored, and then Mr. Lincoln said:

"I am greatly rejoiced, my friends, that an occasion has occurred on which the people cannot restrain themselves. I suppose arrangements are making to appropriately celebrate this glorious event, this evening or to-morrow evening. I will have nothing to say then, if it is all dribbled out of me now. I see you have a band—I propose having this interview closed by the band performing a patriotic tune, which I will name. Before this is done, however, I wish to mention one or two little circumstances connected with it. I have always thought that "Dixie" was one of the best tunes I ever heard. Our adversaries over the way, I know, have attempted to appropriate it (*applause*). I referred the question to the Attorney-General, and he gives it as his opinion that it is now our property, and (*laughter and applause*) I now ask the band to favor us with its performance."

The band responded most heartily, to the delight of all present, and the crowd then proceeded to call on Secretary Stanton, who declined speaking, on the plea of ill-health, but introduced General Halleck, who said: "Always ready as I am to obey the orders of my superior officer, the Secretary of War, I hardly think he will go so far as to require me to become a stump-speaker" (*laughter, cheers*

and cries of "The people require it; it is 'a military necessity'") "Stump-speaking is something in which I have never indulged. I can only say that our congratulations and thanks are due to General Grant and our brave officers and soldiers in the field, for the great victory announced this morning, and the blessing of Peace, of which it is the harbinger."

Secretary Welles, when called on at his house, merely appeared and bowed his thanks for the honor. About five in the afternoon several hundred persons assembled in and around the White House portico, in expectation of a speech from the President; who, after repeated calls, appeared at the center window over the front door, and as soon as the cheering subsided, said: "I appear in response to your call, for the purpose of saying that if the company have assembled by appointment there is some mistake. More or less people have gathered here all day, and in the exuberance of good-feeling (which was greatly justifiable) have called on me to say something. I have said what was proper to be said, for the present. Some mistake has crept into the understanding, if you think a meeting was appointed for this evening." (Voices, "*We want to hear you now.*") "I have appeared before larger audiences than this during the day, and have said to them what I now desire to repeat. With reference to the great good news, I suppose there is to be some further demonstration, and perhaps to-morrow would suit me better than now, as in that case I would be better prepared. I would therefore say that I am willing, and hope to be ready, to say something then (*applause*). Occupying the position I do, I think I ought to be particular, as all I say gets into print. A mistake hurts you and the country, and I try not to make mistakes. If agreeable to have a general demonstration to-morrow evening, I will try to say something, in which, at least I shall be careful to avoid making any mistakes."

Thanking those present for the call, the President bade them good-night, and retired amid cheers.

I never saw him again. Throughout this brief address his face wore a benignant and satisfied expression which told plainly of the unspeakable relief the surrender of Lee had brought to him. I could but remark the great change from his usually sad look to one, I might say, almost angelic; and I am fortunate, in possessing his photograph taken while in this happy state of mind at that time. On the following evening, Monday, April tenth, he delivered his contemplated speech, to an immense crowd.

It was his last public address upon earth.

HORATIO KING.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT CINCINNATI

IN the summer of 1857 Mr. Lincoln made his first visit to Cincinnati. He was original counsel for the defendant in a patent reaper suit pending in the United States Circuit Court for Northern Illinois. The argument of the case was adjourned to Cincinnati, the home of Judge McLean, at his suggestion and for his accommodation.

Mr. Lincoln came to the city a few days before the argument took place, and remained during his stay at the house of a friend. The case was one of large importance pecuniarily, and in the law questions involved. Reverdy Johnson represented the plaintiff. Mr. Lincoln had prepared himself with the greatest care; his ambition was up to speak in the case, and to measure swords with the renowned lawyer from Baltimore. It was understood between his client and himself before his coming that Mr. Harding, of Philadelphia, was to be associated with him in the case, and was to make the "mechanical argument." Mr. Lincoln was a little surprised and annoyed, after reaching here, to learn that his client had also associated with him Mr. Edwin M. Stanton, of Pittsburgh, and a lawyer of our own bar, the reason assigned being that the importance of the case required a man of the experience and power of Mr. Stanton to meet Mr. Johnson. The Cincinnati lawyer was appointed "for his local influence." These reasons did not remove the slight conveyed in the employment, without consultation with him, of this additional counsel. He keenly felt it, but acquiesced. The trial of the case came on; the counsel for defense met each morning for consultation. On one of these occasions one of the counsel moved that only two of them should speak in the case. This motion was acquiesced in. It had always been understood that Mr. Harding was to speak to explain the mechanism of the reapers. So this motion excluded either Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Stanton from speaking—which? By the custom

of the bar, as between counsel of equal standing, and in the absence of any action of the client, the original counsel speaks. By this rule Mr. Lincoln had precedence. Mr. Stanton suggested to Mr. Lincoln to make the speech. Mr. Lincoln answered, "No; do you speak." Mr. Stanton promptly replied, "I will," and, taking up his hat, said he would go and make preparation. Mr. Lincoln acquiesced in this, but was deeply grieved and mortified; he took but little more interest in the case, though remaining until the conclusion of the trial. He seemed to be greatly depressed, and gave evidence of that tendency to melancholy which so marked his character. His parting on leaving the city cannot be forgotten. Cordially shaking the hand of his hostess, he said: "You have made my stay here most agreeable, and I am a thousand times obliged to you; but in reply to your request for me to come again I must say to you I never expect to be in Cincinnati again. I have nothing against the city, but things have so happened here as to make it undesirable for me ever to return here."

Thus untowardly met the first time Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton. Little did either then suspect that they were to meet again in a larger theatre, to become the chief actors in a great historical epoch.

While in the city he visited its lions, among other places of interest the grounds and conservatories of the late Nicholas Longworth, then living. The meeting of these remarkable men is worthy of a passing note. Nor can it be given without allusion to their dress and bearing. Mr. Lincoln entered the open yard, with towering form and ungainly gait, dressed in plain clothing cut too small. His hands and feet seemed to be growing out of their environment, conspicuously seen from their uncommon size. Mr. Longworth happened at the time to be near the entrance, engaged in weeding the shrubbery by the walk. His alert eye quickly observed the coming of a person of unusual appearance. He rose and confronted him.

"Will a stranger be permitted to walk through your grounds and conservatories?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"Y-e-s," haltingly, half unconsciously, was the reply, so fixed was the gaze of Mr. Longworth.

As they stood thus face to face the contrast was striking, so short in stature was the one that he seemed scarcely to reach the elbow of the other. If the dress of Mr. Lincoln seemed too small for him, the other seemed lost in the baggy bulkiness of his costume; the overflowing sleeves concealed the hands, and the extremities of the pantaloons were piled in heavy folds upon the open ears of the untied shoes. His survey of Mr. Lincoln was searching: beginning with the feet, he slowly raised his head, closely observing, until his upturned face met the eye of Mr. Lincoln. Thus for a moment gazed at each other in mutual and mute astonishment the millionaire pioneer and the now forever famous President. Mr. Lincoln passed on, nor did Mr. Longworth ever become aware that he had seen Mr. Lincoln.

The grounds and conservatories were viewed and admired. And so afterward the suburbs of the city—Walnut Hills, Mount Auburn, Clifton, and Spring Grove Cemetery. He lingered long in the grounds of Mr. Hoffner in study of the statuary. He sought to find out whom the statues represented, and was much worried when he found himself unable to name correctly a single one.

A day was given to the county and city courts. An entire morning was spent in Room No. 1 of the Superior Court, then presided over by Bellamy Storer, eccentric and versatile, in the maturity of his extraordinary powers. His manner of conducting the business of that room, miscellaneous, demurrers, motions, submitted docket, etc., was unique. The older members of the bar remember it well. To describe it literally would do gross injustice to that really great judge. To mingle in the same hour the gravity of the judge and the jest of the clown was a feat that only he could perform without loss of dignity, personal or judicial.

On this morning the judge was in his happiest vein, in exuberant spirits, keeping the bar “in a roar,” assisted much in this by the lively humor of poor Bob McCook.

Mr. Lincoln greatly enjoyed this morning, and was loath to depart when the curtain dropped. He said to the gentleman accom-

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT CINCINNATI

panying him: "I wish we had that judge in Illinois. I think he would share with me the fatherhood of the legal jokes of the Illinois bar. As it is now, they put them all on me, while I am not the author of one-half of them. By-the-way, however, I got off one last week that I think really good. I was retained in the defense of a man charged before a justice of the peace with assault and battery. It was in the country, and when I got to the place of trial I found the whole neighborhood excited, and the feeling was strong against my client. I saw the only way was to get up a laugh, and get the people in good humor. It turned out that the prosecuting witness was talkative; he described the fight at great length, how they fought over a field, now by the barn, again down to the creek, and over it, and so on. I asked him, on cross-examination how large that field was; he said it was ten acres, he knew it was, for he and some one else had stepped it off with a pole. 'Well, then,' I inquired, 'was not that the smallest *crap* of a fight you have ever seen raised off of ten acres?' The hit took. The laughter was uproarious, and in half an hour the prosecuting witness was retreating amid the jeers of the crowd."

Mr. Lincoln remained in the city about a week. Freed from any care in the law case that brought him here, it was to him a week of relaxation. He was then not thinking of becoming President, and gave himself up to unrestrained social intercourse.

His conversation at this time related principally to the politics and politicians of Illinois—a theme of which he never seemed to weary. A strange chapter in the story of our country that is. What a crowd of great men arose with the first generation of white people on the broad Illinois prairie! There were Hardin, Logan the judge, Bissell, Trumbull, Douglas, Lincoln, and many other scarcely lesser names. Of these he discoursed as only he could. The Kansas-Nebraska agitation was at its height, and Douglas the prominent figure. Of him he spoke much.

Indeed, the story of Lincoln interlaces with that of Douglas. They are inseparable. It is the relation of antagonism. Parties

might come and go—Whig, Know-Nothing, Union, Republican—they were never on the same side until, amid the throes of revolution, they met in the defense of the Union. Douglas was a perennial stimulus to Lincoln. Webster was wont to say, if he had attained any excellence in his profession, he owed it to his early conflicts with Jeremiah Mason. In his public speeches Lincoln seemed ever addressing Douglas; even to the last, as seen in his great speech at New York, when he made the words of Douglas his text.

When Lincoln was driving an ox-team at four dollars a month, and splitting rails, he first met Douglas, then teaching school in central Illinois.

Mr. Lincoln loved to tell the story of Douglas. It is indelibly written in my memory. Not in the very words can I repeat it, and yet even that in the salient points.

He said Douglas, when he first met him, was the smallest man he had ever seen—in stature under five feet, in weight under ninety pounds. He was teaching a country school, and lodging with a violent Democratic politician, a local celebrity. From him Douglas got his political bias. Douglas was his protégé. He encouraged Douglas in the study of the law, procured the books for him, had him admitted to the bar before a year, pushed him into the office of prosecuting attorney, and into the Legislature.

When Van Buren became President, the patron wanted the office of Register at the Land-office, and sent Douglas to Washington to procure the place for him. In due time Douglas returned with the commission in his pocket, but not for his patron. It was for himself. The old man was enraged at the ingratitude, and swore vengeance. He listened to no explanations. It was not long before he had an opportunity to gratify his feelings.

Douglas became the Democratic candidate for Congress, the whole State constituting one Congressional district. His opponent was Mr. Stewart—still living, a relative of Mrs. Lincoln. After an animated contest Douglas was defeated by one vote in a poll of

36,000. The old patron rejoiced in the belief that that one vote was his.

Mr. Douglas's sensitive nature was overwhelmed by this defeat. He gave way to uncontrollable grief, sought consolation in excessive drink, and his career seemed at an end. But time brought its accustomed relief, and he re-appeared in the arena, again the thunderer of the scene. The years to follow were to him years of unbroken prosperity. He became successively Judge of the Supreme Court, Representative in Congress, and Senator. The name and fame of the "Little Giant" overspread the land. These, however, were cheerless years to Mr. Lincoln, yet with unshaken fortitude he bore the banner of Whiggery. It was his custom to follow Mr. Douglas about the State, replying to him.

But a change came; the Kansas-Nebraska Bill awakened the moral sense of the State, and by common consent Mr. Lincoln became its representative. Mr. Douglas, in Washington, was alarmed at the uprising, and hurried home to educate the people up to conquering their prejudice against slavery. He made a canvass of the State, Mr. Lincoln following him and replying to him. "After having spoken at a number of places," said Mr. Lincoln, "I was surprised one evening, before the speaking began, at Mr. Douglas's entering my room at the hotel. He threw himself on the bed, and seemed in distress. 'Abe, the tide is against me,' said he. 'It is all up with me. I can do nothing. Don't reply to me this evening. I can not speak, but I must, and it is my last. Let me alone tonight.' I saw he was in great distress; he could not bear adversity; and I acquiesced in his request and went home."

They did not meet again in debate, if I mistake not, until the great contest of 1858.

Mr. Lincoln had a high admiration for the abilities of Mr. Douglas, and afterward was glad to have his aid in behalf of the Union, and commissioned him a major-general; but he thought him in debate and in politics adroit, unscrupulous, and of an amazing audacity. "It is impossible," said he, "to get the advantage of him;

even if he is worsted, he so bears himself that the people are bewildered and uncertain as to who has the better of it."

"When I," said Thucydides, "in wrestling have thrown Pericles and given him a fall, by persisting that he had no fall he gets the better of me, and makes the bystanders, in spite of their own eyes, believe him." Thus doth man from age to age repeat himself; and yet not quite always. We hear of Gladstone felling trees, but it is not reported that he and Froude have wrestling matches.

Some weeks after this conversation with Mr. Lincoln I met Mr. Douglas, and drew from him his opinion of Mr. Lincoln. His very words, terse and emphatic as they were, I give: "Of all the _____ Whig rascals about Springfield, Abe Lincoln is the ablest and most honest."

The Kansas-Nebraska Bill had indeed turned the tide against Douglas; the Republicans were successful, having a majority of one on joint ballot in the Legislature, thus securing the Senator.

With a common voice the Republicans of the State proclaimed Lincoln Senator. In caucus he received forty-nine votes out of the fifty-one Republican majority. If I recall the figures aright, Mr. Trumbull the other two. But these refused in any contingency to vote for Mr. Lincoln. "After balloting for some time, I learned from a trustworthy source," said Mr. Lincoln, "that on a certain future ballot these two men would cast their votes for the Democratic candidate, and elect him. I called a meeting of my friends, explained the situation to them, and requested them on the next ballot, after these two men had voted for Mr. Trumbull, to change their votes and elect him. At this there was a murmur of disapprobation and declarations never to do it. I resumed and said: 'Gentlemen, I am not here to play a part; you can not elect me; you can elect Mr. Trumbull, who is a good Republican. You put me in a false position if you use my name to the injury of the Republican party, and whoever does it is not my friend.' They then reluctantly acquiesced, and Mr. Trumbull was elected."

This is the most significant act in the merely personal history of Mr. Lincoln. It exhibited the self-control and equilibrium of his character, as well as his party fidelity. There is now before me a letter of his in which he announces his motto in political affairs, "Bear and forbear." This self-poise, self-abnegation, and forbearance enabled him to bring the ship of state safely through the stormy seas before him. He never labored for effect; there was nothing theatrical in him; he was not concerned about his personal relations to affairs; smiled when he was told that Seward was using him and getting all the glory. He sought nothing fantastical; but felt it to be his supreme duty to bring peace with honor to his distracted country.

A picturesque administration may please the unskillful, but it makes the judicious grieve. The machinery of government, like that of the human body, is usually working best when it is attracting no attention.

The bread thus thrown upon the waters by Mr. Lincoln in securing the election of Trumbull returned, and not after many days. But when he had these conversations it was unknown to him. To the suggestion he would certainly be selected as the next Senator, he quietly replied, "I don't know." But when the time came the Republican Convention unanimously nominated him for Senator—an act without precedent in our Senatorial history.

The debate followed. At that time, under the influence of a strong partisan enthusiasm, I felt that Lincoln had greatly the advantage. But upon reading the debate now, its moral bearings aside, as a mere intellectual feat, the advantage of either is not apparent. The argument of slavery is put with all the telling force of Douglas's vigorous mind and intense nature. He was a veritable "little giant."

Mr. Lincoln, as we have seen, remained in Cincinnati about a week, moving freely around. Yet not twenty men in the city knew him personally, or knew that he was here; not a hundred would have known who he was had his name been given them.

He came with the fond hope of making fame in a forensic contest with Reverdy Johnson. He was pushed aside, humiliated, and mortified. He attached to the innocent city the displeasure that filled his bosom, shook its dust from his feet, and departed never to return. How dark and impenetrable to him then was the thin veil soon to rise, revealing to him a resplendent future! He did return to the city, two years thereafter, with a fame wide as the continent, with the laurels of the Douglas contest on his brow, and the Presidency in his grasp. He returned, greeted with the thunder of cannon, the strains of martial music, and the joyous plaudits of thousands of citizens thronging the streets. He addressed a vast concourse on Fifth Street Market; was entertained in princely style at the Burnet House; and there received with courtesy the foremost citizens, come to greet this rising star.

The manner of the man was changed. The free conversation of unrestraint had given place to the vague phrase of the wary politician, the repose of ease to the agitation of unaccustomed elevation.

Two men have I known on the eve of a Presidential nomination, each expecting it—Chase and Lincoln. With each, but in different degrees, there was an all-absorbing egotism. To hear, every waking moment, one's hopes and prospects canvassed, develops in one the feeling that he is the most important thing in the universe. Accompanying this is a lofty exaltation of spirits; the blood mounts to the brain, and the mind reels in delirium. Pity the Presidential aspirant.

With high hope and happy heart Mr. Lincoln left Cincinnati after a three days' sojourn. But a perverse fortune attended him and Cincinnati in their intercourse. Nine months after Mr. Lincoln left us, after he had been nominated for the Presidency, when he was tranquilly waiting in his cottage home at Springfield the verdict of the people, his last visit to Cincinnati and the good things he had had at the Burnet House were rudely brought to his memory by a bill presented to him from its proprietors. Before leaving the hotel

he had applied to the clerk for his bill; was told that it was paid, or words to that effect. This the committee had directed, but afterward neglected its payment. The proprietors shrewdly surmised that a letter to the nominee for the Presidency would bring the money.

The only significance in this incident is in the letter it brought from Mr. Lincoln, revealing his indignation at the seeming imputation against his honor, and his greater indignation at one item of the bill. "*As to wines, liquors, and cigars, we had none—absolutely none.* These last may have been in 'Room 15' by order of committee, but I do not recollect them at all."

Mr. Lincoln again visited Cincinnati on his way to Washington. His coming was not heralded by the roar of cannon, but it was greeted by an outpouring of the people such as no man here ever before or since has received; they thronged in countless thousands about the station, along the line of his march, covering the house-tops. They welcomed him with one continuous and unbroken storm of applause. Coming events were then casting their dark shadows before them. All men instinctively desired to look upon and cheer him who was to be their leader in the coming conflict.

There was an informal reception at the Burnet House, the people, in line, filing through and shaking his hand until a late hour in the evening. His manner was quiet, calm, resolute, and observant. All exaltation of feeling was gone. His reception amused and instructed him. As they passed before him, this one eagerly and enthusiastically grasped his hand, speaking out, "Be firm; don't back down." He was a good Republican. But this one takes his hand quietly, releases it slowly, while whispering, "The country expects a conservative administration." This is a Bell and Everett man. Another touches his hand with the tips of his fingers, and, with a curious gaze, passes on in silence. That is a Douglas man.

The reception over, Mr. Lincoln passes to his room to find his little son fretfully waiting his coming to be put to bed. The father lovingly takes him in his arms and retires to an adjoining room, undresses him, and puts him to bed. As he gazes upon the placid fea-

tures of his sleeping child for a moment his mind turns from all around him and all before him, back to his quiet life and home, to the grave of the little one not with him. Its last sickness is before him; also the dream that warned him that his child could not live—the dream that ever came to him before coming calamity—that was once again to startle him, presaging his tragic end.

One may lift himself out of his early environment, but its impress is enduring.

About this weird and wonderful man—one of those unique characters that do not repeat themselves in history—is fast gathering a cloud of myth and legend, obscuring the real man. That we may retain some glimpses of this is the apology for these reminiscences.

W. M. DICKSON.

Harper's Magazine, June, 1884.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BRAVERY

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER, in his *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln*, says "He visited my Department (of Virginia and North Carolina) twice while I was in command. He was personally a very brave man, and gave me the worst fright of my life because of it. He said 'I should like to ride along your lines and see them, and see the boys, and how they are situated in camp.' I said 'Very well, Sir, we will go after breakfast.' I happened to have a very tall, easy-riding, pacing horse, and as the President was long-legged, I tendered him the use of this animal, while I rode beside him on a pony. He was dressed, as was his custom, in a black suit, a swallow-tail* coat, and wore a silk hat. As there rode on the other side of him, at first, Mr. G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who was not more than five feet six, he stood out as a central figure of the group of three; of course the staff officers and orderly were behind. When we got to the line of intrenchment, from which the line of rebel pickets was not over three hundred yards, he towered high above the works, and as we came to the several camps, the men all turned out and cheered him loudly.

"Of course, the enemy's attention was directed to this performance, and with a field-glass it could be plainly seen that the eyes of their officers were fixed on Lincoln; and a person riding down the lines, cheered by the soldiers, was such an unusual thing, so that the enemy must have known he was there. Both Fox and I said: 'Let us ride on the side next to the enemy, Mr. President. You are in fair shot of them, and they must know you, being the only person not uniformed, and our cheers call their attention to you.' 'Oh, no,' he said, laughing, 'the Commander-in-chief must not show any cowardice in the presence of his soldiers, whatever he may feel.' And he insisted on riding the whole length of my intrenchments—

*General Butler must mean a frock-coat. No one ever saw Mr. Lincoln in a dress-coat unless on a state occasion and indoors.

about six miles—in that position, amusing himself at intervals, where there was nothing more attractive, with a sort of competitive examination of the commanding general in the science of engineering, much to the amusement of my Engineer in chief, General Weitzel, who rode on my left, and who was kindly disposed to prompt me, while the examination was going on. This attracted the attention of Mr. Lincoln, who said, 'Hold on, Weitzel, I can't beat you, but I think I can beat Butler.' I give this incident to show his utter unconcern under circumstances of very great peril, which kept the rest of us in a continued and quite painful anxiety."

LINCOLN AND MISSOURI

SOME foolish commentator on the proposition to make February 12 a legal State holiday asked, the other day: "What did Lincoln do for Missouri?" The very question discloses a most lamentable narrowness, a total missing of all for which Lincoln lived and died, a deplorable misconception of the real result of the unhappy conflict between the States.

"What did Lincoln do for Missouri?"

One steeped in sectional bigotry, one who has not learned the lesson of the war between the States, as taught by the great soldiers and statesmen and jurists and citizens of the new and nobler South, might ask it. But not one who ought to know that Lincoln did for Missouri and for every State in the South what he did for the nation itself and for the world at large—he purged it of the foulest blot upon its honor.

He made it possible for Missouri to take its place in the circle of commonwealths wherein no slave cringed beneath the lash of a master. He made it possible for Missouri to be one of the forty-eight States between which there is no line which divides one section from another. He made it possible for Missouri to sanctify the heroism of its sons and the sacrifices of its daughters by meeting in "an indissoluble union" about a common altar. He made it possible for Missouri to be represented by a star upon the flag of a reunited country, that baptized that flag anew in the blood of sons of the North and South, in the jungles of Cuba, in the forests of Luzon, in the crooked streets of Vera Cruz.

What did Abraham Lincoln do for Missouri? He loved it while he lived, rejoicing in the sons who fought for human liberty, saddened by every blow which fell upon the flag he loved above all else in life. What did he do for Missouri? He died for it, and greater love hath no man.

The Legislature of Missouri may again fail to perform a duty which rests upon it, the performance of which will reflect honor upon the State, the neglect of which will not mar the spotless name of Springfield's sacred dead. Other States have failed to pay this tribute to his memory. Missouri may remain in the company of its Southern sisters. It may remain in the company of some of its neglectful Northern sisters—for it is related to both so-called "sections." It may stay with Virginia and Michigan, with Mississippi and Iowa, with Georgia and Wisconsin, with Arkansas and Indiana, with Alabama and Minnesota, with Florida and New Hampshire, with Louisiana and Nebraska, with the Carolinas and Massachusetts.

Or it may join the splendid company of New York and Pennsylvania, of the Dakotas and Connecticut, of Illinois and California, of Colorado and Montana, of Nevada, Washington, Wyoming and Utah, of West Virginia, New Jersey and Delaware. It is for the Legislature to decide. With the sons and daughters of the South uniting with the sons and daughters of the North, it may well signalize the semi-centennial of Lincoln's death by rising above the sectionalism which noble Southerners long since repudiated. It may shame those Northern States which, without even the justification of traditional alignment with the Southern cause, have withheld the honor asked by the patriotic Americans, the patriotic Southerners and Northerners, the patriotic Missourians, who are asking the Legislature to honor itself and the State by making February 12 a legal holiday, giving the school authorities of Missouri at least the excuse to perform a duty which they so signally neglect.

Perhaps the time may even come in Missouri when the name of Lincoln will be given to schools where white children con their daily tasks and when all the pupils will have their minds directed, during a brief pause in the busy round of school life, to the life and character of one member of the nation's trio of the mighty dead.

Transcript, Boston.

LINCOLN'S LAST ANECDOTE

ON the evening of the thirtieth of March, 1865, President and Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by a Senator's daughter and a young colonel of cavalry, occupied a box at Ford's Theatre, Washington, the same box in which a fortnight later the career of our Chief Magistrate was closed by the bullet of an assassin. When the curtain fell at the end of the first act the President said: "Colonel, did I ever tell you the story of Grant going to a circus when he was a schoolboy of about ten?" "No, but I shall be most happy to hear it," was the Colonel's answer, whereupon Mr. Lincoln related the following story which is told as nearly as possible in his own words, although nearly two score and eight years have elapsed since he uttered them:

"When General Grant was a little fellow about ten years old a circus came to Point Pleasant in Ohio, where the family lived and Hiram, as he was then called, asked his father for a quarter with which to purchase a ticket for the circus, but the old tanner declined to give it to him, so the boy managed to crawl in under the canvas as I used to do, for at his age I never saw a quarter of a dollar. In that circus," continued the President, "they included an accomplished mule who had been trained to throw his rider. The beast was brought in and the ringmaster announced that any person in the audience who could ride the mule once around the ring without being thrown from his back, should have the silver dollar, which he held in his hand and exhibited. There were many present wishing to possess the coin who mounted the educated mule, but all were thrown before reaching half way around the ring. There being at last no more candidates for the dollar, the ringmaster ordered the animal taken out, when Master Hiram Ulysses appeared on the scene, saying: 'Hold on, I will try that mule.' The boy mounted and kept his seat much longer than any of the others, getting nearly around the ring when,

amid the cheers of the audience, the mule made an extra effort and threw the boy over his head into old man Grant's tan bark. As the boy sprang to his feet, he said, as he tossed his cap and coat aside: 'I will try that beast again.' This time," said Lincoln, "the young rider resorted to strategy. He faced to the rear and seized hold of the mule's tail, which seemed to discourage and demoralize him, with the result that Hiram held on while the animal went around the ring, and he won the silver dollar. Just so," concluded the President, "Grant will hold on to General Lee." Ten days later Lee and his army surrendered at Appomattox.

This was the last of many Lincoln anecdotes I heard from the martyr President, with whom it was my privilege to have been well acquainted during a period of almost eight years.

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

School Library Bulletin, New York.

LINCOLN ON DISBANDMENT

THREE days before his death President Lincoln wrote a letter to Congressman Colfax, who was about to visit the Pacific Coast, a journey made at that time by stage-coach. The war was practically over and demobilization was in the President's mind. He asked Colfax to take a message from him to the miners. "I have," said Mr. Lincoln, "very large ideas of the mineral wealth of our nation. I believe it is practically inexhaustible. It abounds all over the Western country, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, and its development has scarcely commenced." The letter went on to say that during the war, when the national debt was increasing two millions a day, the first duty was to save the country, but with hostilities ended, the mines could be depended on to hasten debt payment. "Now, I am going," wrote Mr. Lincoln, "to encourage that in every possible way. We shall have hundreds of thousands of disbanded soldiers, and many have feared that their return home in such great numbers might paralyze industry, by furnishing suddenly, a greater supply of labor than there will be a demand for. I am going to try to attract them to the hidden wealth of our mountain region where there is room enough for all." Even before the surrender of Lee the great constructive mind of Lincoln, always at work along beneficent lines, with charity for all, malice for none, was busy with the new industrial situation.

"Tell the miners for me," he continued, "that I shall promote their interests to the best of my ability, because their prosperity is the prosperity of the nation; and we shall prove, in a few years, that we are indeed the treasury of the world." It is true now as then that the prosperity of patriotic citizens, of all who genuinely work, is also the prosperity of the country, and the key to national wealth. It was not alone in the Gettysburg oration that Lincoln foresaw the great significance of our government to the future of all man-

kind. As for idealism, take this extract from a letter to Mrs. E. P. Gurney, written in the last year of the Civil War: "We had hoped for a termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge his wisdom and our own errors therein; meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best light he gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great end he ordains. Surely he intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion which no mortal could make and no mortal hand could stay."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

COBDEN ON LINCOLN

(We take this striking passage from Justin McCarthy's *Reminiscences*, Vol. 1, page 56.)

"John Morley, in his 'Life of Cobden' publishes a passage from Cobden's journal in which he speaks of his first visit to Napoleon III at the Palace of Saint Cloud.

" 'The approach to the palace,' Cobden says, 'was thronged with military, both horse and foot. I entered the building and passed through an avenue of liveried lackeys in the hall, from which I ascended the grand staircase guarded at the top by sentries; and I passed through a series of apartments hung with gorgeous tapestry, each room being in charge of servants higher in rank as they came nearer to the person of the sovereign. As I surveyed this gorgeous spectacle I found my thoughts busy with the recollection of a very different scene, which I had looked upon a few months before, at Washington, when I was the guest of the President of the United States, a plain man in a black suit, living in comparative simplicity, without a sentry at his door or a liveried servant in his house.'

"If Cobden had lived a little longer than he did he might have had his own reflections on the event which took place when the President of the United States, without a sentry at his door or a liveried servant in his house, made it known to the Emperor Louis Napoleon that the French troops must be withdrawn from Mexico lest worse should come of it; and the Emperor had to obey the order and withdraw his troops accordingly, as at a word of command."

AN UNPUBLISHED LINCOLN LETTER

A gentleman in New York has recently come into possession of some unpublished Lincoln letters which belonged to the Corwin family. Among them is the following, written before Lincoln's first nomination:

Private.

Springfield, Ill., May 2, 1860.

Hon. R. M. Corwin:

Dear Sir—Yours of the 30th ult. is just received. After what you have said, it is perhaps proper I should post you, so far as I am able, as to the "lay of the land." First, I think the Illinois delegation will be unanimous for me at the start; and no other delegation will. A few individuals in other delegations would like to go for me at the start, but may be restrained by their colleagues. It is represented to me by men who ought to know, that the whole of Indiana might not be difficult to get. You know how it is in Ohio. I am certainly not the first choice there; and yet I have not heard that anyone makes any positive objection to me. It is just so everywhere as far as I can perceive. Everywhere, except here in Illinois, and possibly Indiana, one or another is preferred to me, but there is no positive objection. This is the ground as it now appears. I believe you personally know C. M. Allen of Vincennes, Io. He is a delegate, and has notified me that the entire Iowa delegation will be in Chicago the same day you name, Saturday, the 12th. My friends, Jesse K. Dubois, our auditor, and Judge David Davis, will probably be there ready to confer with friends from other States. Let me hear from you again when anything occurs.

Yours very truly,

A. Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S DICTIONARY

A dictionary that belonged to Abraham Lincoln has ended its wanderings by finding a permanent resting-place in the archives of the State Historical Society of Missouri. The volume is entitled "An Universal Etymological English Dictionary and Interpreter of Hard Words." In the cover is a bullet-hole, and on the fly-leaf are the names of various members of the Lincoln family, presumably successive owners of the book. Among these are "A. Lincoln" and "Thomas Lincoln," the latter being the name of the President's father. The dictionary was apparently in the possession of one of three bachelor cousins of the President, who lived on farms in Hancock County, Illinois, adjoining that of an acquaintance with whom they used to exchange books. This farm was bought by a Mr. W. W. Glass in 1879, and some time afterward the old volume was found in the attic of the log house situated thereon.

Evening Post, New York.





THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. XX



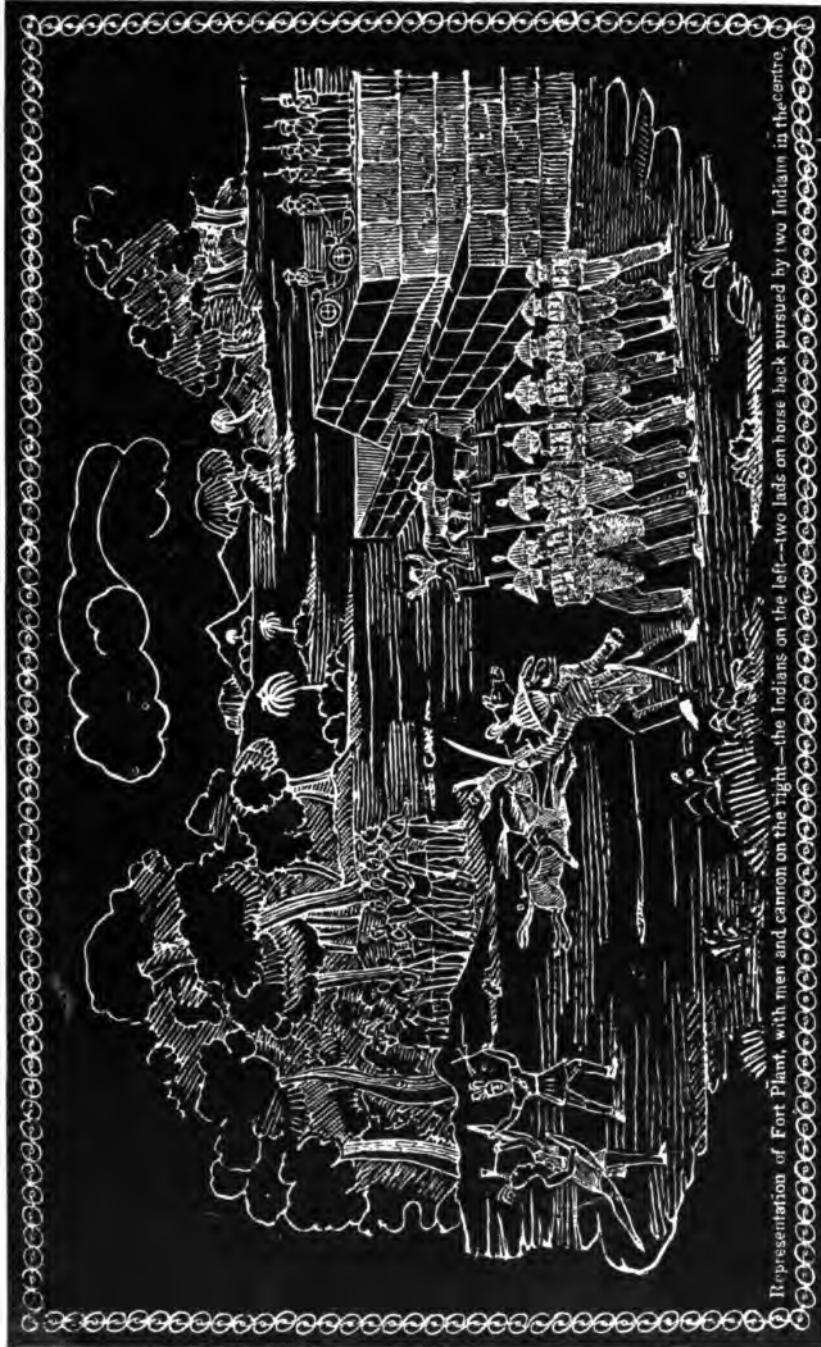
- A SATYRICAL DESCRIPTION OF COMMENCEMENT AT HARVARD,
1718 *Anon*
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OF MATTHEW CALKINS IN THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION *Mark Bancroft*
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WILLIAM ABBATT

TARRYTOWN

1920

NEW YORK



Representation of Fort Plant, with men and cannon on the left—the Indians on the right—two lads on horse back pursued by two Indians in the centre.

THE
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COMPRISING:

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Being Extra Number 69 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES
Application pending for admission as second-class matter at the postoffice at Menasha, Wis.

PREFACE

THE story of Matthew Calkins and that of Lewis Wetzel, the famous Indian fighter of Virginia, make the second half of the very rare pamphlet of which the narrative of Freegift Patchin, printed in our No. 64, is the first half.

But three copies of this pamphlet exist and for that from which we made our copy, and which was probably published at not over fifty cents in 1882, \$355 was paid in 1918.

Its contents have not before been reprinted.

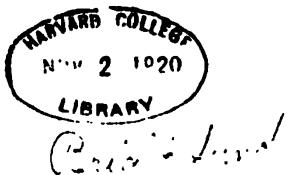
It may be worth recording that of Wetzel, although famous enough in the history of his own state to have a county named for him in the present West Virginia, I can find no biography in any cyclopedia.

The second item is an extraordinary one—an extremely rare and interesting broadside poem, describing, with a very free hand, the doings of the students at Harvard on Commencement Day, 1718. If the picture our poet draws is a true one, and it seems all but too true to errant nature, it is difficult to reconcile the import of some of his lines with our present-day conceptions of the very proper deportment of youth in those Puritanical times.

Apparently hitherto unrecorded, and the first copy ever offered for sale. From the imprint, the piece must have been printed between the years 1781 and 1750; though from its general appearance, we are inclined to place the date of issue at about the year ascribed—1740.

No copy of the original issue, of 1718, is known to exist, nor has it been reprinted since 1740.

In 1718 John Leverett was president of the college. Whoever the poet was, his anonymity has been successfully preserved.



A Satirical Description OF COMMENCEMENT

Calculated to the Meridian of *Cambridge* in *New-England*

[First printed in the Year 1718.]

The INTRODUCTION

IN the hot, sultry month that's called July
(For ever famous to Posterity)
A Day is yearly kept, no doubt with Zeal
By some, who to New England's common Weal
Wish well, in these apostatizing Days,
Wherein Religion sensibly decays.
No Doubt for noble Ends this Day's observ'd
By some, who have to Learning just Regard:
Whose souls (bright as the Light) would grieve to see
These Regions buried in Obscurity.

The DESCRIPTION

But let's reflect upon the Things that be
Transacted on this Day; but where shall we
Begin? for early, long before the Sun's
Bright Beams illuminate the Horizon,
Vast Numbers from far distant Places are
Seen to'ards the Place of Concourse to repair:
(As if by some Magnetic Virtue they
Are drawn, they all direct their Course one Way)
All Sizes, and each Sex, the Ways do throng.
Both Black and White ride Jig-by-Jole along!

Others on Foot (half roasted by the Sun)
 Can scarce arrive before the Day is done:
 Or if the Clouds propitious Showers dispense,
 (As oft they do, when our learn'd Youths commence)
 See! how the dripping Throngs trip o'er the Plains.
 The Nut-brown country Nymphs and rural Swains
 From diff'rent Roads, the diff'rent Squadrons join,
 To form the gen'ral Congress, all combine.
 Tag, Rag and Bob-Tail, in their best Array,
 Appear, there on this celebrated Day:
 Thus to near Night they flock; and in a Word,
 The Town's a Cage fill'd with each kind of Bird.

But who is able fully to display
 The various kind of Things which on this Day
 Transacted are? To Taverns some repair;
 And who can tell what Pranks are acted there?
 Some spend the Time at Pins (that toilsome Play)
 Others at Cards (more silent) pass the Day.
 In Rings some Wrestle till they're mad out-right,
 And then with their Antagonists they fight.
 For Fighting is the effect of Wrestling, as
Men draw Conclusions from the Premises.
 All kinds of horrid Noises fill the Street,
 While distant Woods their echoes back repeat.
 On Horses some to ride full Tilt along
 Are seen; while on each side a numerous Throng
 Do gaze. In silent shades some pass away
 The Time, and in soft Pleasures end the Day,
 But Heads and Points at Night are forc'd to lay.
 Vast Numbers on the Pagan Party gaze,
 (This line illegible)
 While some intoxicated are with Wine,
 Others (as brutish) propagate their Kind:

Where amorous Lads to shady Groves resort,
And under Venus with their Misses sport.
Some sing, some dance, some lay the ground upon,
Whatever fails, the IRON-WORK goes on.
Our Rustick Sparks (to Taverns glew'd) they stay,
And scarce can blunder Home by break of Day.
Some lie in open Fields; others there are,
Who to their Homes half-boozy do repair;
Others go Home half-starv'd; Some in the Way
Get Foul'd, and then in Barns are Forc'd to lay;
So end the Actions of this famous Day.
But not the Revel!
Each successive Day,
Venus and Bacchus bear alternate sway.
The raging tribe their lawless Games repeat,
Nor can three Days their Bacchanals compleat.
To close recess the Sons of Vice retire,
And cool their raging Thirst, or quench their wanton Fire.
Thus the loose Croud forbidden Pleasures seek,
Drink HARVARD dry, and so conclude the Week.

FINIS

BOSTON: Printed and Sold at the *Heart & Crown* in Cornhill.

**A TRUE HISTORY OF THE FEATS, ADVENTURES
AND SUFFERINGS OF MATTHEW CALKINS
IN THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION**

ALLUSIONS TO THE MAIN POINTS OF THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS

Calkins' enlistment in the war of the Revolution—when—and where.

First rendezvous at the city of Albany, under Colonel Willett.

Marched on an expedition to Johnstown—Stone Robie, and Fort Plain; all on the Mohawk, of bloody memory.

Secret expedition in the night, but the destination unknown to the men.

The rescue of Fort Plant, an inland place, near the Mohawk, from a large force of Indians who menaced its capture.

Death of two young men by the Indians, who had gone from the Fort, before daylight, to a distant pasture for some horses.

Appearance of many Indians on the skirts of the forest, surrounding Fort Plant at sun-rise.

The effect of chain-shot when thrown among them from the guns of the Fort.

Perilous rescue of the cattle of the neighborhood, from an old pasture, situate some distance from Fort Plant, in the woods, by Calkins and a fellow soldier.

Seeming terror of the cattle, while in the pasture, on account of scenting the Indians, as was believed, and their race to the fort when let out.

Pursued by the Indians before reaching the Fort, but met with chain-shot, thrown over the heads of the drove and the men behind them.

Willett's pursuit of these Indians, with fifteen hundred men—overtook them while cooking their breakfast—their flight, &c.

The Stockbridge and Oneida Indians sent in chase, under an Indian Colonel, called *Lewey*, with an hundred white men, Calkins being one of the number.

Caution of this Indian Colonel, and his refusal to continue the chase, on account of the signs of an ambush.

Property retaken which was abandoned by the enemy from the heat of the chase, through the wilderness, near Clarksville, Otsego County, N. Y.

Famous attempt of Colonel Willett to capture Fort Oswego, in the heart of winter.

Great fatigue in making and breaking a road through deep snow to Oneida lake.

Failure of the enterprise on account of the want of provision—treachery of an Indian guide—loss of the right way, &c.

Sufferings of the troops for want of food—devouring of dogs, &c., on their way back.

The sufferings of four men in particular from hunger and fatigue, one of whom was Matthew Calkins.

Great numbers of the troops frozen in the expedition, and crippled for life.

Fortunate escape of Calkins and three men, from being captured, having travelled a whole day between two detachments of the enemy, without being discovered.

A scouting party of Indians and white men, Calkins being one of them—Powwow of the Indians, their improvidence in relation to food—catch fish with their hands—quantity which they devoured at once.

Story of Carr, the Tory, and the Carr-Mount farm, Otsego County, N. Y.

Death of a scout by treachery, by the means of this Carr—the wonderful escape of one of their number by running when pursued by Indians.

Expedition against Carr, discovery of property tied in parcels in the tops of the trees, in the woods round his premises.

Conrad Mayer and Susan Grey, a hunting story of the West.

A TRUE HISTORY OF THE FEATS, ADVENTURES AND SUFFERINGS OF MATTHEW CALKINS IN THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION

'Twould make one weep to see the troubled face
Of the worn out soldier on an Indian trail,
Tracking the stealthy foot from place to place,
To hear the sudden scream and the infant's wail.
Such sights were often seen, along Otsego's hills;—
Such sounds, Chenango's forests often knew,
Along the vales of Delaware—its brooks and rills—
And Old Schoharie's woods of bloody hue.

THAT memorable event, the Revolution in America, had progressed with all its mighty deeds, nearly five years,—painting on the canvas of nations the story of her wrongs imposed by tyranny,—when Matthew Calkins, the man above alluded to, became, though young, a *Volunteer* in that war, with thousands of others of similar ages and principles. At this time he lived at the residence of his father, in Columbia County, N. Y., in a place called Austerlitz; and knowing that Colonel Willett of intrepid memory was at Albany, enlisting recruits for the Continental service, Calkins became determined to make one of the number, though blood and perils should mark his steps. He now repaired to that *rendezvous*, being but eighteen years old. On coming to that city he entered among the nine-months men; but in a short time saw fit to enlist for two years, in what was called the three years' Regiment;—one year of the existence of that peculiar Regiment having at the time of Calkins' enlistment, passed by. The first service, except the drilling, training and exercise incidental to the education of a soldier under

arms—was a march to Johnstown, Stone Robie¹ and Fort Plain—places on the Mohawk, where had been committed, in the earlier times of the Revolution, many a deed of horror, under the eye and auspices of the bloody Johnsons, Brant and coadjutors. The detachment Calkins belonged to was commanded by Major Benscughton,² and consisted of three hundred men.

Now while lying at Fort Plain, Calkins and the company of which he was a member, who were about thirty in number, and commanded by one Captain Tierce,³ were called upon secretly, by Lieutenant Thornton, long before daylight or the time of the *reveleee*, to turn out instantly, as they were to go on an expedition; but where, he knew not. In a twinkling all were ready, when it was perceived that they were destined on a most dangerous route, as they were directed to penetrate through a four-mile woods, to a place where there was a block-house called *Fort Plant*. This place of security had been built by the people for the mutual safety of the neighborhoods situated round about, which they had called *Fort Plant*, as it was to protect the *planters* or farmers of that part of the country.

At Fort Plant it had been ascertained during the night, that on the morrow the place would be besieged by a force of seven or eight hundred Indians and Tories, whose operations were to be directed by British officers. It was a friendly Indian who had, at the peril of his life, discovered this party and their designs, and made haste to communicate the same to Fort Plant. On this account there was found a man who carried the news to Fort Plain, and requested immediate succor, as that they were in constant expectation of an onset. In Fort Plant there were but thirty men, and unless they could be reinforced it was extremely probable the place would be taken, which was filled with the families, women and children of the settlement round about, and would become the prey of the In-

¹ Stone Arabia.

² Elias Van Benschoten.

³ Matthew Calkins appears in the records of the State (1781) but the regiment is not named, otherwise than as "The Lines." Willett was Colonel, Elias Van Benschoten, Major. Peter B. Tierce was the Captain and John Thornton the Lieutenant of Calkins' Company.

dians' bloody knife, unless successfully resisted. The troop now called out for its assistance the Infantry, who arrived safely at the place, just as the day was dawning. It appeared on their arrival that the enemy had been encamped within a short distance of the Fort during the night, but did not seem inclined to commence the onset till they should have daylight to do it by. They no doubt knew well its weakness, and therefore had no fear as to the result, and besides this, no doubt wished to capture it as warily and as easily as possible, in order to save the lives of their own men. Now the silent arrival of the Infantry from Fort Plain had somehow made a tremendous impression upon the minds of the enemy in the woods, as they had evidently seen the troops by means of their spies lurking in the dark about the Fort, when they made their entry, just as daylight was streaking the east. On seeing this body of men entering from the way of Fort Plain the spies fled into the woods, with, in all probability, an exaggerated account of their numbers, as it was not light enough to compute them. In what direction from Fort Plant the camp of the Indians was situated, there was no one knew; not even the friendly Indian who gave the alarm, as he had only seen them within a few miles of Fort Plant the day previous, and some time before it was time to camp down for the night, and therefore could not tell that particular.

Now some time before daylight, there had been sent out from the Fort two young men, for the purpose of bringing in a pair of horses that had been put in a back-wood pasture, to feed, as it was then in September. By this time, daylight had progressed, so that it was quite easy to see a considerable distance from the Fort, which stood in an open space, the trees having been cut down in all directions, to the amount of many acres. On account of the new acquisition of Infantry to the Fort, the force of which now amounted to a company of sixty men, all well armed, and as it was now light enough, they sallied forth to look about and make such discoveries as they could. At this very juncture, the sallying out of the troops, the two young men who had been sent for the horses were seen just

emerging from the woods, riding upon a full jump, having found the horses, and were almost safely arrived within the fort. These two young men were the sons of different families, then in the Fort, who with many others had fled thither for safety. But at the moment when they supposed all was well, and that they should reach that *dépôt* of safety, the Fort, there was heard behind them, from the direction of the woods, the shots of two guns, when both the young men were seen to fall from their horses. In a moment after there were also seen the forms of two Indians, running with great speed toward the fallen young men; who, on coming up to them, sunk each his hatchet deep into their heads; then took off their scalps, and fled to the wilderness;—all of which was done so far from the Fort and the troops, and in so short a time, that no rescue could be sent, or shot reach them.

In a moment or two after, there were seen on the verge of the wilderness a great many Indians; at whom the cannon of the Fort were let off;—loaded with chain shot; when they disappeared, as they did not seem to like the sound, nor the whizzing of cold iron among the trees about their heads. Even prior to this demonstration on the verge of the woods, and before the arrival of the Infantry, there had been seen by the sentinels in several directions the dark forms of human beings, peering about, at whom the guns had been discharged, when they had fled; but it was not known that any had been killed.

The direction the Indians disappeared in was that of the west. Now, in a southerly course from the Fort, there was at a distance of a mile or more, a place cleared, of considerable extent; and was used as a bush pasture. Into this old field, the people who had fled to the Fort had driven all their cattle, as well as horses, amounting in number to more than sixty.

It was therefore a desirable thing to get these cattle within the Fort, as it was now certain that the Indians would fall upon and destroy them, so sure as they should make the discovery. A great many of them were cows, and the children especially needed the milk,

as well as the rest. Now in order to this, the whole sixty infantry, in the full blaze of martial glory, the sun just then rising, shone brightly upon the burnished barrels and bayonets of their guns, while the thunder of the bass drums, the rattle of the tenor, and the shrill fife, with a terrible clangor shook the wilderness with their harmony, deceiving by this display the ambushed enemy, who no doubt, believed the Fort to be full of forces, and the infantry then in display but a mere detachment sent out to reconnoiter. The course the troops took was along the path through the clearing leading off toward the old pasture, where the cattle were secreted. Now as soon as they came to the verge of the woods, the path continuing on—which led to the field through a dense forest of a full mile in extent, the troops came to a halt. This was done in order to consult as to the best method of recovering the cattle, as it could not be long before the enemy would know of them; then it would be too late for the rescue. Here they came to the conclusion that it was not best for the whole company to go, but rather that two or three should be selected only, who could do the service as well, and far better, than to expose the whole force to an attack in the woods, and besides, were the Indians then near, watching their motions, they would not be as likely to discover the operation of the sending of these men after the cattle as they would be more likely to watch the main body.

Here they selected from among the troops, two men, who were deemed the swiftest on foot of any in the army, one of whom was the hero of this account, Matthew Calkins. Now when the two stood out from the ranks, destined for this dangerous undertaking, Calkins was objected to on account of his youth, by the commandant. But the sergeant of his company, who knew his courage as well as speed in the race, replied that Calkins could run to the pasture and back again, sooner than any other man on the ground, when the commandant replied, "*Then let him go.*" The two adventurers now took their guns, setting off on a full run, having the secret sympathies as well as the prayers of the whole company, and were soon through the woods, to the dreaded pasture containing the cattle. In a moment

they had let the bars down, when the animals of themselves rushed in a mass to get out, for they appeared to be aware of danger, having no doubt smelt the Indians, as they were looking towards the woods, blowing and snorting in terror. As soon as they were out of the field, they fled as if chased by a hundred wolves, directly along the path toward the Fort, as if they knew there was safety, the two men following after close behind. It was not long ere they came out of the woods, when the men from among whom the two had been selected, parted to the right and left, the drove passing through the midst; when they closed again and followed after. This being effected, and as they were in progress toward the Fort, being highly gratified in saving the cattle, there was heard the fearful roar of several cannon shots, the balls of which passed over the drove, into the woods beyond. This was unexpected, as well as the cause unknown, till on looking back they saw in the very path which they had followed behind the cattle, a great many Indians, as well as that the skirt of the forest was full of them, in the same direction, but were not near enough to reach the Americans with their rifles. Here it was evident that, had they not rescued the cattle as they did, they would have been lost, as the two men had barely freed the drove from their pasture before the Indians were on their track. But as the balls and chain-shot of the Fort fell rather plentifully in the woods where the Indians were dodging about, they soon disappeared. Now all this was done before breakfast, which gave the troops as well as the families in the Fort a good appetite and great joy, there having been none killed, except the two young men, over whose remains there was the weeping of parents and friends who had ventured to the spot, and brought their bodies in. The thirty men now returned to Fort Plain, which was but four miles distant, by which time Willett had raised a force of fifteen hundred men, and that very night pursued the enemy, who, it was discovered had gone the way of Boman's Creek, which has its rise somewhere near Cherry Valley. About daylight, it was ascertained they were near the enemy, and that they were engaged in cooking their breakfast, at the place where

they had encamped during the night. But before they had got through with the desirable office of getting their breakfast, by some means or other they had made the discovery that they were pursued by a powerful force. In a moment each man seized his arms and fled, leaving their cookery as it was. Directly Willett's forces arrived at the spot, where he found their fires in order, and great quantities of pork, with the hair on, roasting around them. But he made no halt, passing directly on in pursuit, the soldiers snatching the meat from the wooden spits as they went, which they crammed into their packs, against some hour of need, or till time could be afforded to finish its cooking and to use it. Soon after this Willett came to a halt, and selecting a hundred men of the whites, among whom was Calkins, and a hundred Indians of the Stockbridge and Oneida tribes, sent them on in pursuit of the fleeing enemy, while himself and the residue of the troops returned. This was a most singular transaction, as the two hundred who were now selected to pursue the enemy were vastly inferior in numbers, while the whole force of Willett was double that of the foe; and had he pursued them as he was, would no doubt have soon overtaken and destroyed them; this was a strange transaction for a brave general as Willett was reputed to be.

The hundred Indians selected were commanded by an oboriginal Colonel, named *Lewey*, who was an Oneida chief; these, with the hundred white men, set off in chase of the enemy. On the route there were a considerable number of horses retaken, laden with plunder, as well as a number of cattle, the fugitive foe having left them all along in the woods as they fled. Among these there was one horse found, having a side of leather tied round his body, on which there was a hog which they had shot and split length wise, with its legs tied together over the horse's back; in this way forming a balance, to keep it from falling off. The two hundred continued the chase, till some time in the afternoon of that day, and had got over the high ground east of Cherry Valley, where they began to descend into a well-known gloomy range of hemlock wilderness,

lying along in the direction of Clarksville, when Lewey, the Oneida chief and commander of the Indians refused to go any further, as that from appearances which he well understood, the enemy were preparing an ambush, into which he had no notion of being entangled. Here, as the Indians would go no further, the whites, as was right, came to a stand, when the whole party returned to Fort Plain. Thus the enemy were allowed to escape; a most singular affair indeed, which we know not how to excuse.

Now in the winter following this affair, in the month of February, there fell a snow full four feet deep; this was in 1783, the last year of the war, when orders were issued for the troops at Fort Plain to repair to Fort Herkimer up the Mohawk, under the command of the same Colonel Willett; Calkins being one in the company commanded by Captain Thornton, and were but thirty men in number. From Fort Herkimer, the company of Thornton was sent forward with axes and snow-shoes to open a road by stamping a track, and by cutting away trees which might be fallen across the path, such as it was, at a time when there was not a house at the place now called Utica, and is likewise a noted city. The road to be thus opened was to reach from Fort Herkimer to the head of Oneida Lake, which took them four days to perform, a job of the most fatiguing and laborious nature; being obliged to camp down in the deep snow every night, and to rest on hemlock boughs around a fire, which, however, was as large as they had a mind to build, as dry dead trees and brush were abundant. The way they broke the road was by two walking side by side, taking the lead for a certain distance, the residue following in their track, in like manner, there being fifteen couple, who in this way made a very good road. The object of opening this route was for the transporting of a body of troops in sleighs to the head of Oneida Lake, and from thence to its foot, on the ice, with the view of going from this place down to the outlet, which is called Oswego river, to capture the fort at its confluence with Ontario, named Fort Oswego, then occupied by the British, a most dangerous undertaking. There were in this expedition nearly

a thousand men, for the transportation of whom Willett had pressed a hundred and twenty sleighs from among the farmers on the Mohawk. From the foot of the lake, where they left the sleighs and their owners, they went down the river chiefly on the ice. They had travelled nearly two days toward the place of destination when they came to a place where, it then appeared, that Willett had caused the construction of a great number of ladders for the purpose of scaling the walls of Fort Oswego. Here it became necessary to carry these ladders by hand, the residue of the way, requiring sixteen men to a ladder, a job of the most fatiguing description; among whom was the lad Calkins, who it appears, was ever found in places most difficult to be overcome, as well as dangerous; for let it be observed the men who carried these ladders were also to ascend them, when they should be set up against the walls of the Fort, where death was almost sure to be met with. At this place Willett ordered that every dog found among the troops should be killed, as they might, by barking, or some such occurrence, betray them; for it was his intention on the night of the following day to storm and capture Fort Oswego; on which account the dogs, a dozen in number or so, were immediately shot and laid up in a heap there on the snow, which was rather grievous to the owners. From this place to the Fort it was supposed to be about twelve miles, which they intended to approach under cover of the next night, in a slow, secret and leisurely manner, reserving the strength and activity of the men, as much as possible, for the coming fray. Here they took up the ladders, and proceeded till night came on, which was now near by. During the next day they hastened forward as rapidly as was convenient, intending to get near enough to camp down a little while, and then by the hour of midnight to reach and capture the Fort. On the third day from the foot of the lake, toward night, Willett, as he did not know the most direct way, nor any of his men, set an Indian who was among them, to be his guide.

Now they set out with good hearts, knowing themselves to be in the neighborhood of the contemplated battle, and that before

morning all would be over, as they would be either the victors, or sleep in death around its walls. The snow was deep, but they wallowed on—the Indian leading the way. After a few hours' travel with great labor, they found that the hour of midnight had passed, and yet the Fort was not in sight; still hour after hour passed away, and yet the Fort was invisible. Soon there was seen in the east the light flush of day, and yet there was no Fort Oswego in view. Here now was trouble enough, as it was impossible for them to remain so near the enemy a whole day, without imminent danger, and besides it was found that there were no provisions in the army;—they had consumed the last morsel; believing, it is presumed, they should breakfast in the captured Fort. As to the Indian guide, he was either ignorant of the way, or was treacherous; however that was, the men were instantly for putting him to death, to which end he was placed under guard and sent ahead, as the whole force immediately took their back track as fast as possible, knowing they should have nothing to eat till they could reach Fort Herkimer again. And to add to their very great trouble it was extremely cold, and growing colder continually: on which account the men who had the Indian in keeping let him go, as they had trouble enough of their own, who was never after seen or heard of, as it is likely he then went to the British, or among his fellows to the west. The time consumed in going from Fort Herkimer to the spot where the Indian gave up finding old Oswego, was six days, for which length of time they had drawn provisions, and for no more, making it evident that Willett had calculated to feed his troops in the premises of the enemy; a very poor calculation indeed, as it would have been much safer to carry more than enough, even had they taken the place, than too little, as it might be a failure. There was therefore in prospect a fearful expectation of starving to death, even before they could reach the place where the sleighs were left, and certainly before they could get back to Fort Herkimer, as it would take them at least five days, if not six, which it actually did. At the spot where they gave up taking Fort Oswego, there they left the ladders, as a monument of

the failure of the enterprise, and fled back as fast as they could. Now by the time they had returned as far as to where the dogs were killed, which was nearly two days, so great was their hunger and desire of food, that in a twinkling they were cut to pieces and devoured nearly raw, as they could not wait to build fires and then till it was cooked; so that they snatched the flesh half burnt as it was, from each other, devouring it like so many hyenas; and yet there were several who went without, as it was impossible for them to get any; among whom, Calkins was one. One man was seen, who had procured no better piece than a part of a hind leg, to be tugging and gnawing away at the bone, for half a day or so, as they were travelling along, deriving therefrom much support as well as happiness, as he said to his fellows, who were *eyeing* and *coveting* the possession of his treasure, the dog's hind leg.

On the way down the river Oswego, Calkins being one of the number, who assisted in carrying the ladders, fell and hurt his leg, which lamed him considerably, so that in returning he requested not to be compelled to keep the rank and file order of march; but to be allowed to get along by himself as well as he could, which privilege was granted to him, and three others in a similar condition. We wish the reader to notice that in the river Oswego there is, in a certain place of its course, a *great bend*, being all of twenty-four miles round, while across the country, it is not more than twelve; which distance, the army, in coming down the river on the ice, took the advantage of, by leaving the river and travelling across the country till they came to the river again. Now Calkins and his fellows, being separated from the main body, managed to get ahead, picking their way frequently to considerable advantage, so that they soon were out of sight of the men behind them.

They were following in this way on up the river on the ice, but as they were busy in making all the speed they could, and being faint from hunger, they missed and went by the place where the army, in coming down the river, came on to the ice again, after having crossed the land as above noticed, for the sake of its being nearer, and instead

of going off the ice at this place, as they should have done, they continued on up the river, and greatly out of their way. But on they went not knowing the mistake, till night overtook them; when they came to a place of thick woods, on the shore, and it being too dark to travel, they came to a halt, being weary as well as hungry, for it was then three days since Calkins, especially, had taken a morsel of food, as it was his lot not to be able to get a particle of dog meat. Here they went up the bank into the woods and having gone a little way, they struck a light with some *Punk* as it is called, which they had with them, and built a fire of such dry wood as came to hand, there being abundance in the place; wrapped themselves in their blanket and fell asleep there on the snow. In the morning they found themselves nearly on the ground, having sunk several feet, by the thawing of the snow, occasioned from the heat of the fire and their own bodies, so that they were in quite a deep hole, being nearly four feet, as that was the depth of the snow.

As soon as it was light, they arose from their beds and went down the bank, in order to pursue their course, when they became almost sure they had missed their way, and the place where they should have left the ice; but as they now found a great many tracks going on up the river, they became re-assured, supposing the army, to which they belonged, had gone by in the night. Believing this, they took courage and pushed on after them. They, however, had not travelled more than an hour, when, as they came to a jet of land putting out into the river, in the form of a point; across which they happened to look in a direction up the river, saw to their astonishment, not more than twenty rods above them, there on the ice as many as thirty men, part white and part Indians, dressed in the British and Canadian costumes, occupied in taking their breakfast.

This was an awful discovery, and frightened them so that they forgot their hunger, and fled back, up the bank and into the woods. Here they now saw, that they had indeed missed their way, and were near being taken by the Indians. They now knew where they were, and immediately addressed themselves to leave the river and travel

inland till they should find the road made by their own party when they went down, and in crossing the great bend. They had gone in this direction but a little way, however, when they found from weakness and the great depth of the snow, that it was impossible for them to proceed. There was left them now no hope between dying where they were, and giving themselves up to the enemy on the ice. They remembered that they had seen the party on the river in the boundless enjoyment of food; which overcoming all other considerations, brought them to the determination of surrendering. Having concluded thus, they were even eager, as the hope of immediate relief from the wolf that gnawed at their stomachs quickened them to be with the enemy. So effectually will the pain of hunger humble the proudest heart. But as horrible as was the source of this hope, even in this they were doomed to disappointment; for in getting on to the ice again and going round the point of land we have mentioned, behold the enemy were gone, and quite out of sight.

But not abandoning their purpose, they followed on, in their track, not knowing what the event might be. On coming to the spot where the party had taken their meal, one of the men found the rind of a piece of cheese, which he ate, saying he had no doubt but that it was part of a real *Cheshire*, it tasted so good and rich. On pursuing this course till nearly night, the sufferers found that their enemy had left the river, putting on their snow-shoes, and had made off across the country to reach the road the troops of Willett had travelled on their retreat from their attempt to capture Fort Oswego, and from thence they went home again, no doubt, as they saw them no more.

Now soon after being relieved from the presence or neighborhood of the party, they came to the place where they had verged off from the river, in going *down* a few days before, in order to cross the bend by a nearer route. It was near sunset at this juncture and the distance from where they then were, was all of twelve miles, to the foot of Oneida Lake, where the sleighs were left, when Willett came down and which sleighs were to carry them back again. Here,

two of the men gave out; namely, Robison and Buckley, saying it was impossible for them to proceed, and that they must lie down and rest where they then were.

The two having made this resolution, they all went into the woods, a little way from the bank of the river, and gathering some hemlock boughs, made them a bed, on which they actually lay down, there on the snow. But Calkins remonstrated, and endeavored to exhort them to hold out; but no, they must rest, they could go no farther. Here the two others, namely, Calkins and Wilkinson, took them by the hand, bidding them an everlasting farewell, saying "as for us we shall try as long as there is breath in our bodies, to reach the place where the sleighs were left," which, if they failed to do before they were gone, then that would be their end. It was now growing dark, when Calkins and his fellow left them, believing firmly that the two who had lain down to *rest*, as they said, would never rise from that bed. It was not the meaning of those men to die there, but only to rest awhile, not seeming to know that the risk of a little sleep at such a time as that, might place them beyond the time of arriving at the place where the sleighs were, in which case all would be over with them forever, indeed. But they had taken their resolve, and their companions expected to see them no more as they left them to pursue their way. In a few moments, however, there was heard behind them the hallooing of somebody, and looking round, they saw the two poor fellows coming on again, seeming unwilling to be left there alone, when they halted till they came up. Here the whole four renewed their courage, being determined to reach the place in time to be carried with the rest in the sleighs to Fort Herkimer, even if they were carried dead, and not to be left in the woods, to be devoured by the wolves. That was a dreadful night to the sufferers, as the faintness of death was upon them, their eyes were unsteady, the trees nor the snow kept their places, but seemed moving like the unsteady waters, while ever and anon, the thoughts of food fell upon their memory like salvation lost, which still lingered about the visions of the mind to mock the unsatisfied appetite and

desire of happiness. In this starved condition they were doubly exposed to be frozen, so that their progress along the way was more like the sick and stooping forms of emaciated madmen just escaped from their chains, wretched, horror-stricken and in pain, objects of pity, even to the well-fed eye of persecution itself. In this condition they had worn the night away, till nearly the lonesome hour of two o'clock in the morning, when they could hear the joyful noise of the neighing of horses and the sound of voices in getting ready to start; a few minutes longer, and the sleighs would have been gone, the men's destiny would have been sealed forever.

On coming to this place, Calkins' first inquiry of his captain, who he happened to meet immediately, was, whether he had anything to eat, for they were nearly famished, who said "No; but there is possibly some whiskey in my canteen: go and drink." The canteen was examined, when there was found sufficient for the four men, who drank heartily, and were amazingly strengthened, verifying a remark of Scripture, which is, "*give strong drink to him that is ready to perish.*" This was all they were to expect till they should arrive at Fort Herkimer, which was full sixty miles; and proved true, except that Calkins took from the mess of one of the horses a handful of raw oats and peas, at the head of the lake where they halted to bait, the owners carrying their provender with them; these he ate greedily, being delicious to the taste, as hunger makes all things welcome. The reader here may suppose that a horse might have been killed for food, as that there were on the spot a hundred and twenty pairs, making two hundred and forty of those animals. Now had this been done, eight men must have died, for a horse, as a *span*, would have been dissolved, and the men left behind, the sleighs being already laden beyond the strength of the horses. All being ready, away they went, the starved army feeling individually happy that they could ride, when they had not strength to walk; and besides, they knew that by the going down of the sun of the same day, they should be fed and comforted by the fires and in the rooms of Fort Herkimer. This proved true, the sleighs arriving there but a little

after dark, where immediate and proper refreshments were administered to the dying multitude; having been without food for *five entire days and nights*, except the meat of the slaughtered dogs; and even of this, many of them did not taste, for the want of a chance to do so.

On getting out of the sleighs and coming where it was warm, it was found from examination that full two-thirds of the one thousand men or thereabouts were badly frozen, and chiefly in their feet, so that many of them were crippled for life; and yet Calkins remained unhurt by the frost, though he was so young, owing, no doubt, to the strength of his constitution, and to the care he took to keep himself in motion as much as he could, especially while in the sleigh, on the last day of their sufferings, when it is likely the chief of the mischief of that description was done.

Now notwithstanding the entire failure of this expedition, the treachery of the Indian, &c., it was afterwards ascertained, by means of a deserter, one Mortimer, that at the very time the perfidious guide was wandering about with them in the snow and darkness of the night, that the British were in full strength in Fort Oswego, a thing Willett had no apprehensions of. Some how, by the means of spies, the Tories, or the Indian runners, or in some way, the British were apprized of Willett's intentions, on which account they had in the Fort four hundred Indians with several hundred regular soldiers, besides the cannon of the place; so that if Willett had persevered in his attempt, he must have been cut to pieces; and besides, it was found that the very ladders they had made to scale the walls with were too short by all of six feet, which would have ensured the death of every one who might have manned those ladders; Calkins with the rest. From this same deserter Calkins afterwards learned that himself and three companions on the ice, travelled all that day between two bands of the enemy, without being seen by either, this Mortimer being one of the front guard, and remembered eating a breakfast on the ice of the river Oswego at the very time.

Thus ended the famous enterprise of the capture of Oswego, in misfortune and the crippling of nearly all the army, which was certainly but poorly planned, as it was done in ignorance of the enemy's strength, as well as at a time of the year when amazing suffering from the cold, the depth of the snow, could but be expected, besides the whole distance was a wild wilderness, with but small exceptions, and those exceptions of no use to the army, as in the places on that route, where settlements had been commenced, they had deserted them long before, on account of the Indians.

But this adventure of Calkins, in the time of that war, was by no means the only one, although it was the one in which he suffered the most, and came nearest losing his life, not only from exposedness to the enemy being so near them at Fort Oswego and on the ice, but from the most horrid of all deaths, that of starvation. In the course of the author's conversation with this venerable relic of the "*old war*," as it is now sometimes called, it appeared that on a certain time, a scouting party was sent out from Fort Plain on the Mohawk, in the direction of the Unadilla country—which is south from Fort Plain—and the whole range of the Mohawk. It was in this direction that most of the tragical events of that war, on the borders of the western parts of New York took place, and was therefore at that time the region of danger—its wilderness, its caverns and dark forests being the scene of many an untold atrocity, perpetrated by the savages and Tories. Of this scouting party Calkins was one, which consisted of nine white men and eight Indians. It was known that along the range of country running through the towns of Lisbon, Butternuts, &c., in Otsego County, N. Y., were living several suspected families of considerable importance on account of their wealth and connections, as well as their education and abilities; it was necessary, therefore, that their movements should be watched.

The party took with them food enough to sustain them two weeks, trusting to what they might shoot of the wild game of the woods, which at the time was alive with deer, bears, partridges, and other creatures of the forest, so that they needed only bread and salt,

getting the rest in the woods, such as leeks and herbs, as it was in the Spring of the year, carrying with them, however, each a pretty heavy piece of salted pork, to season such dainties with. They had travelled several days in the direction of their intended route; when the provisions they had with them began to grow rather scarce, especially with the Indians, who, for some reason or other found it convenient, on camping down of a certain night to have a *Powwow*, on which occasion, they not only devoured all they had in their knapsacks of the provision kind, but to entirely empty their canteens of the Jamaica spirits there was in them, as a certain portion was allowed to each at the outset.

The spot where this encampment of the party took place, was not far from one of the little streams which run out of the numerous small lakes lying west of Lake Otsego, the extreme headwaters of the north branch of the Susquehannah river. At the place there were the remains of a log cabin, which had been erected by some earlier settler or some hunter in those dreary hills; but was then considerably dilapidated. It was in this old hut that the Indians had taken up their night's lodging, while the whites chose theirs under some boughs they had cut from the trees, out of which they formed a kind of brush enclosure, to screen them a little from the air. It was a noisy night with the Indians, and not a little dangerous, for if there had been within hearing a party of the enemy, there might have been lives lost on the wrong side of the question, as the outcry, and whoopings they made resounded far and near; and beside, they somehow set the old house in which they were camping on fire, and away it went in smoke and flames, making it a fine smooth spot to sow tobacco seed on by the time morning had come. On account of this carouse of the Indians, the whites had to part their own allowance of food with the improvident fools, by which means the whole party, Indians and all, were soon reduced to a state of absolute hunger and suffering, as they had not, for some time, killed anything in the woods of the game kind, either from a fear of firing their guns, or because they had seen nothing to shoot at. Be this

as it may, they were soon reduced to hunger and suffering. This happened on their way toward home, on the Mohawk, the place from whence they set out. But as they were making the best of their way in that direction, the Indians sad and sulky, they came to one of the streams we have above spoken of, which, as about to cross by wading, they saw was alive with fishes of a considerable size, being large enough to weigh a pound or two. Immediately they set about trying to catch them with their hands, as they had no other means, the Indians being wonderful expert at this operation—and threw them out almost as fast as they would, the water being quite shallow where they found them in such plenty. The fish proved to be the Pike, a fish, of all others the very best, whether caught in the ocean or the fresh waters of the globe. They had soon enough for the whole party, when they set about cooking them, a fire being kindled in a hurry. There was no difficulty in their making an excellent meal, so far as the fish was concerned, as they had a large brass camp kettle with them, and salt enough to season them with. The nine white men dressed for themselves a kettle full of the beautiful pike, and in a short period had them ready, of which they partook, and were satisfied. In the mean time the Indians had dressed a great many more fishes than the white men had done, though their numbers were less, which as soon as the kettle was at liberty, they began to cook, filling it to the brim. When they were cooked, they fell to like so many cannibals, devouring kettle full after kettle full, till they actually eat nine kettles full, a little over a kettle to each Indian, which so crammed the almost carnivorous creatures, that they were wholly unable to walk, for a day or so—when it was with difficulty that they got them along at last. Of these fishes they dressed a quantity, salted them a little, and dried them in the smoke, partially, which sustained them the residue of the journey to the Mohawk.

The reader may possibly enquire how so many fish of that particular kind, which it is well known are remarkably difficult to catch, and resort to the deepest waters of the rivers, came there. This enquiry is easily satisfied when we come to know that it was the time

of the year when the various fishes of the waters seek a place of safety, where to deposit their spawn, eggs or roes for the bringing forward of other generations of their respective kinds. Such as great Salmon trout, the Bass, the Shad, the Pickerel, the Pike, as well as the Herring and many others. But in this particular case, the Pike were seeking the resort of the small but deep lakes that lie among the hills of that country, where to deposit their roes, and occasioned them to run up these small streams, urged on by the irresistible, as well as mysterious instinct of their natures, which is but the voice of their Creator, in his government of their tribes.

During this very trip of the scouting party, Matthew Calkins traversed the ridge of highlands which runs along the Unadilla river on the east side, and overlooked the very flats of beautiful alluvial land covered with one continued forest of the majestic rock-maple; which, though he was then but a wandering lad and poor, he afterwards bought to the amount of several hundred acres which, at the present hour, he is the owner of and the cultivator of the same.

It is but a little way above the lands of Matt. Calkins, the subject of the foregoing, where is situated a place that is called to this day the "*Carr Mount Farm*," the owner of which was a most ferocious and bloody Tory. This Carr was an Englishman, who had been sent to this country by one Edmonson, to settle on and take the agency of a tract of wild land, which had been granted to him by the King of England along the Unadilla.

He had, by the means of the Indians, knowing that the King patronised him, gained an uncontrollable influence over the natives of the Unadilla region, and was confederate with Brant, sending them on excursions of murder and plunder as to him seemed good. At this man's house, which was then in the midst of a howling wilderness, the Indians, as well as Tories and the English emissaries, used to resort, where news of the operations of the Committee men of Tryon County was to be had, and where plans of marauding were concocted, and where much of the plunder of the murdered inhabitants was deposited.

Now on a certain time, there was sent out a small scouting party consisting of four men, from the Mohawk, from one of the Forts in the same direction, and on a similar errand that Calkins and his fellows were sent, namely, to see what they could find of the enemy and their doings in that quarter. They had journeyed on several days and nights, and had passed down the valley of the wild Unadilla, in a silent but observing manner, when they came unexpectedly upon a cultivated farm, though of but small extent, with a log house of a very good description, in the midst of the clearing. To this house they made their way not knowing the character of the owner, being hungry, and much fatigued. They knocked at the door for admittance, when they were met, as the door was opened, by a rough, repulsive-looking middle-aged man of a large and muscular frame, who demanded in a half angry tone of voice, to know what their business was. To this enquiry they replied that they were tired and hungry, and wished something to eat. He said "Walk in gentlemen and take seats," and he would see if he had anything for them.

They accordingly went in as invited, but saw no one there beside the man who had met them at the door and a woman, who was not his wife, but was living there with him in the woods. Now as the men did not like the demeanor of their host, who appeared to be somewhat churlish, and besides, he asked no questions indicative of friendship, either respecting themselves or the Revolution, they became uneasy and suspicious. On this account, they had gone out and were walking in the door-yard, while the man of the house appeared to be busying himself in getting something for them to eat. In the meantime, they had seen that the woman had disappeared in a certain direction of the woods, which they thought was quite strange, as it was winter, and the Unadilla frozen over. Her errand to the woods, therefore, they could not well make out, there being no apparent cause.

But on this subject their suspense was soon cleared up, as in a minute or two they saw no less than six Indians on a full run coming toward the house, with guns in their hands. They had no doubts as

to the woman's business, that they were in the hands of a cruel and treacherous Tory, and their lives were in danger. In an instant they fled, instead of commencing an attack upon the Indians and the man of the house, although less in number it would have been the safest way. However, it may have been that the four men imagined that a large force of Indians was near, and that directly they might be surrounded, and that their only safety was in flight. But as they fled in different directions, each man for himself, the shots of the Indians overtook two of them, who fell dead, and wounded a third. This man though mortally wounded, managed to get across the river on the ice in a dark woody place, where he died, and was stripped and scalped by the Indians, as was the others. The fourth man made his escape unhurt, by dint of flight, being exceedingly swift of foot, and fairly outran the Indians, plunging into the depths of the dark wilderness faster than they could follow, although there was snow on the ground, by which they could track him.

This man arrived safe at Johnstown, the place of *rendezvous* at that time, where he related the fate of his companions. Instantly there was sent out a sufficient force to compete with the Indians, and to bring in the Tory alive, if possible, but if not, to kill him. The party were guided by the man who had made his escape. But on their arrival at the place, there was no Carr, or other human being. He with the woman and Indians had made their escape; knowing full well that the man who had evaded the shots of the Indians, would cause a force to be brought against him: he therefore fled to Canada, and was never heard of afterward. They found the three men where they had died,—stripped naked—scalps taken off, and otherwise mutilated; whom they buried there on the "*Carr Mount Farm*," as it is called to this day. They now examined the forest in all directions about the premises of the Tory, when in the very course the woman was seen to go, there was found, not half a mile from Carr's house the remains of an Indian wigwam, where the Indians lay, who were sent for by means of the woman living with Carr. In their search about the woods they found many things, which Carr had

hid, by tying them in small parcels in the tops of the thick hemlock trees, such as kettles, chairs, pails and articles of wood and iron; from which it appeared he expected to return again, when his king should have conquered the country, and hung all the rebels. The party having buried with the honors of war the three murdered men, and burnt to ashes the horrid den of the infernal Tory, as well as the hut of the savages adjacent, they returned, having done what they could to revenge the death of their comrades and to punish the murderer Carr.

This "Carr Mount Farm" is but a brief space north of the exceedingly beautiful town of North Newberlin in Chenango County, N. Y., on the east bank of the Indian Unadilla, and but a little further from the rich possessions of the Calkins family, whose narrative we have given in the foregoing, from his own lips as we do all accounts of the kind, adding thereby trait after trait of the unpublished history of those "*times which tried men's souls.*"

Gather the fragments that nothing be lost,
And tell the next ages what liberty cost.

CONRAD MAYER AND SUSAN GREY, A HUNTING
STORY OF THE WEST, RELATED BY AN
EARLIER SETTLER OF THE OHIO,
KINGSLEY HALE BY NAME,
TO HIS GRANDCHILDREN

IN 1775, the Zane family built a fort amidst the plain on which that city now stands, for a city it is, in all the moral and social, and in every commercial attribute of a city. Wheeling Fort was the outpost of civilization. The plain or bottom, narrow and darkened by trees and underwood, was overshadowed by that hill, steep and impending also with a forest of poplar, oak, and other massy trunks, against whose columns the axe had never made its attacks. That creek now spanned by yonder bridge, wound its shaded stream behind that sharp and rocky ridge, gliding silently into the bosom of its mighty recipient, the Ohio. The great Ohio itself, the present channel of active life and commerce, was itself then an emblem of savage majesty. The stream was then, and perhaps in all former forgotten ages, as it is now, tranquil; but it was then solitary, and the view along its shores and current inspired feelings of sadness. Yonder western hills, beyond Wheeling Island, then rose bold, and blackened with an interminable forest. They were the eastern abutments of a boundless region, then with fearful import called "The Western Country"; or with still more awful import, "The Indian Country." It was a country indeed, at the very aspect of which the bravest heart felt a shudder; for, from its endless recesses, the ruthless and stealthy savage issued on his errand of death. It was a frontier, along which the Indian and white, the red and the pale warriors met, and often men in single and unwitnessed combat.

In the days of your grandfathers, we now sit on a spot they dared not visit without their terrible weapon, the rifle; nor did their

rifle always save them from a foe who seemed to issue from the earth. But if the motion of the white hunter-warrior was slow, his march was steady and he sustained his post or fell; the white wave never flowed backwards towards its native ocean.

You have all heard of the Mayer and Wetzel families, for who on this side of the mountains has not heard of Conrad Mayer and Lewis Wetzel? But you may not all have heard how old Fred Mayer found his way to the banks of the Monongahela. Fred was a stubborn German, who, not liking the religion of his country, made one for himself, with a very short creed, and found it necessary to come to America to put his faith in practice. Fred brought with him some good share of Dutch scholarship, and a little gold, and what was far better than either, he brought with him a sweetly innocent and devoted wife. A few poor families came with Fred Mayer. They were peasants, stern, robust, and muscular. Amid them, well do I remember the tear-eyed Maria Mayer; she was born to grace a court;—she became a flower of our wilderness. The little colony found a resting place on the banks of the Monongahela, and Fred and his Maria arrived just in time, for on the very next night afterwards was born their only son—their only child, Conrad.

The morn which first dawned on Conrad was a fine October Sabbath. Their church was the Monongahela woods, in which the new-born boy received his baptismal name, and from which thankful orisons rose to heaven for their safe arrival. Hardships had met them on their way, but sickness and death they had escaped, and now a son was born to share their future hopes.

We need not follow the infancy and youth of Conrad. In despite of his father's attempt to teach him high German learning, this first-born son of Fairstone rose to manhood, the active and untiring hunter, and the intrepid warrior. Thus he rose, or was rising, when the Revolutionary war burst in distant and lengthened blasts, resounding from hamlet to hamlet, and from town to town, until its echoes were heard in the dales of the far distant West. There was little need of repeated shouts of war to rouse young Conrad.

From his father, he inherited a frame light and airy, but most powerfully strong and active. His soft blue eye bespoke the German, though his appearance and motions were French. His natural temper was wild and irascible, but his heart was tender. If he excited a tear from the eye of his mother, or of his foster sister, Susan Grey, his kindness soon wiped that tear and its remembrance away.

That heart must have been steel indeed which could have withstood the tears of either Maria Mayer, or her beautiful orphan foster-child, Susan Grey. Very different hearts from steel animated the bosoms of Fred Mayer, and his son Conrad, and they were a family of love.

Susan Grey was the child of love and sorrow. Her father, Thomas Grey, the son of an opulent family near ——, married a lovely but poor girl, and indignant at the taunts of his family, sought the wilds of the West. The parents were unequal to meet the hardships of their new situation: they fell early victims, and the yet hardly lisping Susan became the child of Fred and Maria and the sister of Conrad. The orphan shared the all of her protectors, and was vexed and loved by the untoward but generous Conrad, who maintained at every shooting-match that he had the prettiest sister in all America, and heaven-protected must needs have been the man who would have dared a contradiction: and another claim he had at the shooting-match, of being the best shot over all Ten Mile and Wheeling woods; excepting, as some dared to whisper, Lewis Wetzel.

"Would I not give all my hunt this fall if I could ever meet this Lewis Wetzel"—grumbled Conrad, at a Redstone shooting-match, as he overheard some one in a smothered voice say, "I wish Lewis Wetzel was here." Conrad bore away every prize, and swore he would "never shoot against another man until he met and beat the famed Wetzel."

The forest, hills, dales, and rocks, with the shooting-matches, were the fields of fame of Conrad from his boyhood, and before he had reached fifteen he began to complain that bears and deers were

becoming scarce; and at about sixteen his father removed to a valley on the head of Wheeling near Ryerson's station. Accompanied by his faithful dog, several nights would sometimes intervene whilst this daring young prowler would sleep in the untenanted woods. His mother and Susan had always much chiding in reserve, which they always forgot between the return of his dog and himself, for Brawler always arrived first to announce his master.

On preparing for one of those expeditions, Conrad seemed to linger more than usual. He was uncommonly long in preparing his rifle and other accoutrements. He laughed, teased Susan, and vexed his mother; but, as he often told me, an anxiety hung over him, he dreaded to leave home. The whole family shared the feeling and knew not why. The habitations were few, and far separated from each other; but as Indian war had not for many years reached those dells, no apparent danger seemed to impend, and yet the steady, firm, and every thing but superstitious mind of Fred Mayer shrunk with dread. Fred Mayer had been many years a soldier, and felt ashamed of his own fears, laughed at himself and Conrad, and Conrad himself forced a playful catch, kissed his mother and Susan and darted off for the woods.

The lingering form was not yet lost, for Conrad once or twice paused and looked back upon the paternal cottage, when his mother saw the ramrod of his rifle lying on their breakfast table. She seized the rod with an exclamation—she had time for no more—the rod and the light-footed Susan were gone on the footsteps of Conrad.

The young hunter had disappeared from the cottage, and being at variance with his own thoughts, now hurried in the opposite extreme, and extended his pace to almost a run. His speed was soon checked as he heard his name anxiously pronounced, and turning, saw the airy form of Susan.

"You are a fine hunter," exclaimed the panting girl, holding up the rod. Conrad lowered his rifle hastily, saw his remissness, and forcing a gaiety he felt not, and patting the flushed cheek of the messenger, replied, "Poh! Susan, may be I left the ramrod behind

to see if my sister would think it worth while to follow me with it."

"Conrad," rather solemnly replied Susan, "do not call your poor little sister a fool—but—but come home with me; do not go hunting to-day."

"Ha! ha! Sukey, go home because I forgot my ramrod? ha! ha!"

"Conrad, I never saw you linger and turn back before," and the starting tear stood in her timid eye.

This appeal was always effectual in finding the heart of the otherwise wayward hunter, and setting his rifle against a tree, he seized the almost fainting girl in his arms, exclaiming in the most pathetic tone—

"Susan, if you were indeed my sister, I ought to return; but my heart tells me you are a thousand sisters in one, and ought I not to fly to the farthest woods, for I am only to thee a brother."

It was the moment they had found that there was a feeling between them infinitely more awakening, more anxious for each other, than that of brother and sister; but their looks spoke what their words dare not.

Susan gently extricating herself, exclaiming—"My only brother, if I stand here listening to such—I—believe I must be"—and away she tripped, with sensations in which delight of heart greatly prevailed, and thus tripped to the summit of a small eminence, when turning round, she saw Conrad standing where she left him, intently gazing after her. They waved a farewell and parted.

All that day did Conrad, with steady steps and anxious feelings wend his way towards the Ohio. As the departing rays of day were leaving the earth in gloom, he reached the place where in two days his father had appointed to meet him with horses.

It was late in autumn; the morning was clear and bracing, and the limbs of Conrad invigorated by rest on new fallen leaves, sallied forth, his rifle well poised on his shoulder, and Brawler, well trained, marching behind his feet, with the watchful eye and wary tread of a tiger. Thus prepared, Conrad was treading slowly along the mountain-like hills, when spying a deer at a distance, he advanced

with hunter caution, until within reach. The piece was pointed and the unerring ball sped through the heart of the animal. But at the very moment when Conrad discharged his rifle, another prowler of the woods performed the same office, and the innocent buck fell by a double shot. Both hunter dogs preceded their masters, and commenced a furious battle over the prey; which was rapidly followed by a more serious contest between the two men.

The passion of Conrad, always excessively violent when roused, was raised to madness on seeing the stranger strike Brawler. "You cowardly villain, strike my dog, take that,"—but active and athletic as he was, Conrad soon found himself engaged with an antagonist who maintained the utmost coolness, and also a powerful man, demanding every exertion. For perhaps a minute the contest was doubtful, and entirely blinded by excessive rage, Conrad made repeated attempts to draw his knife. This, with the perhaps superior strength, and the perfect presence of mind he preserved, decided the contest in favor of the stranger, who at length, by a skilful muscular exertion, laid the frothing Conrad prostrate, wrenched his knife from its scabbard and threw it to some distance, and then securing his arms, sat triumphant on his body. Pausing a moment for breath, and with most provoking coolness viewing his still writhing enemy, very calmly observed—

"Young man, whoever you are, your jerks can do yourself as little use as me harm, nor do I intend to do you harm."

"Do me harm!" vociferated the prostrate hunter, in accents of as much wrathful defiance as his exhausted frame would admit. "Let me up and on my feet, give me a chance, and we'll see who is to be harmed."

"As matters have thus far went," replied the collected and even smiling stranger, "I am accountable for my own acts; but as I have found you in a scrape and have never injured, why, I'll try to get you off safe."

"Insulting scoundrel, let up"—

"Wait, my good boy, until your fever cools."

"Villain," roared the now absolutely infuriated Conrad. "You dare not take your rifle and give me a fair shot."

"The poor young man is raving; bleeding will cool his fever," deliberately drawing his own knife.

The flashing blade no sooner met the eye of Conrad, who expected to meet its edge, than his rage was calmed in a moment. His eyes changed from an expression of rage to that of stern and even contemptuous defiance. Not a fibre of his frame trembled; on the contrary, he steadily eyeing the victorious stranger, observed, "Murderer you may make yourself; but let me advise in my turn. I fear you not, but if you have a father and mother, can you return to them and leave the body of an only son in the woods?"

"I have parents and friends, also," replied the stranger; "I never intended to injure a hair of your head, and as I see you are coming to your senses, you may rise, if your promise is given to act correctly. You are no coward, and I am no murderer: I cannot accept your challenge."

"It would be cowardice to betray such manly confidence," observed Conrad, as himself and competitor rose to their feet. The two quadrupeds were, in the mean time, lying panting from their own share of the fray.

Having eyed each other a moment, after both had resumed their arms, the stranger very good naturedly observed—

"My good friend, we have made a very lucky escape, and have much reason to remember each other; and as I have as much reason as yourself to be ashamed of so rash an act, we may exchange forgiveness."

Conrad felt as many others have felt who has been doubly vanquished, and with all his really strong feelings of generosity, a lurking mortification gave a sulky moroseness to his manner, as he rather ungraciously replied, "I suppose I am to be thankful for not having my throat cut."

"Have a care your fever does not return and affect your brain again, young man"; very slowly and provokingly replied the stranger.

This was too much for the chafed spirit of Conrad, who commenced reloading his rifle with violent gestures and feelings of anger. His opponent also, but with the utmost coolness commenced a similar operation, and long before the enraged Conrad had his weapon prepared, the stranger with a half-suppressed smile, was very composedly eyeing the rash young hunter, whilst standing grasping in his left hand his well-loaded and primed rifle, and patting the head of his wounded dog with his right. When Conrad had put his weapon in order, the stranger then observed:

"You say, friend, that you are an only son: I am a little inclined to think your father and mother would soon be childless if your life depended on which of us could load our rifles first. Be calm and hear me," continued the stranger, "before you attempt again to grapple with a stranger who has given no good cause: permit me to give you a lesson. Do you see a white spot on that hickory tree yonder?"

"I am not blind," sulkily replied Conrad.

"Except with useless passion," replied the stranger, as he raised his piece to his face, and in a moment the white spot was gone, and the intrepid and manly hunter stood with his empty rifle smiling in the face of his now abashed companion, who remained an instant absorbed in silent wonder, at length ejaculated with great warmth—

"Well! well! this is too much, I am conquered."

"But alive yet," replied the stranger, as he walked swiftly towards the tree into which his bullet was lodged, which having reached, he held up his left hand, shouting, "you see she is empty."

"I do," replied Conrad.

"Now then come here," continued the stranger, "and fill up this bullet hole, and then stand on one side." Conrad silently obeyed the order, when the stranger drawing his tomahawk, made a blaze, in the centre of which he made a small black spot with powder, and

then laughingly observed—"Young man, you will now see what, may be, you never saw before"; placing his back to the marked sapling and grasping his rifle, with the muzzle forward in his left hand, bounded from the tree with the speed of an elk.

The wonder-stricken Conrad stood immovable, until he was roused to exclaim with extreme astonishment, "who can he be?" on seeing the stranger suddenly stop, wheel and fire. The report of the rifle and disappearance of the mark, began to excite feelings of almost superstitious dread in the bosom of Conrad; feelings which were wound to their height as the terrible stranger returned, running with uncommon speed, and coming up, handed Conrad a completely loaded rifle.

Eyeing the rifle and the owner alternately, Conrad at length found breath to exclaim:

"If you had not the look of a fine young man, I should suppose"—

"I was something worse," replied the stranger; "but it is time we knew each other."

"My name," with some hesitation, replied Conrad "is Mayer. I am the—I am sorry to say, undutiful son Conrad, of Frederick and Maria Mayer."

"And I am not—not worth the name, perhaps," said the stranger, "but I am Lewis Wetzel."

The arms of Conrad were instantly round his preserver; for it was the wind-beaten and sun-embrowned hunter-warrior, Lewis Wetzel, with whom he had been contending.

Their mutual embarrassment having a little subsided, Lewis observed—

"Conrad, as you have found, I am a man just like yourself; suppose we have our breakfast; we have earned it. Let us skin this chap, and carry his carcass to my camp. We have been playing the fool long enough to be hungry."

On the bank of a clear stream, the trees for a roof, the two hunters feasted; gave each to the other a short account of their lives,

laughed and spent the day, for that day they did not resume the chase; and when evening closed upon them they slept on their leafy couch as if nothing of consequence had passed between them; and while they sleep and hunt, let us wander up Wheeling and visit the cottage of Fred Mayer.

The two days after the departure of Conrad were cool, and until towards the evening of the second, clear. For the next morning Fred had prepared everything necessary to set out to meet his son. Towards sunset, the wind set in from the northeast; the whole heaven became overcast, and night set in raw and cold, and that most dismal of all domestic sounds, the howl of the house dog, mingled with the night blast. The family had, in some measure, conquered the sense of lonesomeness, which is so painful when a few human beings gaze upon each other for the first time, and feel that they are a defenceless few alone in a wilderness. Over the hilly and variegated peninsula between the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, at the early day of our tale, the fields were small; they were few, and they were far distant from each other. The cabins were rude and often constructed as blockhouses, for defence. The almost imperceptible paths wound through interminable forests, where almost every sound which broke the silence was of the appalling kind. It was these lone habitations which became so often the scenes of savage murder. This is not the product of imagination; it is the bitter remembrance of real life and death, the remembrance of the worst features of human strife. Fifty years have passed and snowed upon this head, yet it seems only yesterday, the dark and dreadful night when Fred Mayer and his wife and child, far removed from every other eye but that Eye which never sleeps. The night passed slowly away, sleep they could not; each tried to convince the other, and say to their own hearts, "it is the absence of Conrad." But their champion had often been absent before, their heaviness of heart had now something of distressing beyond all former anxiety for their Conrad. Towards midnight the wind entirely ceased, rain began to patter on the roof, and the darkness, heavy before, became still more dense. The howl

of the watch dog became more loud, and anxious in its tones. Thus passed the night until the faint grey light of morning began to dawn.

"God be praised," sighed Frederick, "it is break of day."

At that moment the faithful sentinel at the door, by a fierce and rapid barking, announced the approach of some living object. The warning voice was as rapidly followed by a scream, a few groans, and all again was silent.

Frederick Mayer, like all truly brave men, lost the sense of undefined fear at the aspect of real danger, sprung from the bed with intent to seize his rifle, in the use of which he was no bungler; was it accident, he did grasp the rifle, but his foot struck a log of wood and he fell to his knees as the thin clapboard door was dashed from its hinges, and three rifles discharged into the cabin in rapid succession. The most heart-rending screams roused Frederick to frenzy. The great muscular force of his youth seemed to be redoubled. The Indians were deceived by his fall, and naturally concluded their victim safe. They were soon undeceived as uttering the names of his wife and child in a voice of absolute fury, he rose to his feet, and firing into the group, attempted to turn the butt of his rifle. The shot took effect on one enemy, but the stock of the piece flew to shivers against a joist as the owner was grappled with and thrown on the floor. His presence of mind never for an instant forsook him, and feeling that though one against such fearful odds of numbers, that his enemies were exposed to the danger of wounding each other, which in effect took place. Firmly grasping his formidable weapon, the naked rifle-barrel, and turning himself by main strength on his face, he once more regained his feet, and by a sweep of the iron bar carried away the entire upper part of the skull of another Indian.

The cabin was now become indeed a scene of indescribable horror. The whole events I have mentioned did not occupy more, if as much, as half a minute. The screeching Susan was dragged by the hair at the very moment that her protector fell in the first instance. The maddening sight was the last that Mayer got of any part of his family until the tragedy closed. The groans of his wounded wife

he heard amid the combat, but he saw her not; the bed on which she lay had been broken down, and her pure blood mingled with that of her savage enemy. The very best safeguard of a single man against many was thrown round Fred; that is, he lost all sense of self-preservation, and bent the whole force of his body and resources of his mind on the destruction of the destroyers of his family—and how the contest would have terminated we can never know, as the shouts of other voices now mingled in the maddening fray.

You may remember, my young friends, we left Conrad and his new-made friend, Lewis, sleeping on a rivulet of Ohio. Let us return to them and watch their motions. Next morning after the scuffle and happy reconciliation, the sun shone clear upon the heads of the two children of the woods. Conrad attempted to make amends for the sallies of the day before—it was an effort understood by the keen-eyed Lewis.

"My dreams hang heavy on me this morning, Conrad," said his companion, "and with all your laughing, your brow is heavy. Have you ever sought the trail of the Indian?"

"I have not," replied Conrad.

"Then walk backwards, and carefully put yourself into that tree top," pointing to a very large oak which had fallen with its leaves on the previous summer—"and remain there with your rifle prepared until I return."

Conrad eyed the speaker, but found an air of command which he felt he ought to obey, and he did obey. Lewis then left their camp with a tread that gave no noise from the early fallen leaf. His course was northwardly and towards Shepherd's Fort. Hour followed hour until after mid-day, as the impatient Conrad watched the return of his companion in the direction of his departure. He was intently looking at a waving bush on a distant hill, doubtful whether it was a man or not, when he felt his shoulder struck, and "Ingens are not deer," came from Wetzel, who had thus given a lesson of vigilance.

"Prepare, Conrad; seven or eight of those black rascals are gone in the direction of your father's house."

"Good God!" exclaimed Conrad, "poor Susan, why did I not go home with you? My sister, my father and mother."

"Standing there making speeches will do no good to either your sister, your father or mother." Then pausing a moment and with his compressed mouth and expression of features which no man, however firm might be his nerves, ever beheld without feeling a something saying, "Let that man never be my enemy"—he muttered with appalling emphasis, "If the whole of these cut-throats ever again cross the Ohio,—why, they'll conclude that the D——l and Lewis Wetzel have had a quarrel lately; but I'll try to show them that myself and old friend are not separated yet."

Little more was said; a few slices of half-roasted venison was cut from the residue of the deer slain the day before, and the two hunters were with careful but rather rapid steps measuring their way to the northeastward, with a view, as Lewis whispered, "to fall in the rear of the *Ingens*." With all their untiring speed it was evening when, reaching the head of a hollow overspread with the rank growth of the past summer, that Lewis stopt suddenly, and pointing with his ramrod to marks Conrad could scarcely perceive, observed in an undertone, "Here, here! are their trail!" They had been several hours far within the range where every stream and ridge was known to Conrad, whose inward agony of mind increased at every moment, as in following the steps of his wary leader, and saw him advancing in the direct course towards the home of his parents and sister. He was almost provoked at the cool and undisturbed behaviour of Lewis, but the dreadful appearances made him completely submissive to the orders which were given with a confidence which inspired hope in the very face of despair.

I have already told you, my children, that the evening was heavy, and the night unusually dark. That darkness closed upon the—I might say, angels of deliverance, some miles short of Mayer's cabin. It was on the closing of light that any expression of impatience was shown by Lewis.

"Must these villains escape?" The expression was lofty, and calculated to alarm Conrad; but the long-tried warrior repaired his mistake with admirable quickness by adding, "till to-morrow morning," whispering at the same time, that "It is not the custom of the *Ingens* to attack only at break of day."

Still they advanced slow, silent, and listening at every few steps. For some hours the wind enabled Lewis to keep his course, but when that guide failed, and the black and covered sky hid every star, the bark of the trees were felt.

"In any common case," again whispered Lewis, "maybe I could find my way; we must be near your father's and we may pass it; we must stop."

A sigh and shudder was all the answer Conrad could make, and they crouched down beside two trees. I need not say hours were weeks, as both their faces were turned to what they thought the east. It was an opening amongst the trees, which at last began to widen, the trunks and large branches began to appear. Lewis was just ready to say, "Break of day," but was prevented by Conrad springing to his feet exclaiming, "By heavens!" His loud expression was promptly and effectually arrested by the powerful hand of Wetzel, who almost jerked him off his feet.

Conrad, brought to himself, in a hurried but suppressed tone informed Lewis that they were between two and three miles from his father's house; that the opening they saw was an abandoned settlement. They were on their way before Conrad had finished. Avoiding the open old field, they were soon on a cattle path, and in a few minutes, on rising a hill, the long-drawn howl of the house-dog was on the point of being answered by the two brute sharers of their march, but a touch of the ramrod reduced to complete silence the well-trained mastiffs. Their speed was every moment increased as the cry of the watchdog became more and more distinct.

Suddenly Lewis stopt, and, listening a second or two to the change of note of the dog, then most earnestly observed to Conrad—

"Now, my brave young man, follow my directions. Your house is surrounded by these savages; advance cautiously and do not fire unless sure of your mark. When you do fire, instantly retreat and reload; but of all things do not for any cause rush towards the house unless you see me."

The orders were here cut short; the death-scream of the dog, the equally terrible silence which followed, and then the rapid firing, and the screams of the females, put all farther delay out of question, and yet the never-disturbed peace of mind of Wetzel, as Conrad afterwards told me, had more the appearance of a man advancing on a wounded bear than on he knew not how many armed men. It was at the moment when a blow from a tomahawk sunk the brave old Mayer, that the voice of Lewis Wetzel was no longer heard in whispers, but echoed to the surrounding forest. "Conrad, your family is murdered. Revenge! revenge!" and shouted his own name with a force almost beyond human. If an earthquake had burst beneath their feet, the effect would not have been more terrific on the minds of the *Ingens*, as he called them. They who yet survived rushed from the cabin, at the threshold of which two fell to their sleep of death, and the astonished Lewis saw only one flying savage. "You shall follow," as he gritted his teeth in rage, and darted after his, to him, certain prey. For once even the consummate skill of Wetzel was within a hair breadth of failing. The Indian's piece had not been discharged, and knowing that both white men had discharged their rifles, and finding himself pursued by only a single man, who was every step gaining upon him, the savage sprang to a tree. Lewis saw his error, and as the piece was raised he fell prostrate, at the instant the ball passed through his hunting shirt above his shoulder. The Indian was now in his power, but without discharging his piece he grasped it in his left hand, and in a few hundred yards the Indian was a corpse under his hatchet.

The sun had not yet risen when Lewis returned with wary steps towards the cabin. To the name of "Conrad," called in a voice louder and louder, no answer was given, and he finally reached the

dreadful spot stained with the blood of six human beings. With his back to the fireplace stood Conrad, his eyes fixed in horror on the still breathing and weltering forms of his parents. To the friendly and now touching voice of Lewis no answer was given, and even Lewis himself, accustomed as he was to the dread horrors of savage war, could not avoid exclaiming, "Is all this real?"

"Yes, real," replied Conrad, with a bursting sigh, "and my fault." A vast passionate flood of tears followed, but that flood was salutary. Conrad was restored to himself, if a man inflamed to almost the madness of rage could be said to be restored. "To the woods I fly with you, Lewis, the Indians' blood shall pay for this—but oh! Lewis—can I ask"—

"For the body of your sister," interrupted Lewis. "She is not dead, but a prisoner, in my opinion. Your horses are gone, for in returning to the house I had the caution to examine the stable, where the tracks of men and horses are plenty. It is all strange—very strange. There were more men on this murdering party than we have found. It is strange—very strange."

"They may be lurking near," replied Conrad.

"They are making their way to the Ohio," bitterly interrupted Lewis. "If I did not know these wolves I would not stand here. * *

Here Kingsley paused as his young auditory awaited the finishing of his story.

"I am talking about events in a different age from the present," at length he resumed.

Before the parley I have related, short as it was, was closed, Conrad Mayer had no living parent.

"I am alone! I am alone! Susan, my Susan, I follow thee."

"And I am with thee to the Shawnee towns," replied Wetzel, who commenced to place the dead bodies of Mayer and his wife side by side, covering them with the bed clothes, and after swallowing a few hasty morsels the two persevering warriors were again on their way in pursuit.

Lewis traced the horse-tracks, which for several miles were found along a path towards where Waynesburg now stands, and then bent to the southwestward over the southern heads of Wheeling into the valley of Fish Creek. The tracks proved haste and the small puddles left where water-courses were passed enabled Lewis to determine, as he vehemently expressed himself, that—

“These painted scoundrels are gaining from us.”

In our days, when our fine young men must *ride* along good roads, and would shrink at a walk from Wheeling to Washington in Pennsylvania, you may well feel astonished when I tell you that with all the fatigue of the day and night before, Conrad Mayer and Lewis Wetzel were again on the Ohio before night closed on their path; but they arrived only in time to find their objects of pursuit had crossed that great stream.

Arrived on the bank, Lewis, turning to his companion, observed—

“Conrad, we must sleep, if we do sleep, on yonder bank.”

“I’ll be on that bank this night if I swim,” replied Conrad.

“And swim you must, but we must take care of our arms. Conrad, had you or any of your family ever a worthless, cowardly enemy who fled from you to the Indians?”

The question was a volume at once to Conrad, who, clasping his hand to his forehead, reflected in silence for several minutes, and at length answered—

“Yes, there was one fellow, Ned Trash, from whom I won a hunt shirt of deer skins at a shooting match, and afterwards knocked down for saying he intended to court Susan. He has been gone upwards of two years.”

“And is the worst Shawnee in the towns, and has got your Susan without courting. The moment I saw the stable this morning I set down in my mind that the cowards who left their companions were not *Ingens*. Look at yon fire.” And a fire was now distinctly seen amongst the trees on the opposite shore.

"Blood-painted monsters," muttered Lewis, "you left a home flowing with blood this morning, and to-morrow morning your blood shall flow. My friend Conrad, we'll cross the river, and do you take care of your rifle and your girl, your sister, or, what you choose to call her, and I'll lead those new-made *Ingens* a dance—never mind if I don't."

Though Conrad felt very much disposed to lead them a dance himself, his increasing confidence in his commander kept him silent and submissive. The river was passed, and as Lewis intended, they made land far enough below the savage camp to secure themselves from discovery. Short as was the distance, however, it was far in the night before the dying embers of their fire and the sleeping bodies of the enemy were seen by the two cautious hunters, who in their approach kept a deathlike silence. There was indeed but one sound of human voice which broke upon the dreary scene. That sound was the heart-broken and despairing aspirations of the captive girl. Though bred in a forest, Susan Grey was reared tenderly. The first rude shock that marked her young days from the death of her parents, was one of utter destruction. The gray dawn of morning was the messenger of horror. The faint light broke over the eastern hills of Ohio,—broke over those native hills she dared not hope ever again to behold.

The greatest danger and no danger produces the same effects, says Zimmerman, quoting Count Lippe. Many are the instances I have known where that truth was shewn by Indian captives, and more than one when it proved their last defence.

With the dawn the savages arose; one sat gloomy and with a visage of more than Indian ferocity opposite to where the slightly-bound captive was lying. Her eye caught the glance of the villain, and the effect was an exclamation of indignant contempt rather than that of what might in common cases be expected.

"You are Edward Trash—where are my father and mother?"

Though steeped in blood, Trash cowered under the glance of an angel and the voice of God, for what was she at this awful moment but the messenger of Him whose eye pierces the thickest darkness?

“Yes!”—she reiterated. But her voice was lost in sounds equally the voice of Heaven.—Trash, like all cowards who shrink from the moral power, soon gain confidence when assured of the personal weakness of their opponents, sprang to his feet with an expression of rage and hatred which only a renegade ever can assume. What would have been his next act we can now never know. The whole scene was rapid as the flash and report of an impending thunder cloud, and followed by the report of a rifle and the dreadful name of Lewis Wetzel resounding along the Ohio.

Trash fell under the ball of Conrad, who with burning impatience awaited the signal to fire, a punishment he so wickedly won, and deserved. It may seem strange that Lewis did not also fire, but he was too good a warrior to give his enemies an advantage. His name, terrible to the real Indians, was tenfold more so to the Girty's and other whites, who, though never equal to the Indians in their mode of war, proved that the Shawnee could be far outdone in brutal cruelty. Urged as they were to flight by the avenger, the two unwounded captors of Susan gave to the pursuers an advantage, which on another occasion as well as on the present, was most effectually used by Louis Wetzel. The two fugitives separated, or more distinctly, one outran the other, and left each to contend singlehanded with a man, that, perhaps, if in the woods of Ohio, and armed only with rifles, there was not then on the face of the earth, another who could have contended with the least probability of success. The wary Lewis in the outset did not exert his utmost powers of speed, but awaited the very effect I have noticed, but that effect once produced, every muscle was strained, and every moment the hindmost savage heard, or thought he heard, nearer and nearer the rapid tread of his pursuer.

Amongst the unequalled combination of qualities as a warrior, possessed by Lewis Wetzel, one of the most remarkable was the skill

with which he drew his enemy's fire—an advantage he scarce ever failed to obtain, and almost certain death was the consequence to his opponent, for an empty rifle in his hand was most dangerous to those thrown off their guard, and his ability of reloading in full retreat or advance enabled him to deceive his adversary by actually throwing away his own fire, a stratagem he put in practice in the present pursuit. Before he could secure an unerring aim he halted and discharged his piece. The discharge and wheeling of the nearest savage was the work of a moment. Affecting to retreat in turn, the triumphant shouts of one enemy and sound of the rifle deceived the other, and both rushed on to expected victory—but certain destruction. The moments were few until Lewis was again ready to "*take tree*," but as he sprung behind one, the foremost *Ingen* contemptuously shouted "Ingen not a fool."

"A doe-skin would be too high a price for your wisdom," muttered Lewis, his eyes flashing like a tiger's, as he awaited the approaching monster.

"Empty gun, white man."

"Empty through your heart, murderer, once white man," passed through the gritting teeth of Lewis, and one frightful groan, the last of the renegade, seemed an echo to the sharp crack of the rifle.

The remaining monster in human form was now too far advanced to retreat with any safety, and, rendered desperate, it became now a real struggle for life and death, and had the enemy been truly an Indian even the skill and activity of Wetzel might have failed. Both feeling that their blood depended on the issue, put every nerve and sinew to the strain. The disadvantage was fearfully on the side of Wetzel, and must have been fatal had his pursuer not been determined to make security more secure, reserved his fire awaiting a chance of discharging with certain aim. Thus proceeded the race for a few hundred yards, when Lewis once more "*tree'd*."

"You're a dead man," roared a thundering voice.

"H—I shall have one tenant more," seemed to come hoarsely from the bowels of the earth, as Lewis lay like a crouching lion. Not

conceiving the possibility of encountering a loaded rifle discharged not three minutes before, with dreadful oaths expressed in *good* or *bad* English as you choose, his adversary advanced.

"I'll know who this scoundrel is before I finish him," muttered Lewis, as he deliberately sent a ball through his left arm and shoulder, and dropping his rifle seized his tomahawk and rushed upon the fallen. "Never carelessly approach a wounded enemy," was a maxim Lewis had good reason to remember, as he learned its wisdom from seeing a rifle muzzle raised and pointed to his breast. The rifle ball and his tomahawk passed each other in mid air. The ball passed harmless, but the hatchet lodged in the brain, and forever concealed the last of the captors of Susan Grey."

Here Kingsley stopped as if his tale was ended. Every hearer felt burning to know what became of Conrad and Susan, and at length finding the old historian silent, more than one voice rather impatiently breathed, "and Conrad and Susan?"—

"Reared a fine family of young Conrads and Susans," resumed Kingsley. "They returned to see the fresh graves of their parents which had been laid in earth by a party of men the very day of their return. It was long before their hearts could again feel the gayety of former days, but time softened the memory of the past, and when the name of their eldest son, Wetzel Mayer, was pronounced, they remembered the warrior of the West, and many is the time the young Mayer ran to meet the coming warrior, and many is the time that Susan Mayer sent to heaven the breathings of innocence mingled with like aspirations from other mothers, for the preservation of the brown warrior sleeping in the far distant woods of Ohio or Muskingum.

The reader might view some of the incidents of the preceding tale as so far bordering on the marvellous as to be out of nature:— But there is not one incident but in some case or other really happened within forty miles of Wheeling between 1770 and 1795. The power of loading a rifle whilst running in woods was really possessed as represented in the person of Lewis Wetzel, and actually exercised

not very materially different from the incidents related in the tale. My object has been to represent a Hunter Warrior as they were in fact, without putting slang and vulgar *patois* in his mouth, never used by him. I was bred among the hunter warriors, and have seen and heard them in all situations, except that of war. I have seen them serious and sad, and have seen them in their hours of revelry, and when shouldering their rifle for chase and war.

MARK BANCROFT.

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THOS. DROMSON
— *Anon*

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VOL. 18



NO. 3

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THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

TO EXPLAIN why three are sent together, I would say that I have not been able to send any since October 30, until now, owing to conditions of the printing trade. So those now sent represent those which would ordinarily have been mailed you in November, December and January.

—**No. 71**



COMPRISING

^o **AN ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE U. S. * * * A PERMANENT**

NAVY (1802) — — — — — *Enos Bronson*

^o **OPPRESSION: A POEM BY AN AMERICAN (1765)** — — — — — *Anon*

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

REPRINTED

WILLIAM ABBATT

1921



EDITOR'S PREFACE

OUR first article is particularly timely, when we look back to the period of only four years ago, when we were straining every nerve to construct a great navy.

In 1802 our Navy was on a scale which now appears incredibly petty; yet small as it was, the debates in Congress show how bitterly fought by the "Little America" party was the proposed increase, of six frigates—and even then the favorable vote had a "string" to it, providing that in the event of peace being made with the Barbary Powers, work on the six should stop at once. For a full understanding of what "unpreparedness" then cost us, our readers should consult the "Life of General William Eaton" by Charles Prentiss, where the shameful story of our humiliating treatment by the Barbary pirates, because of our weak navy, is told at length.

The "Address" is one of the rarest items of Americana—but one copy having appeared for sale in many years. It is not found mentioned in Allibone or Sabin, and its author's name has not been suggested, as far as we know, until now. We believe it was written by Enos Bronson, editor of "The Union," "The United States Gazette," etc., and who was for years a publisher and bookseller in Philadelphia, but in his later years a teacher of the classics. His name appears in the Directories from 1805 to 1824, in which latter year he apparently died, as in the 1825 Directory his widow's name succeeds his own.

We regret not being able to give full particulars of his life; the story of a man of such ability as his ought to be fully set forth, but we fail to find him even mentioned in any biographical dictionary or encyclopedia, nor can we trace any of his descendants. What he has said in his "Address" would apply with equal force to our navy and merchant marine, at any time up to four years ago, and a single phrase from it might almost serve as the creed of our Navy League: "When we relinquish our navigation (Navy) we shall virtually relinquish our independence."

Our second item is a very rare poem by an anonymous author. It is a satire on the British Ministry of 1765, and others high in authority, regarding their treatment of the American colonies, and is especially severe on Lord Bute. In a catalogue before us it is priced at \$15.

It is particularly interesting from the fact that it contains the first known use of the term YANKEE. Sabin refers to the author's use of the phrase "Portsmouth Yankey," saying: "No earlier use of the term within my knowledge. See the *Monthly Review*, vol. 32, page 392." In the poem it is applied to an expatriated native of Portsmouth, N. H., John Huske (1721-73), who became a member of Parliament and was active in support of the Stamp Act.

It is interesting to note that the first use of the word destined to become so famous was its application to a renegade American, naturalized as an Englishman and noted as a Tory.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE Observations contained in the following Address were written in the winter of ninety-eight. They were prepared for public delivery in the autumn of eighteen hundred, and are now submitted to the people of the United States with an ardent though not sanguine hope, that they may contribute to unite public opinion on a question upon which the author fears that it cannot be divided without the most imminent hazard of our national union and happiness.

Two previous questions are discussed in considering the chief subject, the utility of a Permanent Navy. An establishment intended to guard our *foreign commerce* evidently presupposes the importance of that commerce. And, as the necessity of providing a Navy to defend it has been supposed to depend on the *mode* of conducting it, where its utility was even admitted, the importance of our *navigation* naturally arose as the second question in order, though in magnitude perhaps equal to the first. The introductory observations on the nature of commerce and its beneficent operation in refining and exalting human nature, may be deemed foreign to the chief design of the essay, by those who have not thought the contrary opinions deserving of serious refutation. They have found advocates, however, in every age, and have been recently applied to the existing circumstances of the United States, by Price, Mably, and Mirabeau. Although they have not often found their way into our public councils, they are introduced into private discussions without them, and are not unfrequently relied on by the ardent friends of liberty.

The Notes which the author now annexes to this address are liable to unavoidable imperfection for the want of materials. In the *calculations* of the expence which may be incurred, or which may be precluded by a permanent Navy, little more has been done than suggest the mode in which they should be pursued, and to repel the unfair inferences which have been deduced from the facts already ascertained and published.

AN AMERICAN.

AN ADDRESS, &c.

THE Period has arrived, fellow-citizens, when the approach of peace calls upon us to decide on the policy of maintaining a permanent Navy. Its enemies, fertile in ingenious argument, have not only opposed our present armament in every stage of its progress, but have laboured to prove the comparative uselessness of the commerce and navigation which it was designed to protect. To trace the whole of their reasoning through the mazes of subtlety and refinement, would extend my observations beyond the limits which, I fear, your patience has already prescribed.

Permit me, however, to solicit your indulgence while I endeavour to expose its most striking delusions. Among those, the glowing pictures of the happiness of states exclusively agricultural merit particular examination, since the importance of commerce is an inquiry which properly precedes any consideration of the mode of conducting it, or the means of affording it adequate protection.

Let it be remarked that those opinions of national happiness, drawn indeed from a few of the ancient commonwealths, but in themselves erroneous, are wholly visionary when applied to the United States. National, like individual happiness, must be sought for in activity: and activity cannot exist without a motive to produce it. Whether this motive be found amidst the impetuous movements of war and the ardour of military glory, or in the tranquil pursuits of peace and the indulgence of a refined taste, must depend on the relative situation of a state and the prevailing habits of its people.

Were the Atlantic, which separates us from Europe, no wider than the Eurotas or the Tyber, and the countries which bound us on the West, powerful empires, we might, like Sparta or Rome, look for employment in arms. But, remote from the common theatre of war, to realize a military spirit, we must dissolve

the Union; give to each state a military form; and, renewing the early ages of the world, derive activity from perpetual rivalships and contentions among ourselves. Such, from the beginning of time, has been the happiness of states purely agricultural; which are indeed but a single remove from barbarism. Hunting and arms constitute their chief amusements. They seek employment in the chace, in gratifying a spirit of rapine and revenge, or in the noisy and disgusting carousals of a brutal festivity.

History, divested of fable and romance, informs us that this was the early condition of Greece, before commerce had wafted to her shores the arts and sciences of Phoenicia and Egypt. At a much later period we behold a similar state of society in the forests of Germany, and in France, Italy, and Spain, when the barbarians, pouring from their woods, bore down the towering empire of Rome, and laid waste the refinement of the civilized world. The magnanimity which, in the progress of man from this rude state, darts a few solitary rays through the gloom that envelopes it, is too apt to surprise and dazzle the fancy; and, in dwelling on a few illustrious achievements, the mind insensibly wanders from the path of sound philosophy. Let the enthusiastic, or with more truth, the pretended admirers of uncultivated nature, who have amused themselves by collecting its scattered virtues into a single picture, recollect that it is to their imagery it owes its only beauty. Leave barbarism but for a moment, and slavery or commerce must arise. The consequent distinction of professions, and especially in modern times, the very expensive profession of arms, must be supported either by a servitude which compels a part of every society without any other motive than fear, to furnish subsistence to the other; or by commerce, which stimulates the various departments of industry, by the enlivening prospect of exchanging their respective superfluities.

Placed at a distance from the warlike nations of Europe, and taught rather to fear than to solicit an enlargement of territory by conquest, the American politician must guard against national apathy, by allowing the principles that promote activity in peace an unrestrained operation. He must awaken the industry of the farmer by opening a market for the surplus fruits of the earth. The manufacturer he must invigorate by the certainty of obtaining subsistence in the exchange of his wrought materials. He must permit the man of taste to indulge his desire of refinement, and that desire to gain strength from the arts which it creates. Until the structure of the mind be changed, it must be thus provoked to exertion. Happy might it be for man, if a spirit descending from heaven would hallow the soul, and prescribing to it boundaries of indulgence, prevail on wealth to employ her superfluities in extending to the poor the comforts of life. Here would be a motive to industry independent on the gratification of taste or appetite. When this period arrives it will be time to legislate for it. But were the foreign commerce of the United States to be annihilated, it would leave even this disposition without an object. It would leave a people who, in the midst of indolence, could procure the necessities of life, and who would have no motive to industry, because industry could do no more. Is it said that the arts would arise among ourselves? Their progress in most states has been extremely slow, even when accelerated by the inventions and discoveries which commerce communicates from nation to nation. Like China, whose arts, however rude¹ and contracted, are the result of the

¹Among the Literati of Europe there were two parties, respectively the advocates of ancient Egypt and modern China. They never extolled the glory of the one without detracting from that of the other. The travellers who speak of the latter concur in the opinion here advanced. Not to speak of the fine arts, in machinery of every description, except that employed in agriculture, they are totally deficient. The cheapness of labour, a result of causes peculiar to themselves and the other eastern natives, supplies indeed the want of it, but renders the application of principles deduced from their circumstances to our own dangerous as well as absurd.

uninterrupted labour of four thousand years:² Like China, which has been so often selected for imitation, did America contain within herself all the sources of national vigor, disregarding the connection of foreign commerce with the advancement of science and literature,³ she might like China contemn it, as un-

²The history of some of the arts of China which pre-supposes the existence of many others is as old. The commerce of India, which resembles China so much, is known, on the authority of both sacred and profane history, to be nearly so; and as far back as the reign of the Emperor Justinian, silk was introduced into Europe from the latter country. The authority of Marco Polo, a Venetian, who five centuries and an half ago travelled through and named the country, is referred to by the celebrated Author of the Wealth of Nations (vol. 1, page 108) to prove that it has not altered its appearance during the whole of that period in which Europe has resumed her career, overtaken and surpassed China wherever nature did not oppose her competition. The conquest of China by the Tartars did not, like the inundation of the northern Barbarians, their brothers in Europe, overwhelm the arts and sciences. The eastern conquerors with more wisdom adopted, with a few alterations, the laws, languages, manners, and fashions of the conquered. See Voltaire's Universal History—Grosier—Du Halde, and Staunton.

³The defective language of China, which renders it necessary to employ a whole life in acquiring a vehicle of thought, so that a man dies just as he has learned to speak, would be almost sufficient to account for the rudeness of the liberal arts in that country, and for the superstition which every where abounds,—a superstition descending from idolatry to all the offices of life,*—to the position of their houses and doors, and boiling of their rice. Their printing resembles their language. The types employed on a single volume will fill a house, and can be used for no other work. To this cause of the present rudeness of the liberal arts and their slow progress in China, Voltaire adds their immoderate attachment to institutions and usages. A secondary cause may we not pronounce it, which is itself the result of a contempt of foreign commerce. Is it not owing to this disposition, common indeed to all the eastern nations, that Asia contains more apparently distinct languages than any other quarter of the globe, that her greatest states mutually despise one another, and regard with indifference the rest of the world? It is certainly from no profound calculation of interest, that they neglect exterior commerce (*vide* Wealth of Nations, vol. 3, pages 30, 31, 32, 33). Superstition which has made the ocean an object of detestation to some, and

necessary, at least to her internal energy. But while she is compelled to search abroad for the class of manufacturers, and finds there the only market she can obtain for an immense fund of superfluities, it will be difficult to decide whether her foreign commerce is not as important to her,⁴ as it is by its enemies ad-

taught others to adore the elements of fire and water, must explain the foundation of that policy which we are invited to imitate. The Chinese have the honor of having invented the mariner's compass, but they have the ignorance not to know its use. Sir George Staunton (page 213, Staunton's Embassy, vol. 1) could not prevail upon them to trust their safety to it by crossing, instead of tediously coasting, their own Yellow Sea.

*M. Grosier tells us that if an imprudent person has built a house close to that of a Chinese so that the angle formed by its roof flanks the wall or the roof of the other, the unhappy Chinese ever after lives in dread of utter destruction from the malignant influence of that angle. An implacable hatred instantly commences between the two families which often produces a lawsuit and sometimes furnishes employment to the superior tribunals of the nation. The same writer gives an account of a man who, having ineffectually paid a sum of money to the Bonzes (priests) of a certain idol for the cure of his daughter, brought a formal accusation against the idol itself, and, in spite of all the Bonzes could say in its behalf, got its worship suppressed throughout the province.

⁴China, although without foreign commerce, is notorious for craft and disingenuousness. Candour, friendship, and benevolence, says M. Grosier, must, in China, be sought, not in cities (which contain about 100,000,000 of people, or a third of the population of the whole nation) but in the bosom of the country, among that class of men who have devoted themselves to labour and agriculture. The lower class of people are distinguished for the most abject servility to their superiors (Sir George Staunton, vol. 1, page 263) and for imposition on one another. They are dexterous, says M. Grosier, in adulterating and counterfeiting everything they sell. A merchant of Canton, as Du Halde relates, gravely replied to a Captain who passionately reproached him for dishonesty in selling him bales of damaged goods, "Blame, Sir, your knave of an interpreter, he assured me that you would not suspect the bales." To strangers, above all, they exercise an insatiable rapacity. That they are luxurious the most respectable travellers assure us (Staunton's Embassy, chap. xi, vol. 1.) They have their tobacco, araca nut, their tea, their ginseng. Add to these their profuse repasts, their splendid festivals and illuminations, their magnificent robes of office, their pompous pageantry. Brissot, who recommends exterior commerce to the United States, advises us to relinquish our navigation on account of the luxury which it may introduce. May we not answer, that the cargo of the foreign ship, the articles which minister to the excessive refinement of taste, and not those who navigate the vessel are the cause of luxury?

mitted to be, to the nations with whom it connects her. And indeed if the arts arise at home, domestic^a as well as foreign arts will minister to that luxury so much, and so justly deprecated. If they be sought for abroad, the proportion of agriculturalists at home will be greater, and that happiness said to belong exclusively to agricultural states will, in a degree, be realized. As agriculture excels all other arts in enlarging the understanding, by the variety^b of its occupations, in purifying and ennobling the heart, by the innocence, the simplicity, and the independence of its pursuits, and their connection with all social and honorable affections, our foreign commerce, which permits us to employ almost our whole population in the culture of the earth, is more favourable to morals and public virtue than the domestic arts which might arise out of its ruins. In proportion moreover, as our foreign commerce annually extends an exchange of the necessaries of life, on our part, for its comforts, its conveniences, and its luxuries on that of other nations, does this commerce tend, in a small degree, to increase their dependence on us; a dependence to which its enemies have avowed their willingness to confide its protection and the tranquillity of our country.

Nature herself, seems to have contemplated an union of mankind, in a commercial intercourse, embracing all the nations of the earth. She has provided the means of communication between the most distant countries, and laid the foundation of their use in the various wants inseparable from human nature. Under her maternal auspices, the superfluities of one land are made to support the inhabitants of another. What in one region is neglected or contemned, in another ministers to the necessities or furnishes the conveniences and comforts of life. The

^aVide Wealth of Nations, vol. 2, pages 58 and 432, and vol. 3, pages 17 and 18.

^bVide Wealth of Nations, page 9 of vol. 1, and page 78 of vol. 2.

sugar and coffee of the Antilles; the spices of the Moluccas; the tea, the silk, the porcelain of China; the muslins and cottons of Asia; the woollens, linens and cutlery of Europe; the drugs, the dyes, the tobacco and grain, the silver and gold of Africa and America: whatever the various soils and climates of the earth engender, whatever industry, driven by necessity or fired by genius, has discovered or invented, all contribute, through an extensive commerce, to the civility, the refinement, and the happiness of man. Diseases and their remedies often spring from different climates, and the peasant of the remotest corner of Europe is frequently indebted to India, Mexico, or Peru for the preservation of a blessing, without which life itself would no longer be prized. But why need I say more. Is it not commerce which breaks down those barriers to the extension of knowledge that men have themselves created, by a diversity of manners and customs, of religions, laws, and languages? Is it not commerce which directs the labours of man to one common and illustrious object, the perfection of the species? If it create luxury, it corrects barbarity. And had I to chuse where I should live and perish in that round which connects the rise, progress and decline of empires, I would rather enjoy the sunshine of the arts and the endearments of social intercourse, than waste my days amidst the stupid indolence, the ferocious yells or the frantic orgies of the wilderness.

To restrain luxury, let the whole force of education be employed; education, the most important amidst so many objects of national concern; the only one neglected by the legislators of America. Let it be recollected however, that luxury cannot prove as pernicious to a large as to a small republic. In the United States it will be confined to the sea coast, and the rivers, whose navigable waters intersect the lower country; the inhabitants beyond the mountains and remote from cities will escape the contagion; and constituting the great body of the people, will

serve as an impregnable bulwark to freedom. The southern states, unfortunately for themselves, and yet more so for the general prosperity of the Union, have fancied that, from a peculiarity of situation, their interest was to be found in a system unfavourable to foreign commerce. The immediate effect of this opinion on the largest of those states, from its connection with my subject, I would exhibit to your view did not my time forbid. Its consequences on the Union have been, and I fear will continue to be fruitful of calamity. If the inhabitants of the south entertain doubts concerning the utility of foreign trade, a very large proportion of their fellow citizens elsewhere have a fixed opinion on that object. Can it be supposed that the immense country bordering on the Ohio and the Mississippi will assent to its annihilation? Has it, after the most urgent supplication to the general government, and subsequent remonstrances to the court of Spain, obtained an access to a foreign market that it will surrender for the sake of Union? Will the people to the east relinquish the conveniences and ornaments of life and their lucrative occupations to preserve an Union which would no longer have an object? Our Union, fellow citizens, gloriously triumphed over all the obstacles which opposed its origin, and is I trust rising to maturity on the only solid basis, the enlightened affection of the American people. Next to the loss of our liberty, of which indeed it is the only certain security, we should dread its untimely dissolution as the greatest calamity which could befall us. Ought then a system of policy to be proposed which has a tendency to excite distrust and jealousy, which has already opened a gulf that threatens to devour whatever we hold most dear? Antifederalism sprung from an imaginary difference of interest between the members of the Union supposed to be incompatible with its existence. The parties which now sour social intercourse, and which have made the hall of our legislative council ring with invective, have assumed various aspects with various titles; and doubtless, we are to look

abroad for the causes which have embittered their zeal. But to this supposed diversity of interest, their origin must ultimately be traced. The period is not remote, when they were marked out by geographical as well as political boundaries; when they were designated as much by the territory which they inhabited as the policy they advocated. Some of the members of the Federal Legislature are even now so deluded by this false theory, or so unguarded in their language, as to speak of an agricultural interest, distinct from if not opposed to, that of foreign commerce, and of the propriety of promoting the one to the neglect of the other. But it is vain to contemplate a destruction of our foreign trade. The population of the country is too slender to admit of it. It would endanger the whole fabric of society. The manners and habits, the interest, opinions and affections of the people, all rise in opposition to the measure—a measure which could not be effected without destroying that Union which every honest American will guard as the palladium of his country.

It is urged however, and with much confidence, that the importance of our foreign commerce does not imply the necessity of establishing a Navy for its protection. Our productions, it is said, are of universal demand. It is necessary only to open our ports in order to have them crowded with the flags of every land. We may therefore safely withdraw our seamen from the ocean, and permit other nations to transport our commodities.

When we relinquish our navigation, fellow citizens, we shall virtually relinquish our independence. We shall surrender to the most powerful nation of Europe a monopoly of our productions, and invest it with the dangerous privilege of controlling our industry and commanding our resources. The navigation which we surrender will become a firebrand of discord. Avarice will endeavour to grasp it as a source of opulence, ambition as an engine of power. In the lust of rivalship, each state will endeavour to exclude her competitor from the American market.

To effect this purpose, commercial wars will be waged. The command of the ocean being the object of the contest, it must be decided by naval superiority. Should the weaker state attempt an ineffectual struggle, her enemy will line our coast with his ships. Stationed at the legal distance from the mouths of our bays and harbours, they will intercept every hostile flag which shall dare to appear. In vain do we proclaim to the world: our ports are open to the commerce of every land—our numerous rivers, our capacious bays, our wants which you have the means of gratifying, invite you to bring hither the produce of your industry. All access to our harbours is cut off by a barrier erected beyond our jurisdiction, not under our control. Thus has a single nation in the exercise of the lawful rights of war, and without affording us even a shadow for complaint, limited us in our supplies to what it can itself furnish, and contracted the demand for our commodities to the narrow extent of its own wants. It rests with the state become our carrier, to stamp what value it pleases on the motives of our industry, or our industry itself.

Let us reverse this scene. Retaining our navigation, we continue to transport our own commodities. We hold, by an impre- scriptible right, the prize for which Europe had been contending. Her wars, instead of diminishing, extend the demand for our productions. The freight for transportation, the ships, the artists who build them, and the hardy seamen who direct them are the property of the nation. Bearing aloft a neutral flag, we are no longer in jeopardy from the avarice or ambition of every nation who might chuse, for the gratification of either, to dis- turb the tranquility of the world. If the war be as extensive as I have contemplated, it will transfer to America the navigation of Europe. The contrary policy would not only be a dishonor- able surrender of the independence which Nature acknowledges in every free state, an independence which we once nobly as- serted; but what would be deemed important by those who

profess to ridicule efforts to preserve any thing but money, it would violate the soundest principles of economy. It would destroy an extensive home market for the most bulky commodities. In its various relations to agriculture and manufactories, it would occasion incalculable injury. And to those who do not dream of universal peace and perfection I add, that it would drive from us a class of expert artists, and annihilate a body of sixty thousand enterprising sailors, whose services might hereafter be required in vain by the pressing emergencies of war. Other nations have striven to multiply the sources of external security, by giving to their artists at home a monopoly of this valuable art. In violation of the rights of nature, they have endeavoured to enlarge this nursery for seamen by forcing its extension abroad, and shall America improvidently yield the advantages which Nature has given her?

So much, fellow citizens, for the policy of this, the favourite measure of the enemies of our Navy. But it is moreover, impracticable on principles of union to surrender our navigation. That our population is extremely slender when compared with the immense extent of our whole territory, is true; but it is not equally true when considered in reference to every part of the country by which it is actually supported. The Eastern states contain a people who seek subsistence, not only by transporting the articles of commerce, but from the bottom of the ocean. You are told that they may be withdrawn from their present avocations, and employed in the culture of the soil. Extremely easy is this, in theory, but not so in practice. In vain will you compare the barrenness of a rocky soil, and the rigour of a northern clime, with the fertility of the milder regions of the West. In vain will you bid the fisherman of Nantucket to quit his inclement skies, and his precarious employment, to seek an easier subsistence on the banks of the Ohio or the shores of Ontario. Grasping his harpoon, from the helm of his vessel he points to

his native rocks, and exclaims, with the ardour of patriotism, "there are my treasures, *this* is my delight."

If it be impracticable, as well as impolitic, to relinquish our navigation, we must, fellow citizens, afford it adequate protection. A defenceless commerce offers to avarice and ambition temptations which they are incapable of resisting. Responsible to conscience and heaven alone, and urged by a policy which is callous to remorse, can that spirit which aims at universal empire, or the avarice and jealousy which spring from a false idea of a balance of trade, be taught, through a sense of justice, or the remote connection of policy with virtue, to respect the rights of nations? When have these principles directed the conduct of independent states? How inadequate have they ever proved to restrain individuals bound together by the affectionate ties and amendable to the awful tribunals of society. And can it be supposed that powerful nations, mutually jealous, and rivals of each other, accountable to God alone, will listen to their dictates when they come in competition with their interest? An unprotected commerce will have to enter foreign ports under restrictions which will, sometimes, amount to actual prohibition. Interest being the only rule to which power will deign to submit, where that can be promoted, no regard will be paid to reciprocal obligation. Besides the motives to restrict or prohibit an unprotected trade, which are common to all nations, there are some who avowedly subsist by plunder. It will not be declamation to assert on the authority of the most respectable writer on the law of nations,¹ that the piratical states of Barbary are even employed by the powerful nations of Europe, to distress the commerce of their weaker rivals. Insecure is that commerce which, when the world is at peace, relies for its freedom on the wisdom

¹Vattel, book 2, chap. vii, sec. 78.

of the cabinets of the Princes, which has in so few instances been capable of discerning, or willing to promote the happiness of mankind. War, however, which changes the pre-existing, and establishes new relations between states and empires, naturally produces a policy unfavourable to the freedom of commercial intercourse. Laws, oppressive on the commerce of neutral nations, become here the obvious interest of the belligerent powers. Neutrality is even odious to nations at war. They will court its secret aid by intrigue, or they will fret it into open violence by unwarrantable insults. An enraged competitor would destroy that sun which shines with equal fervour on his rival as on himself. Fear alone will compel a nation calmly to permit its enemy to receive, through the commerce of a neutral state, the sinews of war. Unless we possess the means of exciting this fear, in vain may we desire to retain our navigation. A powerful state will tell us "*these ports you may enter, those you shall not.*" Disregarding the rights of neutrality, while she dispatches her squadrons to another quarter she will proclaim a whole country to be blockaded, in order to starve its inhabitants into terms. Where there is no plausible pretext for actual blockade she will, by fraudulent constructions of the law of nations, a law which is made, at once, every thing and nothing, as the authority of force may please to interpret it, or by more fraudulent evasions of existing compacts, extend the list of contraband articles. She will finally tell us, "with this nation you are permitted to trade, but with that you shall hold no commercial intercourse. You shall not import the manufactures of this state, to that, you shall not export your own commodities." She will specify not only the channels of our commerce, but the burthen of vessels which we shall employ, and the articles that shall compose their cargoes. Do we submit to the encroachments of one nation, our submission will not only invite the rapacity, but will be conceived to justify or be urged to excuse, the spoliation of all. To redress our wrongs, should we withhold our favours from the

nation who has commenced the injury, she will plunder us to the full amount of her wants. The only alternative then left us is, by a *general embargo*, to blend our friends with our enemies. To seek through a miserable retirement within our *shell*, to repair one loss by incurring a greater, and punish the plunderer of three or twenty millions of our property, by an annual sacrifice of sixty. And shall the expense which would attend the preservation of our independence, be deemed a sufficient reason for abandoning it altogether? Had such been the policy of Seventy-six, we should have continued the humble instrument of foreign greatness, as we now are the sport of foreign cupidity.

But may not this argument, the strongest that has been advanced by the enemies of our Navy, and the most frequently adduced because the most popular, be turned against them on a liberal and comprehensive view of political economy? I trust it can. It has already been adverted to. Permit me, for a moment, to direct your attention more particularly to it. When the hazard to be encountered in commercial intercourse is increased, whatever be the cause, whether the wars of other nations or our own, the price of insurance is proportionably augmented. The risk of capture is added to the ordinary accidents of the sea, and forms a part of the standard by which the insurer regulates his premium. And by whom is this premium paid? Certainly by the consumer of the articles insured. Is it conceived that the merchant pays it? He must make a certain profit on his capital, proportionate to its amount. Where a duty is imposed on any commodity imported, its price is enhanced to the consumer. The merchant advances the duty, but the consumer ultimately pays it. In like manner, where the losses sustained at sea are increased, or the danger^a of incurring them in magnified, an additional

^aWhat may be hereafter the consequence of insecurity arising from the wars of other nations may be ascertained by a recurrence to past experience.

In 1793, insurance from Philadelphia to the West Indies was from two and

charge is laid upon every commodity by the merchant, in order to repay himself the price of its insurance, together with a profit on its advancement. And as, in the first instance, it is immaterial whether the consumer pays the duty as a tax or as

an half to three and an half per cent.—To the West Indies and back five and an half per cent.—From Philadelphia to New Orleans and back six per cent.—Philadelphia to Europe generally three and an half, sometimes two, seldom four per cent.

In June 1794—To the West Indies five per cent.—West Indies and back eight and an half per cent.—To New Orleans five per cent.—To London and back ten per cent.

In June 1795 and 6—nearly the same to the West Indies—To Europe rather less.

In June 1797—To the West Indies and back twelve and an half, fifteen, and twenty per cent.—To Europe ten, seldom nine or eight per cent.

In June 1798—To the West Indies twelve and an half to seventeen and an half per cent.—To Europe twenty per cent.

In June 1799—To Europe and back seventeen and an half to twenty—To Europe ten to twelve and an half—To the West Indies ten per cent.

The above was copied from the books of one of the first houses in Philadelphia. I annex to it a list of premiums established in the Insurance Company of North America, on the 7th of March, 1794.

To Great Britain and Ireland	12½
Holland and Ostend	15
Ports in France out of the Streights	20
Spain in the Bay of Biscay	20
Ocean, Portugal and Gibraltar	30
Sweden and Denmark	15
Russia	17½
Hamburg and Bremen	12½
All Western and Canary Islands	20
All British, Spanish, and Dutch Isles and Ports in the W. Indies	out 12½ home 12½
Swedish and Danish Islands	7½ 7½
French Islands	20 30
New Orleans	12½
East Indies and China, to one Port	20
Home, to sail before the 1st of March	15
The Isle of France and the Mauritius	25 25

The two following lists are from the speeches of Mr. Gallatin on the 7th of February, 1799. The report of the committee from which they were taken is not in my possession.

a part of the price of the commodity, so is it, in the last, as immaterial on the score of expense, though all-important on every other, whether he pays a certain sum when he purchases an article as its insurance against the danger of capture, or contributes that amount through a direct tax or an additional duty on consumption towards the maintenance of a Navy that will remove the danger. The instrument^o of commercial inter-

"The committee stated that about the time of the sailing of our ships of war, the rate of insurance in Philadelphia, stood as followeth,

	In 1799.			
	Out	Home	Out	Home
To Russia	22½	22½	12½	12½
Sweden	20	12½	12½	12½
Denmark & Hanse towns	17½	17½	10	10
Holland	20	17½	15	12½
Great Britain	17½	17½	10	10
Spain	17½	17½	12½	12½
France	—	—	—	—
Portugal	15	15	10	10
Morocco	20	20	12½	12½
Italy	27½	27½	17½	17
China and the East Indies	20	15	10	10
West Indies	17½	17½	12½	12½
Africa	20	20	12½	12½

The foregoing facts are not adduced for the purpose to which the select committee applied the last of them, and the inferences I shall draw from them will not be affected by the reasoning opposed to that of the committee. I mean to exhibit, not a particular effect produced by our present armament in any period of its existence, but the general effect of a state of insecurity, arising from wars in which we either bore no part, or confined our efforts to repel aggression. The greatest expence of this insecurity, whether incurred in insuring against real or imagined danger, is the difference between the insurance against the risk of the sea, and the risk of the sea together with that of capture. Assuming the insurance of 1793 as the first, we have about 6 per cent for insurance out and in, to and from Europe and the West Indies, and nearly 36 per cent for the highest insurance before 1799, for the last. Consequently 30 per cent is the amount of the extraordinary premium paid, in consequence of the real or apprehended danger of a voyage out and in, to and from the West Indies or Europe. About one half of that, or 15 per cent must be charged on our *exports*, and the other half, or 15 per cent. on our imports.

course is also rendered more expensive by the risk to which a defenceless commerce is exposed. The freight of a vessel may be resolved into a profit upon the sum which she has cost her owner and the expenses of the voyage. And the first is regulated by the profit of stock in other directions of industry, with the additional consideration of the perishable nature of the

*Since the report of the select committee, the *former* have been augmented to more than 70,000,000 of dollars. From an increase of population, the latter must also have increased. As a part of our exports consists of articles imported from abroad, and afterwards exported to pay for other imports, in what is called an indirect trade of foreign consumption (a trade not as advantageous as the *direct*, though not a mere *carrying trade*, as it has been represented to be*) I

*It would not be an improper digression from my subject to defend this part of our commerce from the unjustifiable attack which has been made upon it by a respectable authority. One-half of our exports have been stated to consist of foreign imports, and to give rise to a species of commerce in which the American consumer, or cultivator, has no interest. If I can prove, on the contrary, that this trade is necessarily connected with the rest of our commerce, that the former merely disposes of the superfluous returns of the latter, that the price of the former is another name for that of the latter, that without the power of disposing of the former the value of the latter must sink; that every risk which affects the value of the one, either in importing or exporting, must regulate also the price of the other; then must it be deemed equally entitled to protection with the rest of our commerce, and all additional expense incurred in importing and exporting the articles which enter into this portion of our trade is equally chargeable on the consumer or farmer, with the additional expense attending the exportation of his own produce or the importation of foreign manufactures. Permit me to give only a single statement and to refer, for a confirmation of my argument, to Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. Our exports were admitted to amount to 30,000,000, which the merchant exports on the credit of importing sugar and coffee from the West Indies or manufactures from Europe. The thirty millions of Americans we will say, for the sake of brevity, are sold in the West Indies at an advance of 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent and vested in the produce of the islands to the amount of 50,000,000. Of the fifty millions of West India produce the United States require for their own consumption no more than twenty, and to Europe, consequently, where they can find a market for the surplus, they export the remaining thirty millions. They are, perhaps, disposed of in Europe at an augmented price, and the European manufactures imported in return for them may furnish another surplus of a different species of goods proper for the West India market. It must be perceived from this statement that besides the encouragement given by this trade to our artists who build the vessels employed in it, besides the various productions which it consumes in our home trade, the profit of the merchant, the freight of the owner, and the nursery which it creates for seamen, in which circumstance it resembles a carrying trade, it is immediately connected with our direct trade of foreign consumption and equally entitled to protection. Where perfect liberty exists as in America, to every class of industry, and every direction of labor and stock, distinctions between the various fountains of opulence, intended to recommend some more than others to the care and protection of the Government, cannot but be *invidious*. They are not made in the spirit of the admirable author of the *Wealth of Nations*, to whom they some times very uncandidly refer. He wrote, not to disturb, but to restore the freedom of commerce, and to evince the impolicy of those restraints upon nature which a delusive and jealous sense of utility had produced. In a word, he was not the member of a party. See chap. V of book II, and especially the 62nd page of vol. II, of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, edition 8, octavo.

subject in which it is here invested, or the danger of losing the capital itself. In peace this is great from the casualties of the sea and the rapid decay of the materials of which the vessel is constructed. In war it may be yet greater, from the frequency of capture. The owner insures against this new risk and charges the premium on the use of his vessel; the merchant returns it and charges it on the commodities. Both, the consumer eventually pays.¹ Of the second constituent of freight, or the expenses of the voyage, which may be subdivided into various items, I select only the wages of the seamen, because the only one affected by the risk of capture. The wages of the crew of a vessel are affected, not only by the price of labor in

will assume 100,000,000, the amount proposed by the select committee in 1799, as the basis of calculation. I am therefore warranted in stating 15,000,000 of dollars, as the loss which we should annually sustain in the present circumstances of our commerce, from an insecurity, either real or imaginary, equal to that of 1799, when we were provided with some defence (however incompetent) for our trade, when the only depredator upon it was not deemed to be at open war with us, and his means of injury were, moreover, controlled by a superior force.

¹On this part of the calculation I have proposed to pursue, I am very sensible of a defect of materials. Having made this assurance, I offer the following:

Present amount of American tonnage	950,000 tons.
Internal trade which I except as not equally exposed,	150,000
<hr/>	

Foreign trade and fisheries, - - - - - 800,000

Value according to Mr. Coxe (*View of the United States* page 184) at 34 dollars per ton, 27,200,000.

According to Lord Sheffield (*On American Commerce*, page 87) at about 40 dollars per ton, 32,000,000.

According to respectable private information of the rates during the war, at 45 dollars per ton, 36,000,000.

A medium of the two first will be 29,600,000, and of the two last 34,000,000, and of the two averaged values 31,800,000.

The first exceeds by but 200,000, the value assumed by the select committee in 1799. Deducting from the last averaged value 1,800,000, for the sake of round numbers and to avoid objections, and we have 30,000,000 for the value of our foreign tonnage. At the premium established in the last note for a voyage out and in, viz. 30 per cent. we have nine millions of dollars as the annual expense of insecurity, added to the freight of our vessels, and borne by the American consumer. The risk, it must be observed, is that of 1799.

other avocations, but by the peculiar hazard accompanying this. War adds to this hazard, painful detentions in foreign ports, the loss of liberty, or death from the hands of an enemy. And the compensation for it constitutes a part of the augmented price of freight.¹⁰ Moreover, the owner of the vessel insures his freight and charges the insurance as a part¹¹ of the freight

¹⁰ Assuming 800,000,000 tons, as before, for our foreign trade, and allowing 100 tons* to each vessel, we have eight thousand vessels. Allowing a master or captain, and a mate, and an average of four sailors to every vessel, and we have eight thousand captains, eight thousand mates, and thirty-two thousand sailors, for the whole number, whose wages were affected by the risk of 1799, or would be hereafter affected by a similar hazard.

The wages of a captain or master before 1793 were from twenty to twenty-five dollars per month. In 1799, sixty dollars.

The greatest difference of wages per month before and during the war, forty dollars; the least, thirty-five dollars; average thirty-seven and an half dollars; $\times 8000$ the whole number of captains, or masters, gives a monthly expence of 300,000 dollars, incurred, in consequence of insecurity, for the wages of the captains, or masters.

The wages of a mate before 1793 were from fourteen to sixteen dollars per month: In 1799 from thirty-six to forty dollars: One half of $14 + 16 = 15$; one half of $36 + 40 = 38$; difference 23, which multiplied by 8000, the whole number of mates, gives a monthly expence of 184,000 dollars incurred, in consequence of insecurity, for the wages of mates.

The wages of common sailors before 1793 were from eight to twelve dollars per month; during 1799 from twenty to twenty-six dollars: One half of $8 + 12 = 10$; and one half of $20 + 26 = 23$, the difference is 13, which multiplied by 32,000, the whole number of common sailors, gives a monthly expence of 416,000 dollars incurred, in consequence of insecurity, for the wages of seamen.

These three items added together make 900,000 dollars, which multiplied by 12 for the annual wages, give the sum of 10,800,000 dollars for the annual augmentation of the wages of seamen, or the second item of freight, by the hazard of capture in 1799.

¹¹I shall not pretend to estimate this amount, or those arising from the additional prime, which is a commercial term for the sum which the merchant allows the captain on the whole freight of the vessel which he commands, and which is about 5 per cent.—and the additional brokerage, which is a sum paid by the underwriter to the broker who negotiates a policy for him, and which is about one per cent. on the premium. It will be sufficient to state, that the hazard of

*This number is assumed on a comparison of various articles in Dr. Morse's *Gazetteer* and on private information. It is not confidently relied on. The number of seamen allowed to a vessel, and especially their wages before and during the war, are believed to be accurate.

itself. The captain receives a prime proportionate to the whole amount of the freight. The broker, for negotiating the several policies, a profit upon all the premiums. And inasmuch as all those expenses together render it necessary to employ a greater capital in a certain number of vessels they limit the extension of navigation, and by destroying a former or preventing a new competition, augment the price of freight. The instrument by which commercial intercourse is maintained is thus rendered more expensive, by various causes resulting from a state of insecurity. But the whole expense is borne by the consumer. By the merchant, no farther than as he himself holds this character. In fine, as the cultivator of the soil disposes of his productions at a price reduced by the accumulated expense of exportation abroad, their nominal value is depressed. He purchases manufactures at a price enhanced by the additional charge on the food which supports the manufacturer, and the rude materials of which they are wrought, as well as the extraordinary risk attending their importation. The real value of his productions, which is to be estimated by the wants which they will enable him to gratify, is sunk yet lower. The possibility of transporting our commodities to a foreign market, where, according to their general character, they comprise a small value in a great bulk, is rendered precarious.

1799, (whether real or imaginary, I must, contrary to a respectable authority, deem altogether immaterial as to the immediate loss) applied to our present circumstances, would produce an annual expence of 15,000,000 of dollars, for the insurance of the articles of commerce, 9,000,000 for the insurance of the vessels engaged in it, and 10,800,000 for the augmentation of seamen's wages beyond the peace rates. In all nearly 35,000,000 of dollars for the annual expence *which would* be incurred by the United States of America, in consequence of the commission of depredations as extensive as those of 1798, 1799, and 1800, on their commerce.

I ask if this sum would support a Navy powerful enough to command respect from other nations while we are engaged in a lawful commerce? For the motives which those nations must ever feel to respect us, motives which must however be unavailing while we are unarmed, I refer to Jefferson's *Notes*, pages 258, 259, and 260, new edition of 1801.

It is not, let me add, our own wealth alone which we put in jeopardy by this absurd system of economy. We are, under certain circumstances, responsible for that of our allies. A belligerent power is bound, by the law of nations, to hold sacred the property of his enemy, provided it be within the territorial jurisdiction of a neutral state. This jurisdiction extends to the distance of one league from the sea-shore, and over all bays, rivers and harbours within her territory. And the same law declares that if a belligerent power capture the vessels of his enemy within these limits, the neutral state shall indemnify her ally for the loss which she sustains. What, let me ask, avails the acknowledgement of a law where it can be violated with impunity?

But if the risk arising from the wars of other nations; if the depredations which belligerent powers are prone to commit on the unprotected commerce of a neutral state; if the spoliations [I speak not here of the indignities to which we have so patiently submitted for more than six years] are to be deprecated, on an extensive view of political economy when contrasted with the price of commercial security [and I insist that they are], yet more deplorable would be the calamities of a commercial war, to which, without the means of defence, we should be ourselves a party. Let them not be estimated by the events of a period when the world contributed, by the most destructive havoc, to encourage our industry, and the misfortunes of other nations gave to our seamen the navigation of the richest commerce. Nor should they be measured by the feeble efforts of the crippled marine of France during the last three years of that period. It had been previously humbled by the naval power of Great Britain. Her numerous squadrons deterred its shattered remnant from tempting the ocean. It will not be deemed candid by those who differ from me in opinion to estimate them from the transac-

tions of the revolutionary war, mingled as they then were with peculiar and complicated misfortunes. Let it be recollected, however, that our population has since progressed more rapidly than our arts. That our tonnage has been tripled; our exports quadrupled. That vast forests have been opened to the light of cultivation by an industry which is cheered by the prospect of distant markets. That the arts which we possess are intimately connected with, have in some instances grown out of, our foreign commerce, which supplies their basis or furnishes a demand for their products. That our hardy and enterprising countrymen of the north have converted the Banks of Newfoundland into a mine of wealth, of population and, if rightly used, a formidable safeguard of independence. That we have, moreover, incurred an immense debt, the price of the political blessings procured by that war, and which all these resources are to discharge. On these fountains of opulence, of enjoyment, of independence, what would be the operation of a commercial war, in which we should oppose our imbecility to the naval strength of a powerful enemy? How are our harbours, our maritime cities, defended? Many of our rivers present no other obstacles to a foe, from their mouths to their sources, than the rocks which terminate their navigation. A fleet of twenty sail properly distributed would block up every harbour in the United States. Half that number would shut up the Narrows of New York, the entrance of the Sound, the ports of Boston and Charleston, and the mouths of the Delaware and Chesapeake. A single armed ship would intercept every bark that is carried down the Mississippi. A stroke is aimed at our industry, whose paralytic power would be felt through every department of the community. The sinews of labour are withered. The husbandman neglects the harvest field, his ploughshare rusts in the furrow. The disconsolate mariner beholds the sails of his vessel idly flapping in the wind, or indignantly sees her led away by a rapacious enemy. The fisherman of the north no longer fre-

quents the Banks of Newfoundland, or courses the whale in the Southern Ocean. He turns to the Atlantic, and with hopeless dejection beholds the avenues of an employment to which nature had conducted him in childhood, which she had made the honour and support of his maturity, closed up. The silence of desolation reigns in our cities. Perhaps even the flames of war fill them with the cries of their defenceless inhabitants.¹¹ Flying from their paternal abode, they curse the wealth which invited the rapacity of their enemy, and their government which surrenders them a helpless prey to his power. Public credit calls in vain upon the empty treasury for the sums destined for the national debt. The necessary violation of private contracts undermines the morals of society. The government itself, hitherto accustomed to rely almost exclusively, upon the duties on imports for revenue to fulfil its engagements, sees the public confidence deserting it, and all its operations delayed or defeated. Before the loss of its old can be supplied by a new revenue, it institutes expensive loans without funds to pledge as a security for their redemption. Perhaps, at this awful crisis, it swells its expenditures by appropriations for defence, for that very Navy which it recently spurned. It establishes a new system of taxation, not only more expensive in collection, but from its drawing directly on the purse of the citizen, and from its necessary or fancied inequality, calculated to excite the clamour of the turbulent and the discontented. A clamour, the more alarming from the period at which this new system is called into operation, at the moment when an enemy is on the coast, when the channel of commerce is obstructed and the capacity of the citizen for discharging even the ordinary expenses of the government is restricted or utterly destroyed. Gold and silver disappear. The banks are shut up. A circulating medium consisting of their protested securities,

¹¹Will such a calamity be deemed impossible after the recent bombardment of the capital of a brave people by a British squadron? One of the strongest cities in the world!

of the depreciated certificates of the public debt, of a new paper currency issued on the verge of national bankruptcy, generates, in its perpetual and rapid fluctuations, swarms of speculators who intercept the blood of the nation before it has performed its natural office, and glitter amidst her ruins. And shall we hazard a situation so deplorable and trust our security, I had almost said, our existence, to the mercy of every nation capable of equipping a fleet of twenty sail? Can we expect succour from abroad, when we cease to confide in ourselves? It has been often urged, that those nations from whom we have the greatest danger to apprehend, are most dependent on us for the employment of their artists and subsistence of their distant colonies; and that to this necessary dependence we may safely trust the protection of our trade. It is not the first time it has been discovered, that if nations would consult their true interests, the world would no longer be disturbed by their broils. Were the policy of European governments founded always upon a virtuous concern for the happiness of their respective subjects alone, were they always capable of discerning the means of promoting that happiness, we might venture to rely for security on the nature of our commerce. But I will select the most commercial of those states and pursue this reasoning. Great Britain, together with her dependencies, receives from the United States a greater quantity of food and materials than any other power in Europe. From the superior excellence of her government, public interest must be more frequently respected in her councils than in those of any other foreign nation. The dependence so much relied on must therefore operate here with peculiar force. When plundered by her cruisers or by those of other nations, turn here then, Americans, and address her interest or supplicate her humanity. Your addresses to her interest will be opposed by her pride. She possesses the most powerful Navy in Europe. Her painters, poets and orators have leagued her with Neptune and together

with his trident have transferred to her the empire of the waves. Supplicate her humanity! Whom do you supplicate? Not the people of Britain, but a committee of her Peers. They regulate the spirit of British commerce and the voice of the nation is that of the merchants of Bristol, Liverpool, and London, of the Board of East India Directors: the philanthropists who have dragged from Africa to a miserable servitude thousands of helpless wretches, whose only crimes were a capacity for labour and the complexion of a burning climate. Behold their humane policy deluging the plains of Indostan with the blood of her children, and with a rapacity equally capricious and unrelenting, desolating the most populous region of the globe! Will you judge of the protection which you are to derive from their humanity? They have avowed that it will be good policy in the nations of Europe to let loose on you the rovers of Sallee and the corsairs of Algiers. Infernal policy! It is but a few years since two hundred Americans returned from a cruel servitude. On the Southern shores of the Mediterranean I behold a land fertilized with the blood of my countrymen. I behold the chains which bound them to the instruments of labour and the bloody scourge just fallen from the hands of their inhuman tyrants. Their cries still vibrate in my ears. I hear them in the agony of despair abjure their country and their God. Americans, extend your protecting arms to the adventurous mariner. Do not, I conjure you, add to the thousand hidden dangers of the deep, to the howling tempest and the desert coast, the horrors of an Algerine captivity. Had you yourselves witnessed the scoffs of the infidels and the tortures they inflicted on your countrymen, your cannon would long since have thundered on the coast of Africa. Told of their sufferings, your infant Navy struggled for life. Faction however stifled her early efforts and you were content to purchase a shameful treaty stipulating a price for the freedom of American citizens. It is unfortunate indeed for Repub-

lican governments, that they are too prone to act from the impulse of the moment and too seldom pursue the most important objects with firmness. We are plundered by the states of Barbary, and order six frigates to be built for the protection of our trade. We buy a treaty and determine to build but three. Could we tell how long this faithless people would *think it convenient* to fulfil their contract? Again, our commerce is plundered by the greatest naval powers of Europe, and its chief spoiler adds insult to injury, proudly spurns our proffered reconciliation and turns a deaf ear to our remonstrances. All parties at length concur in ascribing these outrages and indignities to the same cause, the want of a Navy sufficiently powerful to protect our rights. And yet, when it is proposed to build six ships of the line, it is urged that they cannot be finished before the present hostilities are over. Fellow citizens, these hostilities will never cease while our imbecility, the lamentable cause of them, exists. Should the usurpation of France be limited or crushed, France whom, if you remember, we once considered our national ally, what may we not apprehend from the unrivalled Navy of Britain? Experience has told us that it is not on national friendship; it is not on the sanction of natural law, it is not on the faith of treaties, however solemnly ratified, but on a resolute determination to defend our rights, that we are to found the hope of security. When this resolution is blown about by the gale of faction, when our resources ¹⁸ cease to be confided in,

¹⁸In two speeches delivered in Congress by the present Secretary of the Treasury on the 7th and 11th of February, 1799, our permanent resources (including *internal duties, land and stamp taxes*, which he there estimates at 2,600,000 dollars) are rated at 10,000,000 of dollars. In a report lately issued from the same quarter, they are estimated, *without the land or stamp tax*, at 10,600,000! Such is the difference between our resources under the management of O(liver) W(olcott) and A(lbert) G(allatin)!

To serve a particular purpose, our expenditures for 1801, and 1802, were in 1799, calculated at 15,450,000, and 16,750,000 dollars respectively. In 1801, to

when national honor is decried and disgraceful submission recommended, then all that renders dear the sounds of country, of liberty, of independence is about to vanish forever. For when you have prostrated your national character, when you have tamely submitted to insults from foreign nations, and refused your protection to a large part of the community, where will your calamities terminate? Not in the mere destruction of foreign commerce or the miserable slavery of thousands of your

serve another purpose, they are shrunk to about 7,000,000, including the expenditures for our persecuted Navy, and the interest on our public debt!

Adam Smith tells us, that the high interest of money in the United States (then British provinces) is a proof of their rapid progress to opulence. The public prints teemed with abuse of the government for borrowing at 8 per cent. Six per cent stock was then selling at 16s. The new eight per cent stock did not rise above par till a twelvemonth after it was issued! Profound Financiers, wise Statesmen!

Debate in the House of Representatives March 29th, on the State of the Union.

Mr. Giles said "that when he found the law for building the frigates would pass, he stated it as his consolation, that the trees from which the frigates were to be built were still growing." Again, "Perhaps, Gentlemen may say, what will you do if France carries her injuries farther? I would, said he, draw ourselves within our shell."

In his last speech, on that day, in reply to Mr. Harper, he concluded with the following remarkable declaration: "As to the frigates, he gloried in his vote against them; but with respect to the use of them, the gentleman (Mr. H.) was mistaken. They were intended to be sent against the *Algerines only*."

In a committee of the whole, on the State of the Union, April the 17th, 1798, Mr. Nicholas owned "it would be a painful thing to see our commerce carried on by other nations; but we have no choice, if it is not in our power to give equal protection. The southern states, he said, had acted very liberally in this respect when they had any thing in their power. They have consented to lay a burthen upon themselves to increase the navigation of the United States; but when they were called upon to support additional burdens, they would expect to see that the expence must conduce to some public advantage."

Mr. Baldwin, in a debate on Thursday, Jan. 17, 1799. "The operation of building the frigates had been the subject of more particular enquiry, and more pointed censure from all parts of the house, than any other; It had always been his opinion that it was less exposed to such censure than most of the other measures."

countrymen. True, to be reduced to want is a great national misfortune, and a generous people would feel the strongest repugnance at so glaring a violation of justice. But you will have done even more. You will have humbled the American spirit, extinguished the sacred fire of patriotism enkindled by the Revolution, and opened an easy avenue for despotic power. What maintained the ancient republics—those famous seats of science and liberty whose history is yet an inexhaustible mine of knowledge; at whose very names a sublime emotion thrills in our veins? It was PUBLIC SPIRIT. A feeling in the whole republic, of the wrongs of the most obscure citizen—an unconquerable elevation of soul in each citizen, springing from a love of country which could not quietly bear the indignities offered to her glory. It was this which so long defeated the arts of intriguing demagogues. It was an heroic valour derived from this sacred feeling, which like the lightning of Heaven, kindling on the Grecian armour, blasted and dispersed the effeminate hordes of Xerxes; which triumphantly bore the Roman Eagles from the Western Ocean to the shores of the Euxine and the Caspian, from the burning sands of Libya to the frozen glooms of Scythia. When this spirit expired, liberty also expired, never more to revive. Those once favoured states contained only the empty traces of their former happiness; phantoms which their orators endeavoured to call up from the grave of oblivion, in order to rouse a degenerate race. But in vain. Even their repentant tyrants and conquerors, who while restricted by this virtue found it so difficult to rob them of their freedom, were unable to restore it. Sylla yielded to Rome her rights and she transferred them to a succession of tyrants. Rome publicly proclaimed liberty to Greece whom she had enslaved, but found her incapable of receiving it. Greece and Rome finally fell a prey to Barbarians. The vestiges of their former glory lie half concealed beneath the rubbish of ages. The lonely traveler amidst wastes and mouldering ruins, beholds them with solemn awe. They present a

melancholy picture at which the moralist heaves a sigh and the patriot turns with apprehension to his native land.

The voice of modern is an echo of ancient experience. We have recently beheld a nation, who, in the midst of despotic, powerful, and ambitious neighbours, maintained her independence and liberty, by upholding to the world the conviction that they were prepared and resolutely determined to defend them. Once happy Switzerland, with a territory small when compared with ours, with not half the resources which replenish the coffers of America, with your natural enemies at your doors, while the ocean separates us from ours, how far did you outstrip us in the path of Glory! Sensible of the importance of national honor, by repelling insults you prevented their repetition. Conscious that the rights of nations will be respected only as they are defended, by being always prepared for war, you secured to your citizens the enjoyment of an almost uninterrupted tranquillity. You attracted the admiration of the world. Awed by the heroic valour and patriotism of your citizens, insatiable avarice learnt to moderate her desires. Ambition rolled his gloomy course around your mountains without daring to aspire to their summits. Whilst surrounding nations were convulsed with war, and alarm spread along the banks of the Rhine, the Danube and the Rhone, the citizens of Helvetia slept undisturbed at their source. Resting on his arms, he could from his cottage securely behold the desolation of the tempest, and listen with composure to the distant rumblings of war. Such, Americans, was the glorious triumph of valour and patriotism. It is now no more. Those mountains which were crowned with cheerful cottages and the peaceful vine, now gleam with hostile arms. Their streams are stained with blood, their rocks which had yielded to industry are struck with barrenness. Those happy vallies which resounded only *the horn of the shepherd and the lowings of innumerable herds* are filled with the roar of cannon, the shouts of murderous

pursuit, and the groans of the dying. Oh! Zimmerman, when you wrote with the wisdom of a statesman and the fervour of a poet on that national pride which distinguished your country, little did you think that she was so soon to perish amidst its ruins. Yes, my countrymen, Switzerland, by deserting the early maxims of honor and independence on which she rose to glory, has sunk into the melancholy list of dependent and degraded nations. She fell a prey to indecisive counsels—to the love of a repose by which she had been enervated, and to the dread of war, the calamities of which were exaggerated by those whose political principles concurred with her enemy to complete her ruin. Six years of condescension to a foreign power, and of confidence in a treacherous security wasted her virtue and her strength and finally surrendered her, a defenceless victim of unrelenting perfidy and ambition.

Fellow citizens, listen to the voice of history; take warning from the fate of other nations. Do not waste, in unprofitable submission to the insults offered to your independence, the glory acquired by those martyrs whose blood so recently streamed as a sacrifice at her altars. Nature has given you rights, let not lawless power violate them with impunity. Unfortunate, indeed, we should be, if Providence, who blessed our efforts for independence, had left us without the means of preserving it. Do her not the injustice to believe that she has tantalized us with a blessing which we can never enjoy. She has planted the live oak, the cedar, the pine and the fir tree along our coast, from St. Mary's to St. Croix. She has deposited in our mountains rich mines of copper and iron. In the moist vallies between them, she cherishes the flax and the hemp plant. She extends our commerce through every ocean and to every clime. With the enterprise of freedom, she quickens the industry and improves the skill of our naval artists. She braces the nerves and hardens the sinews of our seamen, and fires them with an intrepidity which difficulties serve only to confirm, and no dangers can appal.

And shall we spurn these advantages, and by neglecting to improve, cease to deserve, and ultimately lose them?

But it has been said that "a Navy when established may be made use of as an argument for extending our power." If by "power" we are to understand the means of enforcing a respect for our neutral rights, which it is acknowledged have been "shamefully violated," it is indeed the professed object of a permanent Navy. But if by this expression we are to learn that when strong enough to render ourselves respectable in the eye of other nations, we shall be tempted to abuse our power, then, I would compare this argument with the consolation which a sick man would derive from being told that although his enemies were plundering his house, and desolating his fields, he should be content, since, if Heaven should please to renew his strength, and raise him on his feet again, he might be tempted to pursue and punish the robbers. Would not a child laugh if he were told that manhood was not to be desired because its vigor might be abused? And what is not liable to abuse? Let us, fellow citizens, dissolve our Union, and return to the dependent condition from which we so recently passed, and to which so many illustrious states have been more recently reduced, for ambition and avarice may yet possess us, and our freedom to think and act for ourselves lead us to violate the rights of others! It is not to connect us with the balance of Europe, nor to involve us in the destructive wars which its adjustment cost her; it is to keep out of her turmoils that a Navy is desired. It is to add to the many and powerful motives whch foreign nations already have to respect us, another, that would stamp on the rest an almost irresistible force, and prevent them from being forgotten amidst calculations of convenience and the violence of war.

All the complicated terrors of foreign conquests, of which we are in no need, and which the whole nation, to a man, concur in deprecating, and of domestic tyranny, of which we are in no

danger, but in the heated zeal or the artful misrepresentations of the leaders of a party, have been brought to bear their whole force against the establishment of a permanent Navy. Its advocates have been openly charged with a desire of accumulating power in the hands of the executive and a few other persons, in order to increase our weight in Europe, and to feed the ambition of a few individuals. Fellow-citizens, the usurpers of exclusive patriotism have not always proved themselves the purest or the wisest defenders of liberty. It is the quality of true friendship, to which this sacred principle may without degradation be compared, to admonish us of our errors and to be more solicitous for our happiness than our applause. The supporters of the administration have been satisfied to permit their enemies to assume the title of Republicans, while they retained only that of Federalists. Because they believed your liberty to be safe, and your union, an object in few minds so intimately allied to the passions, to be in danger. Monarchy in the United States of America! It is absurd. It would not exist a day. The Federalists would be the first to pull it down. Fellow-citizens, I beg of you, not to judge the plain, the independent citizens of New England, where the first blood was spilt in the cause of Freedom, by the few foreigners whom commerce has conducted to our shores, and who preserve a natural attachment to the country and the institutions which they have left abroad. This would be as uncandid as to blend with the refugees from Ireland, the temperate and respectable Democracy of the south. The Federalists, if they can be supposed to disapprove of that constitution which they ratified, and which they have ever believed they were zealously defending, are yet too well informed on the subject of gov-

"Peter the Great, Montesquieu informs us, produced an insurrection in his empire by an edict to shave the beards of the Russians. He was obliged to desist. The Tartars succeeded although not without blood-shed, in shaving the heads of the Chinese. Is it supposed that men prize their hair more than their liberty?

ernment, on the necessity of suiting the political institutions of a people to their spirits,¹⁴ to desire a constitution whose administration should be more permanent than our own. It is the possibility of tranquilly changing our officers, that alone can save us from anarchy, the forerunner of despotism. Fortunate will it be if, as in a foreign country, the discontent which each administration must necessarily create, shall always cease with the political character of the members who compose it. A good citizen has little to care who holds the reins of government, while the constitution of his country is maintained inviolate, and her interests promoted. Banish suspicion, fellow-citizens, and you will perceive that the Executive can never derive a dangerous strength from a Naval Armament. It is here indeed, that a Navy is wholly unlike a standing army. If it be ever converted into an engine of ambition, its objects must be in a foreign country; and the will of your legislature must be previously perverted. A Navy can be employed to protect, but never to destroy, our liberty. To be useful it must, however, be permanent. It is not the work of a day, as its enemies have assured us; nor can the time at which its services may be required be always foreseen. It is a sword, which, to be useful in war, must not be permitted to rust in its sheath. Our enemies will behold its brightness at a distance, and conspire with our love of tranquility to keep it unemployed. To anticipate danger will ever prove the surest means of averting it. As a permanent Navy will afford the only adequate protection to our commerce, so will it also prove a formidable bulwark of national defence. Fellow-citizens, do you confide in the width of the ocean which separates you from Europe, to guard you from foreign invasion? You have not measured the strides of ambition. Without a Navy this distance is only apparent. Believe me, it will prove a delusive security. A single month will transport an army across the Atlantic; the period it would consume on land in marching from Charlestown to Washington. Consider the comparative ease of

transporting provisions, artillery, ammunition, and camp equipage, on the ocean. The numerous delays to which an army on land must be exposed, while pursuing a devious and untried route over mountains and rivers, through almost impenetrable forests, in continual alarm from the nightly fires and the frequent skirmishes of a vigilant and vindictive enemy. The distance does not exceed half what I have stated. Would you deem your new Capital in safety, were an army of veteran troops, although at the distance of six hundred miles, in full march against it. What a journey for an ambitious general inflated with conquest! Shall I trace the route of Alexander from Macedon to the Indian Ocean? It was three thousand miles, over swollen torrents and through parched deserts, amidst numerous nations whom, in the frenzy of ambition, he made his enemies, that he might conquer them. They knew of his march and were prepared to receive him. They fought and were vanquished. Our enemy, on the contrary, would be borne on the surface of the ocean, impelled by the winds. His arrival would be announced by his cannon. But Alexander, you would tell me, overcame nations effeminated by sloth! My countrymen, what may be our situation when enervated by long peace? We were but lately aroused by the alarm of invasion. Had the enemy actually arrived on our coast, were we ready to meet him? Was our army enlisted? No! Even when recently disbanded, after a period of two years had elapsed, but three thousand men had been recruited, and those the sweepings of our villages and cities. But, then, "the militia is regularly trained and amply provided with arms and accoutrements." Are they so here? It is fortunate. Go to the South and behold them parading without a single musket, with not so much as a fowling-piece. Every gentleman is an officer, and few officers are better equipped than the men whom they command.¹⁵ If such be our present preparation, what resistance shall we offer

to an enemy when time, whose unsparing hand has already snatched from us the sword of Washington, shall have robbed us of the remaining experience of our Revolutionary war? When, lulled into a final security, the militia of the North is no better than that of the South; when shining with the splendour of opulence we shall attract the eye of avarice; when promising an easy conquest we shall fire the breast of ambition! Alexander, you say, triumphed over states sunk in luxury and indolence. Behold Annibal on the plains of Italy! He has crossed the Mediterranean, traversed Spain, vanquished the ferocious Gauls, climbed the frozen Alps, descended into Italy, and defeated those brave and hardy legions destined one day to conquer, to give law to the world. Rome itself is at length saved, for Annibal's reinforcements are cut off. The expensive victories of the Carthaginian general have literally overcome him. Pause here, my countrymen, and behold the probable effect of your Navy in frustrating an invasion. It has been stated by the enemies of this establishment, "that it would not furnish a *sure defence* to our country, for it would not guard our extensive coast from invasion. That it is not a *necessary defence*,

¹⁶I am not disposed to decry what is the natural defence of every country, and the safest defence of a free state. But under the present militia system of the United States, or any which has been contemplated, there is little ground for the hope that it will ever be able to cope with the veteran armies of Europe. May I be allowed here to ask a question which would not have been deemed fanciful among the wisest nations of antiquity; it is, whether our militia system can ever be improved while its offices are unconnected with those of the civil administration? Where the military character of a people is lost in the civil, in habits necessarily pacific, how can military duties be made respectable, but by associating them with the civil, and by making a military office the necessary avenue to the highest honors which the nation can confer. When the *road* to glory is conducted through this department, by the laws, the military character will be dignified. The civil offices which terminate it will reflect a lustre on the military from which it leads. The only remaining alternative, to pay the citizen for discharging his duty as a soldier, is not congenial to the spirit of our constitution, nor as likely to produce the end intended.

since we have waded through a bloody contest without its assistance." No! my countrymen, it would be impossible for the Navy of Great Britain to guard her coast from invasion. But if a Navy will not always prevent an enemy from landing on our coast, it will at least render his invasion fruitless. Aided by the militia on shore, it may shut him up in a seaport town. Hovering around the point on which he has disembarked, it may deprive him of succours from abroad and rest his fate on the issue of a single battle. Like the conquest of Scipio in Spain, it may deprive the invader of the reinforcements necessary to support his early success and render his most splendid victories insidious overthrows.

A prudent general will never leave an enemy's fortress in his rear. He will be ever careful to keep open a secure retreat and to provide the means of obtaining timely succour. But the Navy of an invaded country is a fortress in the rear of the invader which he cannot control. When he is marching to an attack, it may pour a host on his rear. When he is defeated it leaves him no hope, no other alternative, but to surrender or perish. At the end of a successful campaign, if the war be not concluded, he may sit down within his entrenchments and lament his victories. Is it not surprising that the last American war should have been adduced to prove the inutility of a Navy? Let the escape of the enemy from Boston; let all that was left undone in the commencement of that contest, for want of a powerful Navy; let the correspondence of the American commander with the French admiral; above all, let the last brilliant achievement of that war, the capture of the British army at York, attest the contrary. Yes, Americans, it is to a permanent Navy you are to look for the protection of your commerce and the preservation of that tranquility which you so highly estimate. It is to a Navy you must trust for security from invasion and for success in war. Happy are we in being able to main-

tain our honor and independence by an institution which can never endanger our liberty. While the nations of the other continent have been compelled to guard against the encroachments of each other, by standing armies which have drained their treasuries, loaded them with debts, corrupted their morals and subverted their liberty, we can find our independence on the instrument by whch our resources will be preserved and our rights defended.

—:0:—

ON THE NAVY.

EVERY day's experience evinces the utility and necessity of a *Navy* to the United States.

The hostilities of some, and the threatened depredations of others of the Barbary Powers, should remind us of the state of our own defence, and our ability to repel their aggressions. It is feared, the appropriations for the support of the Navy made by the last Congress, will not be found sufficient for its exigencies for the current year. So early as *June*, and not six months after the grant of appropriations, the Secretary of the Navy complains of their scantiness:—From this we may conclude they are now nearly exhausted. The appropriation of Fifty Thousand Dollars for the "*Improvement of Navy Yards, Docks, &c.*" was so inconsiderable, that all operations for this purpose have been suspended; and should any untoward event render the building of seventy-four gun ships necessary, there is not at present in the United States a single public building yard prepared and ready for the purpose. When can there be a more proper period than a time of peace for the founding Naval Arsenals, and for completing Wharves, Dry Docks, &c., necessary for the building, repairing and securing a Navy?—It is at this time that labor is at the lowest rate; when the most skilful workmen, and all materials of the best kind may be leisurely sought

for;—the works constructed upon the best principles, and completed with the greatest care and fidelity, to render them durable. Should this necessary part of our defence be delayed, until our country is precipitately hurried into a war, we shall then have to begin, what should have been completed.—A Navy will be loudly called for, but called for in vain.—Our frigates are yet to be built, but through improvidence no preparations have been made. From the hurry and confusion incident to a state of war, our arrangements will be hasty, expensive and but illy executed:—And the delay, additional expence and inevitable consequences to the United States will be incalculable.

F I N I S

OPPRESSION

O P P R E S S I O N
A
P O E M
BY AN
A M E R I C A N .
W I T H N O T E S
BY A
N O R T H B R I T O N .

*Blest harmony of verse! you 'tis command
The ear of princes, cramp the tyrant's hand.
You strip Oppression of her gay disguise,
And bid the hag in native horror rise:
Strike tow'ring pride and lawless rapine dead,
And plant the wreath on virtue's awful head.* ANON.

*To see such crimes, and in so good a reign,
What hoops of iron can my spleen contain?* ANON.

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OPPRESSION

“WHEN private faith and public trusts are sold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold:
When giant-vice and irreligion rise
On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies:
When fell corruption, dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of *our happy state*:”*

When gath'ring murmurs spread throughout the realm
And fav'rite pilots bungle at the helm:
When tyrants skulk behind a gracious T(hrone),
And practice what their courage dare not own;
When M(iniste)rs like screening G(renvill) rule,
A Pedant talker, and a B(ut)eau tool:
When law is chain'd, when M(ansfield) holds the rod,
And Justice trembles at his partial nod:
When nought but fawning, flattery and lies
Are the just emblems of our brave and wise:
When *sons of famine* (a) swarm throughout our coast,
Unknown to fame, yet rise to ev'ry post:
When countries groan beneath Oppression's hand,
And pension'd blockheads riot through the land:
When COLONIES a savage Ex(CI)SE pay,
To feed the creatures of a motly day:
When 'tis too late for men to seek reward,
And few but M^c can have at C(OUR)T regard:
When dunce on dunce successive rules our S(tate),
Who can't love P(I)TT, and who a G(renvil)l hate?
When all these ills, and thousands yet untold,
Destroy our liberty, and rob our gold,
Should not then SATIRE bite with all its rage,

*BROWN'S *Essay on Satire*.

(a) *Sons of famine*] This the North-British reader must not take as a reflection on the inhabitants of his country, (it being only a quotation) as our author, through the whole of his poem, has carefully avoided, as much as possible, any thing of that nature.

And just resentment glow through ev'ry page?
 Who can indignant bear to hear such crimes,
 And not commence an Author of the Times?

Some mercenary souls for profit write,
 For nation some, and some through party spite;
 But be their motives whatsoe'er they may,
 Enough of treason glares in open day,
 Enough of tyranny's oppressive hand
 Destroys our freedom and enslaves our land,
 To make all hireling poets change their side,
 Forswear their folly, and give up their bribe.

And shall I mingle with the C(OUR)TLY throng,
 When truth and reason tells me they are wrong?
 Or, if poetic madness seize my brain,
 Shall I not rhyme, when conscience guides my strain?
 Shall I subscribe to ev'ry dunce's nod,
 Call P(I)TT a villain, or L(OR)D B(UT)E a god?
 Or yet ascribe all virtues to the THANE,
 And to his wretched conduct say, Amen;
 Shall I extol the late severe Ex(CI)SE,
 Call it mere nought, and d— myself by lies?
 Shall I proclaim th' H(AVA)N(NA)H's leader brave,
 Nor think his agent, nor my L(OR)D a kn(a)ve;
 Or yet commend the mildness of their reign,
 Where woes on woes appear'd, an endless train;
 Shall I my COUNTRY, at thy distant call,
 Not mark vile H(US)K(E), that first propos'd thy fall?
 Or shall I turn a traitor to my clime,
 And be like HIM, accurs'd to latest time?
 No! first I'd be the meanest, meanest wretch,
 A player, pimp, a scavenger, a ketch;*

*Hangman.

Or dead to honour, honesty, and truth,
 Commence a statesman's minion from my youth;
 Rather than change my mind, and turn a foe,
 To K(IN)G, to BRITAIN, COLONIES, to STOW.

I want no places at a servile (Court),
 To be the dupe of M(ini)st(eria)l sport;
 Where honesty sincere but seldom dwells;
 Where ev'ry tongue with adulation swells;
 Where great fools smile, tho' greater fools may laugh;
 Where fawns our H(us)K(e), at best a meer state calf:
 Where miscreants in ev'ry scene of strife,
 Get bread for bastards and themselves, for life;
 Where fav'rite falsehood only seems to charm,
 And statesmen promise never to perform;
 Where round are plac'd a pension'd servile herd,
 For meanness honour'd, and for guilt prefer'd;
 Where public virtue meets with abject hate,
 Gives way to pleasure and intrigues of state;
 Where men, devoid of decency as grace,
 Get *titles, pensions, perquisites, and place*;
 Where ev'ry ill that now annoys our state,
 Have their fell source, from thence their baneful date.

From such I can't expect the least, least good,
 An uncouth genius from a western wood;
 Who've neither wealth, election votes to bribe,
 Nor will, to hackney falsehood for a tribe.
 When valiant CON(WA)Y, veteran in wars,
 Now starves at home, rewarded for his scars!
 Because he scorned to be a meer ST(A)TE mute,
 To harm his country for a F(o)x or B(U)T(E).

Let ought like TWITCHER have a brazen skull,
 Or been like EG(RE)M(ON)T, profoundly dull (*b*),
 Or be he sprung from Caledon'an blood,
 Tho' dead his genius as the Fleet-ditch mud,
 He shall be rais'd to posts of highest fame,
 Tho' injur'd millions daily hiss his name.

Does not this ISLE enough of troubles know?
 That ev'ry STATE CL(ER)K must fresh discord sow,
 That ev'ry HE!—whom M(A)J(ES)TY promotes,
 Dare trample freedom, and enslave our votes.
 Too much of this we've seen three passing years,
 Too oft has liberty bewail'd in tears,
 Nor causeless has she wept, tho' wept in vain,
 Yet flow her sorrows, endless yet her pain.

A P(eace) was patch'd, 'twas voted to be good,
 So numbers may pronounce a sea a wood;
 Votes may decree that day is truly night,
 That right is wrong, that only wrong is right:
 But he that joins with such C(ourt) cringing tools,
 Must be a Tory in the B(UTE) AN schools;
 Must cease to hear, to think, or act the man,
 But like a fawning spani'l, court yon clan;
 Must like a Proteus change in ev'ry shape,
 Be here a monkey, and be there an ape.

Despising this, the freeborn W(ILKES) arose,
 And nobly dar'd each traitor to oppose,

(*b*) In this line our author is guilty of a breach of unity, in regard to times; by uniting present and past things under one head; which I hope the candid reader will overlook.

Their crimes to publick view he bold explain'd,
 Their actions, persons, characters he nam'd,
 Condemn'd the P(eers), with a true British zeal,
 And nobly wrote for Britain and her weal;
 But he alas! unmeaning said too much,
 At least his foes could construe it as such;
 They took the hint, and voted him a knave,
 As some would fain have voted S(AC)K(VIL)LE brave.

Before PRESIDING JUSTICE oft he stood,
 As oft his righteous cause appear'd as good;
 But not content, an IRON J(U)DG(E) was found,
 With solid front, impenetrably sound,
 Who conscience oft had try'd, as oft in vain,
 To form the blush, or cause repenting pain:
 With him join'd W^{IL}B, the diadem of truth!
 "Who ne'er knew falsehood from his very youth;"
 (Of heart as senseless as the hardest stone,
 And dead to ev'ry feeling but his own.
 When abject want his aged SIRE oppress'd,
 Unmov'd he heard, he knew, but never bless'd,
 Ne'er reach'd a helping arm to save from fate,
 The best of parents, in a wretched state;
 No ray of pity ever warm'd his breast,
 Nor e'en a father's cause disturb'd his rest;
 For had he mingled with the wretched poor,
 And begg'd an alm, he'd thrust him from his door.
 This parricide! this honest upright man!
 Inrob'd in truth, adopts no perjur'd plan)
 He made an oath, and M(ANSFIEL)D read the laws,
 M(ANSFIEL)D gave sentence, and W(ILKE)S lost his cause.
 Oppression here triumphant gain'd the day,
 And W(ILKE)s and Liberty were doom'd its prey.

Ex(CI)SE, another plague, came hissing forth,
 Hurl'd by a SON of the rock-blooming north,
 And as it went ten thousand demons sung,
 And all Acheron in his plaudits rung;
 They hail'd him "*brother*," for the good he'd done,
 And sent him imps to help his Ex(CI)SE on:
 Nor wonder Britons, if he gain'd his end,
 When Hell assists, what mortals can contend?
 In vain did T(EM)PLE, G(RA)F(TO)N, P(I)TT oppose,
 When the proud Thane, with Hell-bred imps arose;
 When he with numbers, all a pension'd tribe
 Of purchas'd votaries, by place or bribe,
 A servile crew, prepar'd by nod to go,
 Or right or wrong, with him say yes or no:—
 When these collected, HE on Ex(CI)SE call'd,
 "CYDER and PERRY!" all his creatures bawl'd;
 With one assent, on liberty they trod,
 And sold their freedom for their HIGHLAND god.

Strange! that in Britain there should live confess'd,
 Such spani'l L(OR)DS, and C(O)M(MONE)RS at rest;
 And not be hunted in each country town,
 Until they've pull'd the cringing mongrels down;
 Strange! that a people fam'd for freedom's cause
 Can suffer ST(UAR)TS to oppress their laws,
 Can suffer stale ECONOMY to rule,
 Nor send the HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN back to school
 Far i'the north, where thrives the frugal itch,
 To coin new words, to patch a R(OYA)L speech;
 To learn that truth, not words, true Britons move,
 That judgment is the road that leads to love.

Go B(UTE), thou minion!—to your country go,
For England loud proclaims you freedom's foe;
Why will you stay, where mankind scorns your name,
Where ev'ry year adds blackness to your fame,
Where if you die, few friends your deeds will bawl
In Irish cries, or ditties of Fingall?
Haste, haste my P(ee)r, to coasts betake your way,
Where snows eternal chill the face of day:
Where torpid rocks and mountains threat the skies,
And hills o'er hills in barren pomp arise;
Where poverty supreme forever reigns,
Nor envy'd wealth disturb the peasants' brains.
E'en croaking ravens will rejoice your flight,
And join in chorus with the birds of night:
The rav'nous tyger with the hind will play,
And glad with joy, th' unfeeling ass will bray.
If thus all nature for your absence long,
What wonder then, if I should join the throng:
When yet of evils I more fell can name,
Enough to blast you to the latest fame:
Of ills! that half the western world annoys,
That mars their trade, their liberty destroys,
That makes them slaves or meer mechanick tools,
To work for nought, as fools do work for fools.

Since first a CABOT trod their distant shores,
No time so dreadful! not their Indian wars!
No time! when fell oppression rear'd its head,
And even dar'd their sacred groves to tread;
Groves! that their fathers found a safe retreat,
From ST(UAR)T'S tyranny and party heat.
Could those brave heroes, who now sleep in rest,

But know how much their children are oppress'd,
 And that by ST(UAR)TS race, that made them roam (c)
 As exiles, from their country, friends, and home.
 Methinks they'd rise and murmur from their graves,
 "Were we not wretched! must our sons be slaves!"
 "Are there no stores of vengeance for that race
 That long have dar'd th' Almighty to his face?
 Who to half earth have prov'd so fell a pest
 That living, dying, and the dead can't rest;"
 And as they vanish'd, pray; "Hear, oh my God!
 "Preserve this country from a ST(UAR)T'S rod."

Ye M(INI)S(TE)RS that do surround the T(hrone),
 Has not that land enough of trouble known?
 Have not her sons seen wild destruction rage,
 And war with war a dreadful battle wage?
 Have they not felt too oft, the savage steel,
 And fought and dy'd for Britain and her weal?
 Have not her daughters moan'd in captive chains
 And been the subjects of the worst of pains?
 Are not such ills sufficient for that land

(c) This circumstance which our author mentions, mostly happen'd in the reign of the *greatly pious* CHARLES the First, and it is a fact that all, or by far the greatest part, of the ancestors of the *Northern colonies*, fled their native country, Britain; to the then inhospitable wilds of AMERICA: to avoid the (allow'd of,) tyrannical persecutions and oppressions of ARCHBISHOP LAUD, this pious and bigotted KING's favourite. These oppressions, (which were of the religious kind,) they avoided by this banishment; thus giving to their children after them, a freedom to enjoy, what they in a great measure were deprived of: which freedom it is hoped they long may enjoy; nor is it much fear'd, but what it will be lasting: unless amidst the new oppressions that now threaten, (from a branch of the same detested STUARTS family,) their civil liberty; their sacred(?) should fall a victim: or suffer a tax, from the officious kindness, of some adventurous money-making, soul-saving BISHOP. But be he who he will, let him remember, and dread the fate of the BISHOP of GLASGOW.

But must oppression add its iron hand?
Dare that fell HE, that sows sedition here
Waft his foul minions for to sow it there?
Is he not curs'd by Britons' loyal souls,
And wish'd to HELL, to S(co)TL(AN)D, or the POLES?
Yes! he that's dar'd t'abuse the R(oyal) ear,
To give to sighs for liberty the sneer,
That's dar'd, by meanest arts to gain a wealth,
And ruin M(ajesty) by vilest stealth;
Has dar'd to make a tribute on their waves,
And load their ocean with a tribe of k(nave)s
To marr their trade.

Thou first, thou tyrant man!
Whence sprung that scheme too vile for mortal plan?
Was it thy genius, and thy plodding brain,
That gave the Hell-born infant first a name?
No! justice bids me give to H(us)K(E) his due,
The meanest upstart of thy menial crew;
From him the infant sprung, he gave it birth,
And first proclaim'd the monster here on earth;
Envious the fiend you saw, it gave you pain,
You bid it die, but made it live again:
Because you could not bear the galling thought,
That H(us)K(E) should form a thing you never sought;
That he should plan a method, way and rate,
To gain five hundred thousand to the state.
If you at first despis'd the Hell-bred scheme,
Why have you made it since your darling theme?
Does not our shores now swarm by your command,
With licenc'd OFF(ICE)RS by sea and land?
A crew! more dreadful than our savage foes,
A locust tribe! that feed on others' woes.

By arms, the savage from our lands we drive,
But law-made plunderers will live and thrive.

Go on ye pilferers, with all the rage
That half-starv'd spani'ls for a bone engage,
Be like your brothers HERE, a tyrant crew,
Do all that fell rapacious souls can do;
Make right and wrong an equal ballance hold,
And prove or disapprove, as weighs the gold.
Like *these*, in all the majesty of desk,
Look big, command, and flout, and jeer the best.
Like *these*, take six days for to do a deed
Which scarce a day an honest man would need.
In haughtiness like *these*, and proud disdain,
Build all the honour of your new-got name:
Ne'er once reflect, from nothing you arose,
What once ye were, from whence your honour flows.

I'd have you honest, faithful to your King,
And all just tribute to his treasure bring:
T(A) XES must be, they should be justly laid,
But to no scoundrel should a T(A) X be paid:
To no proud he! that takes it from my hand
With all the scorn of half your C(U)STOM band;
To no such menial, upstart, haughty race,
Many, once lacquies to my LORD or GRACE;
Meer kitchen gentry! great in kitchen wit,
Shall I, ye gods! pay duty to a spit?
Shall honest tradesmen that support our state,
Cringe, bow and knuckle at so mean a rate?
Shall ought possess'd of loyalty and gold,
With coachmen, grooms and valets converse hold?
Or wait obsequious to their haughty nod,
And hear their dictates as they'd hear a God?

Shall such low vagrants, whom some L(OR)D has rais'd,
 For such harsh conduct be esteem'd or prais'd?
 Are they more faithful to the ST(A)TE or C(ROW)N
 Than those who honesty with friendship join?
 No! I proclaim that man at once a knave,
 Who scorns those virtues which adorn the brave:
 Honour can't bind him that no friendship knows,
 He's sure a villain, that delights in woes,
 And proves or disapproves as profit flows.

Must it not fill all men of sense with scorn,
 To see a muckworm of the earth, low born,
 A creature, but at best a CUSTOM CL(A)RK,
 The chance production of some am'rous spark,
 In ignorance supreme, profoundly dark?
 To see him seat his mighty self in state,
 With arms a-kimbo, deal to each his fate;
 To see the hornéd scribbler force along,
 And elbow here and there, the busy throng;
 What awful consequence transforms his face,
 To shew th' importance of his mighty place;
 As if on him all excise solely hung,
 And fates of kingdoms, "*ballanc'd on his tongue.*"
 Peace to such triflers! such a writing crew!
 Such pen-ink heroes! from my soul, adieu!

Too much already have I loos'd the reign,
 Too much have wander'd from my former strain,
 But I'll return, again I'll sing the wrongs,
 That my poor country feels, and on her throngs;
 But hold! first mark th' inventor of their woe,
 And brand the caitiff, as their greatest foe.

From H (us) K (E), the veriest monster on the earth,
 The fell production of some baneful birth,
 Their ills proceed; from him they took their date,
 The source supreme, and center of all hate.
 "If I forget him, then forget me Heaven!"
 Or like a W (ILKES), may I from right be driven.

From meanness first this PORTSMOUTH Yankey (*d*) rose,
 And still to meanness, all his conduct flows;
 This alien upstart, by obtaining friends,
 From T (o) WN (SEN) D'S clerk, a M (A) LD (O) N member ends
 Would Heaven that day was dated in record,
 Which shin'd propitious, on one so abhor'r'd;
 That day, which saw how threats and gold could bribe,
 And heard the HUZZAS of a compell'd tribe:
 That horrid day, when first the scheme he laid,
 T' oppress AMERICA, and cramp her trade;
 Would it were mark'd! that thousands yet unborn,
 Might read the story, and the vagrant scorn;
 That hate coequal to their wrongs might last,
 And never cease, till the H (us) K (EAN) name is lost.

Fly cringing minion! from all converse fly,
 Den with the wolves, and learn the wolv'rins cry,
 Go join in concert with the croaking frogs,
 Or howl in chorus with a pack of dogs;
 With monkeys go, and chatter on a stage,
 Or turn a mastiff, and each curr engage.
 Better thus act, thus beast-like live and die,

(d) "PORTSMOUTH Yankey," It seems, our hero being a New-Englander by birth, has a right to the epithet of Yankey, a name of derision, I have been informed, given by the Southern people on the Continent, to those of New-England: what meaning there is in the word, I never could learn.

Than think of schemes to make the free-born sigh:
Better do worse! turn pander's pimp or slave,
Turn highwayman, turn murderer or knave;
All do, that thy fell soul can think as evil,
And be a B--R--N, CARTOUCH, or a DEVIL.

What are such crimes when ballanc'd with the woes,
That from thee vagrant! to thy country flows;
Meer nought and trifling, light as empty air,
They harm but few, but these whole countries share;
On one and all th' oppressive evil lights,
And like a tyrant robs them of their rights.

Their trade, alas! how much restrain'd and cross'd,
Their money wasted, and their credit lost;
To these alone great Britain owns her sway,
They make her monarch of the watery way,
They give her all that ever wealth imparts,
Freedom, plenty, elegance and arts:
Depriv'd of these, how wretched must they fare!
Unless camelion-like, they'll feed on air.

Can jealousy extend its horrid sway
To harm the tender offspring of a day,
To hurt a country, but in opening bud,
A people link'd by strongest ties of blood?
It can, it does, all kindred ties begone!
Nought here but riches please the rav'nous throng;
A golden fury rages in each breast,
Let sink who will, or swim, they will be blest.
Like fools they've plan'd, it is to keep you down,
To make you love them, and to fear their frown.

Ye paltry schemers! did ye ever hear
 That vile oppression caus'd love and fear?
 Fear it may cause, in coward slavish souls,
 But love is free, disdaining servile rules.—
 Go search antiquity from days of yore,
 With strictest care each tyrant's reign explore:
 Ever ye'll find, when nations have rebell'd,
 Thro' fell Oppression they have been compell'd.
 When civil discord shakes the props of state,
 And wild distraction howls with deadly hate;
 When from the Royal head the crown is torn,
 And on the front of some usurper borne;
 When frightful horror glares in ev'ry street,
 And friends with friends in dreadful battle meet;
 When dead to ev'ry kindred social good,
 Brothers remorseless shed a brother's blood;
 Know then the cause! Oppression lawless reign'd,
 And ev'ry right with liberty was chain'd;
 Revenge at last a horrid war prepar'd,
 And high and low her deadly fury shar'd,
 Till righteous rage had pull'd the monster down,
 And made the subject happy as the Crown.

OPPRESSION no more suits the freeborn there,
 Than the destroying damps of midnight air;
 They're not a restive race of menial drones,
 That sit unmov'd, to hear affliction's groans,
 But sprung from fathers that despis'd the sway
 Of those fell tyrants that usurp'd their day,
 A British ardour glows in ev'ry breast,
 They, Briton-like, love liberty and rest:
 More loyal subjects to our gracious king
 England has not, nor MAJ(ES)TY can bring:

And yet, prophetic spirit bids me tell
A horrid tale! on any tongue to dwell;
A woe, by Heaven! I would not wish to see,
Were ev'ry evil doubly heap'd on me.

Ere five score years have run their tedious rounds,
If yet OPPRESSION breaks o'er human bounds,
As it has done, the last sad passing year,
Made the new world, in anger shed the tear;
Unmindful of their native once lov'd isle,
They'll bid All(e)g(ia)nce cease her peaceful smile,
While from their arms they tear Oppression's chain,
And make lost LIBERTY once more to reign.

Fools may suppose they never can engage,
Or stand the mark of B(RI)T(AI)N'S mighty rage;
That time don't add to numbers, but that all
At once would meet a universal fall,
If with R(e)b(e)ll(iou)s arm, they held the spear,
And dar'd to make their MOTHER C(OUN)TRY fear,
Be such their doom, I'd echo to their fate,
If without cause they urg'd BRITANNIA'S hate.
Tho' Heaven knows! I greatly love my king,
And oft his real worth with rapture sing;
Yet if my country'd groan'd OPPRESSION'S hand,
And rose in arms, to save their sinking land;
I could not wish them harm, but wish them gain,
And to their righteous cause, must say, Amen.

But let them live, as they would choose to be,
Loyal to KING, and as true BRITONS free;
They'll ne'er, by fell r(e)v(o)lt, oppose that C(rown),
Which first has rais'd them, tho' now pulls them down:

If but the rights of subjects they receive,
 'Tis all they ask, or all a CR(OW)N can give.

See ALB(E)M(AR)LE! what havock he has made,
 And how he lawless dar'd, t'oppress their trade,
 With rapine force, their merchants' traffick seiz'd,
 And tax'd their goods, with duty as he pleas'd;
 Nay! made them sell, for what he chose to give,
 As if no MERCHANT, but my L(OR)D should live.
 The pedlar K—N—N, he upheld the strife,
 And AGENT for my L(OR)D, e'en threaten'd life, (e)
 These combin'd bankrupts, to retrieve a loss,
 Resolv'd all int'rests but their own to cross.
 All arts that Hell, with the just agent schem'd,
 Or that our hero, in his hammock dream'd,
 Were try'd t'inrich, two tyrant kn(a)vish souls,
 Dead to all honour, reason, shame, and rules.
 To tell the tricks th' H(AVANNA)H'S GEN'RAL us'd,
 How much for wealth the SPANIARD he abus'd, (f)
 How K—N—N whisper'd, what the gift should be.
 That he might finger with my L(OR)D the fee;
 Would be to tell what's foreign to my song,
 They're crimes its true, but only Spaniards wrong.

(e) "Threaten'd life." Amidst the other oppressive and unheard of methods, contriv'd to make money at the H(AVANNA)H, this scare-crow was try'd; and by our Jamaica hero, MR. K—N—N first put in execution; for when CAPT. F—L, of NEW-YORK, represented to him the hardships impos'd on their trade, and begg'd that they might be alleviated; our courageous agent, (as he inform'd me,) made this laconick reply, "SIR, NOT A WORD,—NOT A WORD,—IF YOU SAY MUCH MY L(OR)D WILL HANG YOU UP IMMEDIATELY."—Language indeed, for a Turkish Sultan!—but not for a man, (that is now said,) intends as soon as convenient, to purchase a seat in P(A)R(LIA)M(E)NT.

(f) This alludes to the immense sum of money, some have call'd a gift, which my L(ORD) obtained from the Sp(a)n(iar)ds at the H(avanna)h, as a compliment, in consideration of the extraordinary lenity of his administration; an unheard of lenity!—extended only to the conquer'd subjects of another PRINCE; while those of his own were treated at the same time with the greatest oppressive severity.

The wrongs I'd mark are those impos'd on friends,
Meerly to gain th' intrepid l(ea)der's ends.

Hear sordid man! earth echoes loud your name,
But *fiction*, louder shall ascribe your fame;
Shall blaze the deeds your arm victorious wrought,
How brave you conquer'd, and how brave you fought.

Like matchless FREDERICK you fac'd the war,
And scorn'd to hear the battle from afar;
In foremost lines you bid destruction rage,
And seem'd yourself, the MARLB'ROUGH of the age;
All coward ease, you bid to cowards go,
And like another HECTOR, met your foe:
None e'er like you, the pond'rous sword did wield,
Or like you spread pale terror o'er the field.
The brave VALASCO saw you, loud he cry'd,
Ye gods, a hero! down he sunk and dy'd,
Unable to behold your warlike stride.
At you apostate angels were amaz'd,
Forgot their talk, and at your valour gaz'd.
MARS trembl'd, when you rear'd the fatal spear,
And JOVE himself, e'en shook with unknown fear.
The MO(R)R(O)'s walls before your thunder fell,
And all H(AVANNA)H deem'd your frown a Hell.
Rocks, hills and dales, with beasts, your courage sung,
And not an ass but bray'd you on his tongue.

But why thus trifling sing, why longer praise?
A P(EE)R unworthy of e'en *fiction*'s lays:
No more my L(OR)D shall *fiction* lead the van,
Shew but yourself an honest, upright man,
Pay back a wealth, injustice has detain'd,
Nor let your Title, by defraud be stain'd,
By soldier, sailor, merchant you're arraign'd.

No more my L(OR)D, in lazy riot live,
 But share a wealth which justice bids you give.
 The trader you oppress'd, by unheard ways,
 Will that give lustre to your future days?
 By lawless rapine you may swell your store,
 But will mankind a Catiline adore?
 How many widows did your campaign make?
 Will you each orphan to your bosom take?
 Were all those thousands, slaughter'd for your gain,
 And shall you reap the profit of the slain,
 Nor injur'd friends their injuries complain?

Shall then the small surviving valiant few
 Be robb'd by distribution of their due?
 Ye gods! shall armies die, t'inrich a k(nave)
 Nor K(ING) nor P(AR)L(IA)M(EN)T reward the brave?
 Were I a (KING)! I'd think it noble sport
 To kick such mongril tyrants from my (Court).
 No knavish soul, that's aggrandiz'd by wealth
 Obtain'd by force, or got by meanest stealth,
 Should tread the threshold of the R(oya)l dome,
 But like a robber, be exil'd from home;
 Or share, what best becomes a thievish wretch,
 A Tyburn salutation from a Ketch.†

Enough of such!—let other themes take place,
 Muse, speak the conduct of a distant race,
 What happen'd in the gloomy North proclaim,
 And sing how Scotland greatly loves the THANE.
 Tell how in flames you've seen a leathern WILKES, (h)

† Hangman.

(h) It is evident from our author, if the English have been fond of burning and beheading a Boor, the Scotch have not been behind them in using the effigy of the person of their greatest hate, with equal marks of contempt and resentment.

Before HE left us, for the land of silks;
 How oft for him EDENA'S† streets have rung,
 And WILKES and curses, burst from ev'ry tongue:
 How oft you've view'd the boys, with stones engage,
 And pelt his picture with their utmost rage;
 While gather'd round, their friends beheld the strife,
 And for their children wish'd the paper life,
 That like a PORTEUS (*i*) he might hang in state,
 Nor longer live, the mark of Scotland's hate.

To name great WILLIAM, Britons' noblest boast,
 And how he drubb'd guid CHARLEY with his host,
 Not half so galls our Caledonian friends
 As he who blames a B(U)T(E), or W(IL)K(E)S commends.
 B(U)T(E)'s all perfection, SCOTLAND'S only brave,
 ENGLISH are gluttons, and their W(IL)K(E)s a knave:
 Are the false themes each Scottish dunce repeats,
 Who drinks to CHARLEY, often as he eats.

Hear how two Loons their Chieftain's worth extol'd,
 And loud his praise in sick'ning raptures bawl'd,
 Sowens and Whiskey all their mirth awoke,
 And for their favour'd B(U)TE, thus SAWNEY spoke;
 "Deil take me DONALD, bat he's unco' guid,
 And foal'd (*k*) my friend frae best o'HIGHLAND bluid (*l*)

†Edinburgh's.

(*i*) "PORTEUS," An unfortunate captain of the Edinburgh town guard; who, in the year 1736, to restrain a mob, fir'd and kill'd some of them, for which he was condemn'd to be hang'd; and through fear a reprieve should be obtain'd for him, the prison in which he was confin'd, by a mob was broke open, and he immediately carried to the place of execution, and hung; and left hanging, as I have been informed, for above twelve hours after his death.

(*k*) As our author has given a specimen of the Scotch dialect, a translation of a few of the most material words might not be amiss, *e. g.* Foal'd—Born.

(*l*) Bluid—Blood.

Frae NORTH to SOUTH there's nane in a' the land,
 Before this doughty L(OR)D for bluid can stand,
 He was na' foal'd, as a' the ENGLISH crew,
 Kings sprang frae him, as bears (m) frae me an' you.
 Saul man! I'd spang, with muckle glee I'd sing,
 If but bra' CHARLEY was the BRITISH king."

"Haud, Chiel! (says DONALD) troth! ye are nae blate (n)
 Wat (o) ye no' weel? wha's M(INI)ST(E)R o' ST(A)TE;
 Is it no' B(U)T(E)? tho' G(REN)V(IL)LE has the name,
 G(REN)V(IL)LE, a creature o' nae muckle fame;
 B(U)T(E) gives us places, pensions at the C(OUR)T,
 An' scorns the English, for his ane dear sport;
 A hantle siller (p) has our Laddies made,
 Oh! this C(OUR)T traffick is a blessed trade!
 Was the GUID PRINCE to govern BRITAIN'S T(hrone),
 He could nae mair (q) do, than L(ORD) B(U)T(E) has done;
 Ye ken fu' weel, a ST(UAR)T can no reign,
 Ah dreadfu' thought! it gies me unco pain;
 Bat ST(UAR)TS can be M(I)N(I)ST(E)RS o' state,
 Tho' England loath them wi' the muck' lest hate;
 Thus our guid L(OR)D, God bless his noble soul,
 Makes goud in goupins (r) to us Scotchmen roal;

(m) Bears (more usually, Bairns)—Children.

(n) Blate—Clever or genteel.

(o) Wat—Know.

(p) Hantle siller—Much, or a great deal of money.

(q) Mair—More.

(r) Goud in goupins—Gold in handfulls.

Lat you an' I, friend SAWNEY, gang to town,
 An' speer (*s*) o' the bra' L(OR)D, some feckless (*t*) boon,
 Enough o' places he has gien our lads,
 Perhaps for me an' you, some post he hades."
 "Wi' a' my saul, (cries SAWNEY,) lat us gang,
 Lat's buss our bears, an' down to LONDON spang."

These NORTHERN BRITONS greatly I commend,
 To wealth as others, all their actions tend:
 They would be basely mean, they'd act the brute,
 Not to ascribe all virtues to their B(U)TE;
 When from his partial hand they share all good,
 Because ally'd by Caledonian blood.

Sure none can blame them! to accept a place,
 When solely proffer'd to their kindred race.
 They're poor, they're proud, but ENGLAND knows they're
BRAVE,
 Witness each war, and how they've fed the grave.
 In friendship they're sincere, in honour just,
 They love a nation, and they love a trust:
 But to one center, like the Jews they move,
 Their greatest crime, is a too partial love:
 It is an inbred passion, SCOTLAND feeds,
 From a too narrow mind the fault proceeds.
 Thus they love B(U)T(E), and B(U)T(E) he loves a Scot,
 Hence ev'ry profit is their nation's lot.

(*s*) Speer—Ask.

(*t*) Feckless—Trifling, or small.

B(UTE) is the man we only should detest, (u)
As UNION's foe, as ENGLAND'S greatest pest;
Before his horrid, dark, and gloomy reign,
The souls of SCOTCH and ENGLISH were the same,
One general love presided through the land,
All like good brothers, gave to all their hand;
No party words nor scornful taunts were us'd,
None for his COUNTRY, or his TONGUE abus'd;
But now! oh strange! how alter'd, how unjust!
A nation, for the crime of one is curs'd.

Blame B(UTE), ye Britons, don't despise that land,
Because they take what's offer'd to their hand:
On him alone, if curses you must pour,
Let loose your vengeance, and exhaust its store;
Bid injur'd peace its outmost fury shed,
And fall as pond'rous ruin on his head;
Bid haggard conscience treat him as her foe,
And like the rolling stone (w), give constant woe;
Bid justice mark him, as it marks a knave,
And deep repentance bow him to the grave;
Till then, and only then, will England rest,
So deep the rancour in each English breast.

(u) Differing from the most of my countrymen, in point of politicks, I can't help joining with the author, that we should trace party differences to their first source, nor attribute the political compositions of a W(ilke)s as the only cause. W(ilke)s could never have found fault, (as he has done) had there not been too just reason for it, both from mal-administrat(i)o)n, and partial bestowment of favours; by which only, has that friendly UNION subsisting between two N(A)TIONS been greatly marr'd.

(w) This has an allusion, (according to the Grecian mythology) to the punishment of Sisiphus in Hell.—Who is said by some to have been a Trojan secretary, and thus punished for certain crimes of state.

For me, I cou'd not wish him a worse fate:
 Than galling conscience, and his master's hate:
 The R(OYA)L ear he greatly has abus'd,
 For selfish ends the R(OYA)L name has us'd;
 Thus has estrang'd his subjects from their (King),
 That few alas! too few, his praises sing:
 Where are the shouts that wont to rend the sky,
 And where the joy that gleam'd from ev'ry eye,
 At sight of him; what acclamations rung,
 Long live our (King), was echo'd from each tongue;
 But now, unheeded may he pass along,
 And scarce a wish is whisper'd by the throng.

Whence comes this coolness in each English breast?
 The English are despis'd, the Scotch caress'd;
 Their country feels a tax-destroying waste,
 While Scotchmen have each profit and each post,
 At HOME, ABROARD, C(OURT), ARMY, and the FLEET,
 You Mc on Mc in endless numbers meet;
 While England's sons, as true and brave as they,
 Are scarce in office, pension, post, or pay.
 Hence all this coolness, hence the daring hiss,
 And all th' affronts, a (King) must take amiss.

Th' unhappy man! I pity from my heart,
 That can't distinguish foes from friends apart,
 That's close encompass'd by a flatt'ring crew
 Of base dissesemblers, of the blackest hue;
 Who prate of virtues which none ever had,
 And call that pleasing, which the world calls sad:
 Fellows! that round in cringing order wait,
 Meer servile dupes, to pageantry and state,
 "Whose greatest merit lies in doing ill,
 In constant changing, and in erring still."

Such round our K(ing), like Stygean demons stand,
 A flatt'ring, crafty, fawning, trait'rous band;
 Who bar all access to the R(oyal) ear,
 Nor whisper what a gracious K(ing) should hear;
 Creatures! that follow fairy-fancy'd dreams,
 And turn the wheels of state with idle schemes;
 Meer abject blockheads, in the scale of worth,
 Yet bent on novelty, incompass earth
 And ruin countries, for a mouse's birth. (x)

Such mighty nothings, from my soul I hate,
 And do despise them, as the banes of state:
 Nor would I change my happy sphere of life
 For all the folly of a c(ou)rty strife:
 My country's cause has solely urg'd my song,
 And made me mingle with the scribbling throng:
 Else I'd ne'er ventur'd "on a sea of rhyme,"
 The critic's lash, and "perils of the time."

I envy none the favour of the C(ourt),
 While B(UTE) makes G(RENVIL) LE truckle for his sport:
 Pull but the lawrel from that tyrant's brow,
 Send him to SCOTLAND, G(RENVIL) LE to his plow:
 Make S(AN)D(WIC)H, M(ANSFIE)LD, each resign their post,
 And roaring N(OR)T(O)N, scamper with the rest;
 Then will I cease; then high Heaven adore,
 That falsehood, pride, oppression, are no more.

(x) This line seems to have a reference, to the impolitical and tyrannous proceedings of the M(INIS)T(R)Y; and the trifles the N(A)T(ION) must receive from the C(O)L(O)N(IE)s, amidst all the arbitrary, ruinous, and oppressive methods they are taking; in regard to the S7(A)MP DUTIES, T(A)XES, &c. &c.

F I N I S.

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VOL. 18



NO. 4

THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 72



COMPRISING

REMARKS ON THE HOME SQUADRON AND NAVAL SCHOOL (1840)

Thomas Gom

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOUTHERN DELEGATE AND HIS
SPOUSE (1774)

Anon

WILLIAM ABBATT

TARRYTOWN

1921

NEW YORK

R E M A R K S
ON
THE HOME SQUADRON
AND
NAVAL SCHOOL.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF NEW-YORK,

FORMERLY CONNECTED WITH THE CITY PRESS.

(*Thomas Goin*)

Flag of the Seas! on Ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When Death, careening on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail;
And frightened waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
The dying wand'rer of the sea
Shall look at once to Heav'n and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Drake's "American Flag."

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

If our Extract No. 71 was an eloquent plea for the maintenance of our Navy, this one is no less so on the kindred subject of training boys to become sailors.

Its author, Thomas Goin, born only the year after Mr. Bronson published his treatise, may well have read it in his youth, for we find that his interest in the subject dated from his twentieth year and ceased only with his death. He, like so many other pioneers in good causes, did not live to see his plans fully successful. Born in Brooklyn in 1803, he spent his life as a merchant and "shipping master," thereby gaining a practical knowledge of the need for nautical training, to which he devoted time, labor and money, dying finally from overwork in connection with securing crews for our ships for service in the Mexican War.

His pamphlet appeared in two editions (both now very scarce), 1840 and 1845. We make our reprint from the first; the second contains many more letters of commendation than we could print, from sea captains and shipping merchants, and the only reason why his plan did not become a permanent success seems to have been the misapprehension on the part of the boys that they would be eligible for appointment as midshipmen on our men-of-war. When they found that the merchant marine was their only future, dissatisfaction caused the enlistments to fall off and the dying out of the system which for 1839-40-41 had proved completely successful. Doubtless, had Mr. Goin lived, he would have been able to carry it through to

permanent success. He had been granted an appointment in the Navy (as appears from Hamersly's *Register of the Army and Navy*) as "Master" in 1839.

To his granddaughter, Mrs. L. H. Fisher, of Brooklyn, we are indebted for copies of the following newspaper notices:

From the *New York Herald*, Tuesday morning, March 16, 1847.

THE FATHER OF THE NAVAL SCHOOL

Thomas Goin is with the dead! Who did not know him? For thirty years his energy and honesty of character made him one of the first of the "shipping masters" of the United States. Shipping, as he did, thousands of sailors every year, he became intimately acquainted with the requirements of commerce and of the Navy in all relating to the efficient manning of our ships. His sagacity foresaw the scarcity of men which now exists—when our ships of war can scarcely enlist one man per day and the Mexican war is consequently protracted—and when our Merchantmen laden with food for the starving millions of Ireland and Scotland are delayed from day to day from a want of seamen—and his philanthropy and patriotism induced him to undertake, from his own private resources, the expense of inducing Congress to establish a Naval School. By an outlay of upwards of \$10,000, and after many years of incessant labor, his efforts were crowned with a limited success. Thousands of sailors, now afloat, owe to Mr. Goin a debt of gratitude for the first rudiments of a nautical education. He was emphatically the friend of the poor man's son, and whilst he never quarrelled with the good fortune of those who obtained commissions in our Navy from adventitious birth, he strenuously advocated the claims of the children of poverty who possessed talent and worth.

Mr. Goin's plan would have been of incalculable advantage had he lived to carry out its details with the assistance of a liberal Congress—but his good deeds live after him. Several large cities have awarded him public thanks and we trust that the ingratitude with which some have treated his labors will not deter others from attempting to complete what he so well began.

His sudden death was superinduced by his extraordinary exertions, night and day, in the arduous labor of manning the ships of war hastily prepared for the Gulf Squadron. He died blessing his country and is mourned by friends

innumerable. His brethren of the Masonic and Odd Fellows' institutions followed his remains, with many mourners, to Greenwood Cemetery, where, after a life of usefulness, he sleeps in peace. All the shipping in port, American and foreign, wore their colors at half-mast throughout the day as a mark of respect.

Death notice which appeared in *New York Commercial Advertiser*, Monday afternoon, March 15, 1847:

On Sunday morning, after a short illness, Thomas Goin, Acting Master, U. S. Navy. Funeral from the house of his sister, 187 Bridge St., Brooklyn, this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Death notice which appeared in *New York Herald*, Monday morning, March 15, 1847:

On Sunday morning, after a short illness, Thomas Goin, Acting Master, U. S. Navy. The friends of the family, the brethren of Mariners' Lodge, No. 67, of the Masonic Order, and the Masonic brethren generally, and the members of Knickerbocker Lodge, I. O. of O. F., and also those of his partners, A. P. Pentz and Wm. Poole, are respectfully requested to attend his funeral, from the house of his sister, No. 187 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, this (Monday) afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The poem which we add is extremely rare and has never before been reprinted. It is supposed to have been written by Thomas Jefferson—though on what grounds I fail to see, for in Stevens & Stiles' "Century of American Printing" (1916) I find: "Evidently issued by the Tory party in New York and secretly printed (probably by James Rivington) for fear of the Sons of Liberty." The only sale I find recorded was for \$32.50.

The wife virulently reproaches her husband for attending the Congress of 1774 and prophesies his ruin therefor.

THE AMERICAN CORVETTE

THE APPRENTICE BOYS' SONG.

THE canvas is spread, and the anchor's a-trip,
And o'er the blue ocean we go,
And gallantly mann'd is our trim little ship,
And ready to meet any foe.
The Star Spangl'd banner we give to the breeze—
We swear it shall never be furl'd
In shame or dishonor, but over the seas
In triumph it floats through the world.

You ask why we say so? Then look at our boys,
Each one that free standard born under;
It tells them of kindred, of home and its joys,
And our foes we answer in thunder.
Our Bainbridges, Jones', Decaturs, are there,
Hereafter to stand in the grip,
And, like our own Perry, all proudly declare
That they never will give up the ship.

Aye! there is the Navy to which you may trust
The eagle, the stripes and the stars,
With a faith all unshaken that conquer they must,
For they all are American Tars.
The cannons' loud mouthings shall be our reply
To those who our standard contemn;
Our ship she shall sink, and our crew they shall die,
Ere our flag shall be lower'd to them.

Should our halyards be cut, to the tow'ring mast
Our unconquer'd eagle shall fly
In the face of the foe, and, then nailing it fast,
Shall stay till we conquer or die.
Should our topmast be struck, our spar shot away,
It shall wave at our highest mast-head—
The standard of glory, if ours be the day,
Or the winding sheet of the dead.

THE APPRENTICE BOYS' SONG

Our scuppers run blood, but we prove that the spirit
 Of Seventy-Six is alive;
 Our fathers are dead, but their deeds we inherit—
 Like them we shall valiantly strive
 To keep what they left us untainted by shame,
 To prove that the sons of such sires
 Like them will rank high on the records of fame,
 For their spirit our bosom inspires.

The home that we love, it shall never be trod
 By the tyrant, or press'd by the slave,
 But true to our country, ourselves and to God,
 We guard the free soil of the brave.
 The father, the mother, the sisters we love,
 The home of our childhood is there—
 The altar we knelt at when looking above,
 Our infant lips murmur'd in pray'r.

Her proud cataracts thund'ring over the steep,
 Her magnificent rivers and bays,
 Will speak to our bosoms when far on the deep
 We raise the loud song in her praise:
 How her sons are all brave, her daughters all fair,
 Her land as an Eden in bloom—
 How beauty and goodness commingl'd are there,
 While freedom doth illume.

The fields where we wander'd, the haunts of our childhood,
 All, all round our bosoms entwine,
 Till we love ev'ry hill, ev'ry vale, ev'ry wild wood,
 Ev'ry thing that, Columbia! is thine.
 Then up with the eagle, the stripes and the stars,
 Let our banner float proud to the breeze,
 And hurrah for our boys, our own native Tars,
 The free-hearted sons of the seas.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Among the most remarkable enterprizes of the times in which we live, we class the establishment of the "Home Squadron and Naval School." When we look at the good it has already done, and carry our views forward and anticipate the beneficial results which, by an intelligent carrying out of the plans of the originator and founder, may be made to flow from it, and realize that it has been produced by the patriotic zeal, untiring industry, and at the great personal expense of one individual, and he comparatively in an humble situation in life, possessed of no adventitious advantages whatever, but one who has been the architect of his own fortune and success in life—one who, left early to struggle with the world and buffet with adversity, rose step by step to moderate competency, and yet never hesitated to employ the hard earnings of long years of untiring and unremitting industry, to carry out a national and patriotic object; and when we bear in mind that he had to labor for years against the opposition of some, the lukewarmness of others, and the ridicule of the incredulous in his success, who laughed at the idea of his being able to accomplish his object; and that, undaunted by all, he continued steadily year after year, to bring his plans before the Executive of the United States, and to have them presented to Congress, and at last succeeded in obtaining that for which he had for years been striving,—the passage of an act of Congress establishing the Home Squadron and Naval School upon a permanent and efficient basis,—we feel ourselves justified in ranking THOMAS GOIN of New-York among the most remarkable men of the present day. In his native city none possess more thoroughly the confidence and good opinion of his fellow citizens, as a Notary and Ship Broker, which he has followed for about twenty years, or as an unassuming individual. Of sailors, none

possess a more extensive knowledge; and he enjoys to an unlimited extent the affectionate dependence of a class of men proverbially versatile, and prone to take captious exceptions; and yet all regard Thomas Goin as the sailors' friend, and one who will honestly and faithfully protect their rights, and render equal justice to the merchant and the man before the mast. To him are our merchants and ship-owners indebted for temperance boarding-houses, and eventually for temperance ships, where no liquor is, by mutual agreement, permitted to be used; and if he had effected no more, he would have conferred a great and enduring benefit on society, but the formation of the Home Squadron and Naval School proves that he is a man capable of enlarged and liberal views, and of combining great national objects with plans of enlightened and comprehensive benevolence.

At the breaking out of the war* with our great commercial rival and naval opponent, Mr. Goin was very young, and although he rejoiced in our successes on the ocean, his national pride was wounded by the reproach so justly put forth by Great Britain, that if she had been beaten in single contests, it was not by the superiority of American skill or valor, but by the employment of British deserters and renegados, contending, with the halter round their necks, for an escape from punishment, and fighting under such circumstances with desperation. Knowing as he did, that no sailor can surpass the native born American sailor in activity of body, or muscular strength, or in that determined valor which springs from moral courage, and believing that the protection of the *stripes and stars* would be most safely committed to those who were born under its folds, whose first breath had been drawn in a land of liberty, and whose love of freedom was as it were a portion of their existence, he determined as far as lay in his power to wipe off the national reproach,

* Of 1812.

and, if possible, to digest some plan by which an abundant supply of native-born American seamen could be procured to man our Naval Marine.

The policy of the United States had never been turned to a nursery for seamen. While our commerce penetrated every ocean, and our canvas whitened every sea, nothing was done to create seamen: a class of men extremely slow to form, liable to more casualties than any other, sinking sooner under hardships and privations, and falling victims to pestilence and disease in foreign ports.

It was supposed that high wages would allure a sufficient number of foreign seamen to desert their country and their flag, to sail from the United States, and that certificates of citizenship would give them a national identity, and the flag of the United States would protect them from impressment. A war with Great Britain followed; and although the honour of our flag was gloriously and triumphantly vindicated and the right of search abandoned, yet our pride is alloyed by a feeling of reproach of which we cannot divest the question. "Our country always right—but our country, right or wrong"—should be the maxim of every American citizen, when an appeal to arms becomes inevitable; but to preserve our country always right, and to guard against reproach should, in a time of peace, be the conduct of every patriotic American. Our short-sighted policy, which answered a temporary purpose, has now, however, become inefficient. After drawing from Great Britain, France and every other maritime power, every sailor we could allure, we find that from our increasing foreign commerce, and our extending coasting trade, we can hardly procure men for our merchant service; and when they are wanted for our naval marine, we find, to make a crew for a man-of-war, we have to ship from ten to twelve foreign to one American sailor. We refer, in cor-

roboration of this fact, to the Report of Mr. Reade, as Chairman of the Naval Committee in Congress, where the startling fact is disclosed, that out of 109,000 seamen sailing from the United States, about 9000 were American, or about one in twelve! Here then we have our stock of seamen, say 9000, for the whole commercial and naval marine of the United States, our coasting trade, and the fisheries—the steamboats which are multiplying upon our waters, and the various and diversified descriptions of craft for which seamen are indispensable.

Natural causes are also operating against the formation of American seamen. Our large and uncultivated national domain, the low price at which land can be purchased, the high rates of wages, and the comparative ease with which life can be supported on shore, offer to the industrious and enterprising a certainty of success without exposing themselves to the uncertainties and hardships of a sea-faring life; and without some extraordinary means to procure a supply of seamen, the conclusion is irresistible, that either our commercial or naval marine must be suspended. As it is, in various parts of the Union seamen are so scarce that enormous wages have to be paid, and even in New-York, the Commercial Emporium of the United States, where seamen most do congregate, our packet-ships are frequently detained from want of men.

The only remedy lies in a naval school as a nursery for seamen; and in proportion as it is intelligently and energetically carried out, will our national wants be supplied. There are already something like two thousand boys in our naval schools, and the reports of the various commanders of our national vessels who have them in charge are most encouraging. The Secretary of the Navy has evinced a deep and patriotic interest in the success of the plan, and to his intelligence and grasp of mind in carrying out the details so far as he has been authorized by law,

is the nation indebted for the present promising state of the naval school. A great deal has been done; but that which has been accomplished has only shown the extent to which the plan is susceptible of being carried, and the great advantage which would accrue to the service by having competent persons to visit the various naval *dépôts*, and to see that in each of the States the quota of boys was contributed, which could not only be done without injury, but oftentimes with advantage. In the State of New-York for instance, five thousand boys could be spared for the naval service; and by drawing from all the States in proportion to their population, in a few years we would have an infusion of something like fifty thousand native American seamen, and in process of time the proportion of foreign seamen would be so small as to be unimportant to our national pride or policy. But as the matter at present stands, should we find ourselves again involved in a war with Great Britain, and under the necessity of sending our ships-of-war to sea with eleven hundred foreigners to one hundred Americans, those eleven hundred principally Englishmen or British subjects, we confess, for various reasons, some of which it may not be proper to detail here, we would not, if we were a naval officer, be very desirous of a command.

We will put a case, the reverse of which will apply to our own position. Suppose it to be possible that 1100 American seamen could be shipped on board of a ship of war, belonging to a nation with which we are at war, with only 100 of their own seamen, would the commander dare to engage an American vessel? Would he venture to appear off one of our seaport towns or to bring them where the stripes and stars floated proudly in the breeze, bringing vividly before them all the associations of home and country reminding them of kindred and friends and appealing to all the better feelings of their nature against the par-

ricidal act? And if a Briton would not dare to trust an American sailor under such circumstances, can we dare to trust a British? Captain Marryat, it is true, says that the British sailors are the greatest vagabonds upon earth, and that they will fight for the side which pays them best; and if this be true, (and few had better opportunities of judging,) we must bear in mind that we get the worst and most unprincipled portion of the British seamen, and that the man who can turn traitor to his own country can never be true to any other, and, if a higher temptation were offered, would turn a double traitor, and buy peace, and perhaps competency, by an act of atrocity.

The frequent desertions from the Navy—the spirit of insubordination and revolt, wherever and whenever manifested, are in nineteen cases out of twenty, originated by *foreign* seamen, shipped from the necessity of the case—a necessity stern and imperious, and its only justification—for the support of the national flag, and with it the national honor, should only be entrusted to those who were born under its folds, or at least two-thirds or three-fourths of our seamen should be American.

By the allurements which our commerce has offered to foreign seamen, we have drained England, France, Holland, and all Europe, of every man that could be had, and still we have not enough. Great Britain, awakening to her want of seamen, is adopting our plan of school ships, which will generally be followed by the maritime powers of the Old World, but to this country remains the honor of first introducing the plan, and for that honor she is indebted to Thomas Goin.

All hardy plants are of slow growth, and it is so emphatically of seamen. Bounties do not make sailors. Nothing but active service will produce the thorough-bred Tar. They require as much education, but of a different description, as the merchant, the lawyer or the physician.

Jack must go through College, as well as his betters, and must enter the junior class, and go through all the different grades, before he can be pronounced the thoroughbred and accomplished seaman, and no class of men have a quicker perception of the awkward or the ridiculous on any thing applying to nautical matters. Hence their expressive term of "land-lubber" to any one who exhibits any want of acquaintance with sea-faring matters, and the disdain with which they generally look upon marines.

In military affairs we find the necessity for a thorough education, and hence we wisely support West Point—but in every point of view our Naval School is infinitely more important, and is free from all those popular objections which apply to military establishments. A standing army is generally supposed to be unfavorable to liberty. An extensive marine, on the contrary, is regarded with some as evidence of freedom, and of a high state of commercial prosperity, as necessary for the protection of our coast in time of war; and from the war of Independence down to the present time, the Navy has always ranked high in the affections of the American people, who regard with favor anything tending to add to its strength and respectability—who rejoice in its glory, and would mourn bitterly over its decay, for they look to it as the main arm of national defence—as the source of national glory—as the protection of the national commerce—and as never dangerous to national independence.

In any point of view in which we regard it, the Naval School commends itself to popular favor, to philanthropy, to national glory, and to sound policy. Here we may honorably and advantageously offer bounties and inducements, and train up an abundant supply for the future, and every year we can be infusing a portion of native seamen into the service, and gradually overcoming the present appalling disparity.

But to effect this requires energy and some expenditure of money; an expenditure, however, well applied to the attainment of an object of so much importance to our national honor and independence, so essential to the preservation of our commercial and naval marine. If our commerce is diminished, we must resort to high duties or direct taxation, and our onward march is impeded—if our navy is inefficient, we are defenceless—and it is a fact which can no longer be disguised, that while the demand for seamen is annually increasing with the extending commerce of the United States, the sources of supply for the Navy are annually diminishing.

After the above remarks, and the opinions of the Press which we subjoin, and to which we refer for the purpose of elucidating many points on which we have not touched, we feel justified in saying a few words with respect to Mr. Goin. To him belongs the honor of having originated, and so far, successfully carried through, the Home Squadron and Naval School, and he has strong claims on the Nation's gratitude. To this object he has devoted a great deal of time, and impoverished his private fortune. The letters from members of Congress which are subjoined, will prove his determined zeal and patriotism. For the model of the proposed school-ship he refused \$2,700, offered him by a British agent, as he was determined to present it to his country, without any regard whatever to the intrinsic value of the offering; and on the altar of public good he was satisfied to lay down his time and his money as a free-will offering. But will his country allow him to do so without any remuneration? We do not believe it,—but that it will bind him, if possible, more firmly to her service, by some enduring mark of appreciation.

The necessity for a rigid visitation and superintendence is as apparent in the Naval School as in the Military Academy of West Point, and it should be committed to those who feel a deep

interest in its success. The management and mode of instruction in the different ships and navy yards where apprentices are taken should be as uniform as possible; the discipline as parental as is consistent with good order. Nothing in the way of punishment should be resorted to in the slightest degree degrading to the individual,—and expulsion should be considered, when the subject is evidently reprehensible, as the extremity of disgrace. Every thing, on the contrary, to encourage a high spirit of independence, to stimulate that chivalry which will stop at nothing when his country's call requires him to face danger and death in its most appalling forms, should be inculcated, for where the spirit is broken by corporal punishment, or by degrading menial offices, the moral influence of the School-Ship is lost, and high-spirited boys will become reluctant to enter. The plan of promotion from the Naval School is admirable, and our subordinate officers should be taken entirely from it, and placed in the line of promotion, and private influence in obtaining midshipmen's warrants should be discountenanced. Every thing should be brought to bear upon the Naval School; and where we have an abundant supply of the raw material at home, it is surely impolitic and unwise in us to look for a supply from foreign and inferior sources.

WASHINGTON, 1st Sept. 1835.

Dear Sir—Capt. A. D. Crosby lately delivered to me in your name a miniature School-Ship which had been built under your superintendence, for which I return you my sincere thanks. This elegant model of a ship-of-war I have placed in a conspicuous place in my office, where it has been greatly admired by all gentlemen skilled in ship building who have seen it.

I am, with great respect and esteem,

Your obedient humble servant,

Thos. Goin, Esq.

M. DICKERSON.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, 31st Dec. 1835.

Sir—In answer to your letter of the 11th inst. I have to observe, that I do not perceive that the President in his Message has noticed the subject of a “School Ship for the education of young men for the merchant service,” &c.

If our force afloat shall be increased as proposed, our young officers will learn seamanship by actual service.

The plan of a School-Ship should be examined by the Navy Board before it would be advisable to adopt it as a measure of this Department. If the subject is brought before Congress, any information respecting it in this Department will be cheerfully furnished, if required. I am, with great respect,

Your obedient humble servant,

Thos. Goin, Esq.

M. DICKERSON.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Jan. 21, 1837.

Dear Sir—With great pleasure my attention shall be given to the petition forwarded by you.

With respect I remain

Your obedient servant,

Thos. Goin, Esq.

JOHN M'KEON.

NEW-YORK, 31st July, 1839.

Dear Sir—Agreeable to your request, I take pleasure in stating that the first communication I had on the subject of a Naval school, or Naval Apprentices’ School, connected with a Home Squadron for discipline, was received from you, and my impression is that the plan originated with you.

Very respectfully yours,

Thos. Goin, Esq.

C. C. CAMBRELENG.

NEW-YORK, Aug. 6, 1839.

Dear Sir—The first knowledge I had of any proposition for a School Ship, was from a conversation held with you a short time previous to my departure from this city for Washington in the year 1836. In the month of January, 1837, I presented to the House of Representatives a petition from merchants of this city, praying for the establishment of a School Ship at this port. This document was received by me from you; and to you I believe the whole credit of the project is justly due.

With respect I remain

Your obedient servant,
JOHN M'KEON.

NEW-YORK, Aug. 19, 1839.

Dear Sir—In the winter of 1837, at your request, I called up the memorial relative to the "Home Squadron and Naval School" in the Committee of Naval Affairs, and, if I recollect aright, they made a favorable report on the subject. You were the first individual that ever named the subject to me, and it affords me pleasure to bear testimony to your active exertions in behalf of the project above referred to.

Thos. Goin, Esq.

Yours very respectfully,
ELY MOORE.

WHY should we look to foreign hands
 In preference to the native born?
 Why seek to rob all other lands,
 And hear from them the laugh of scorn?
 " 'Tis true ye have beat us on the wave,
 But then how basely mann'd your deck—
 By renegados and by slaves,
 Fighting with halters round their neck."
 And this while native hearts beat high,
 In Freedom's cause to do or die!

Thousands and tens of thousands yearn
 To man our noble ships-of-war—
 Young lads whom we can take and learn,
 Proudly to bear our flag afar.
 Who will, like LAWRENCE, meet the grip,
 And dying, cast their eyes above;
 Who never will give up the ship,
 Or strike the standard that they love;
 But man to man, and gun to gun,
 Will ne'er in valor be outdone.

Then shall we triumph o'er the wave;
 Then shall our *deeds* be all our own;
 Then may we glory in the brave,
 And Freedom mourn each perish'd son;
 Then shall the Stars and Stripes wave free
 In ev'ry clime, in every sky.
 When those who combat on the sea
 Strike home for home and liberty—
 The free-born children of that soil
 Which knows no master but its God.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS, &c.

[From the *New York Mercantile Advertiser*, February, 1837.]

THOMAS GOIN—MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS, ON THE SUBJECT OF SCHOOL-SHIPS.

Everybody knows Thomas Goin—but few know the extent of his exertions and sacrifices; and that to him we are indebted for the plan of school ships, which he has for years been advocating, and we now think with every prospect of success, since New York, Philadelphia and Boston have taken it in hand; and we expect to find a recommendation, from the proper department, transmitted to Congress at the present session.

Into his business Mr. Goin carries an active and enlightened benevolence. To him are our merchants and our sailors indebted for temperance boarding houses, and eventually for temperance ships, in which no liquor is, by mutual consent, permitted to be used. Some eight or ten years since, Mr. Goin took about one hundred and fifty boys and young men, from ten to twenty years of age, out of the House of Refuge in this city, and sent them to Nantucket and other eastern ports, where they were shipped on whaling voyages. Of these one hundred and fifty boys, it has been satisfactorily ascertained that forty are captains or first officers of different vessels; and one in particular has been mentioned to us as commander of a fine Nantucket ship, just returned with a full cargo; ten of whose crew were Mr. Goin's *protégés*. This is indeed a rich reward for philanthropic exertion, a return which few men are permitted to enjoy—for unfortunately, good intentions and benevolent views too often end in disappointment. Of a mind naturally active, Mr. Goin next conceived the plan of a school-ship, as a nursery for young seamen, and at his own expense had a memorial prepared, to which he obtained a great many signatures of the first

respectability, principally from persons connected with our Insurance offices and ship owners, and had the same presented to Congress, which has been introduced into one house, but has never received that attention to which it is so prominently entitled. A model of the proposed school-ship was presented by him to the Secretary of the Navy, being the model of the *Eckford* corvette, which was bestowed on him by our lamented fellow citizen,* previous to his ill-fated voyage to the East.

In this school-ship Mr. Goin proposes to take five hundred boys and young men, from thirteen up to twenty-two years of age, to be instructed in naval tactics, and brought up in all the strictness of naval discipline. The completion of his plan embraces three ships of this description, carrying 500 boys each, cruising continually along our coast, and coming monthly into port to receive a supply of boys, in lieu of those they have parted with, or lent to vessels on the coast in want of hands.

These three corvettes, with five hundred hardy boys and young men in each, under the instruction of able officers and experienced pilots, would be the best supply vessels we could have on our coast in stormy weather; and the advantage will be at once perceived by our insurance offices and ship owners. There are other points of view, in which it presents an extremely interesting aspect. In the first place, it will have a tendency to clear our cities of wild and idle boys, to whom the charm of the school-ship, and of a thorough seaman's education, will be irresistible. We understand that fifteen hundred smart, active, intelligent boys and young men could be easily procured; and that several hundred have already made application, and would go to sea in our merchant ships, if they would be taken; but our ship-owners naturally prefer thorough-bred foreigners to green, uneducated Americans, and even the ships in our navy are principally man-

*Henry Eckford, the great ship-builder. He died at Constantinople in 1832.

ned by foreigners. Of two ships fitted out at this port, requiring something like eighteen hundred men, not over two hundred were Americans, and those were procured with great difficulty. The reason of this is obvious—while we have had a military school, in which every facility has been given to acquire a thorough knowledge of military tactics, the naval service has been entirely neglected; and if the state of our navy could be ascertained, the result would be astounding and mortifying.

We shall find ourselves entirely dependent on foreign mercenary aid for the defence of our coast, and that too, at a time when thousands of free-born Americans would have been at the post of honor and of danger, if the niggard policy of their Government had not prevented. Thousands now in want and destitution, would spring forward, with warm hearts and able hands, to man our school-ships, until in the course of a few years our Navy would be entirely manned by native Americans. And whether we regard it in a point of morals, as having a tendency to the prevention of crime—for far better is a school-ship than a House of Refuge as by subjecting them for a season to salutary restraint, we make them active and valuable seamen, prepared to carry their country's standard triumphantly through the hottest battle—or as a source of supply, in which we enlist the ardent, the ambitious, and the enterprising from every part and section of the Union, it commends itself in every way to our benevolence, patriotism, and policy; and there would be that general blending of all classes, which would give a high tone to our naval character, and enable us, in case of war, to cope successfully with the greatest maritime nations upon earth. But on all hands it is admitted that our Navy is defective, and requires to be increased and re-organized. New ships may easily be added, but where are the sailors to come from? We cannot obtain them to man what we have already afloat, and the only cure for the evil is in a naval school.

We understand with much pleasure, that, no way discouraged by the delay he has experienced in carrying out his object—nor the time he has lost in three or four journeys to Washington—nor the expense he has already incurred, amounting to something like \$5000, Mr. Goin will endeavor to have his memorial brought forward and acted upon at the present session of Congress; and as it is one with which politics has nothing to do, we hope a bill will pass by acclamation. The expense of a school-ship with five hundred boys, who receive no wages, nothing but their clothing and provisions, we understand, will not exceed that of a revenue cutter. But be this as it may, the expense can be no objection, if the object can be accomplished. We believe the plan contemplates three corvettes of twenty-eight guns each; but of this we cannot speak decidedly, not having seen the memorial, nor can we give all the details. The term of service embraces, we think, three years. An occasional voyage to Europe is contemplated by the ships in rotation at the mild season of the year; but the principal employment is on our own coast. Boys or young men may be drafted for merchant vessels bound on long voyages, before their term of service expires, if they shall be willing, in which case bond is to be given to return them to the school-ship from which they were taken, and the wages allowed are to go, one-half to the boys and the other half to the ship. In the same way boys may be drafted for our men-of-war, if they shall be satisfied to enter, in which case we presume the control of the school-ship over them ceases. There is one thing which we hope has not been lost sight of—the necessity of education, and of moral and religious instruction, for which provision ought to be made, and that the school-ship shall be in fact a miniature of our Navy, in which temperance, discipline, moral conduct and devoted love of country, shall stand pre-eminent; and when our Navy shall be entirely manned by Americans, then will those lines of Drake's be beautifully appropriate:

Flag of the seas ! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Still look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

APPRENTICE BOYS FOR THE NAVY.

[*Extract from the Act of Congress providing for the enlistment of Boys for the Naval Service of the United States, approved March 2d, 1837.]*

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That it shall be lawful to enlist boys for the Navy, with the consent of their parents or guardians, not being under thirteen nor over eighteen years of age, to serve until they shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years.

Regulations for the Enlistment and Employment of Boys who may be entered to serve in the Navy until they arrive at the age of twenty-one years.

In the enlistment of Boys to serve until twenty-one years of age, as authorized by the Act of Congress approved on the second day of March, 1837, none are to be entered who shall be under thirteen or over sixteen years of age, and who after careful examination and inquiry, shall not be deemed of sound constitution, good health, and free from all injuries, defects or disease, which would be likely to render them unfit to perform the duties which are expected from them.

No boy is to be entered who shall have been convicted of any criminal or disgraceful offence, or who shall have been sent to any house of correction or refuge, or other place of punishment.

No advances are to be made by the recruiting officer to the boys who may enter, or to their parents or guardians ; but such clothing and other articles as may be necessary to their comfort will be furnished upon the order of the commanders of the receiving vessels when they repair on board for duty.

Whenever it can be ascertained that a boy wishing to enter has a parent or guardian whose presence can be obtained, such parent or guardian must sign his

or her name in the proper column of the Shipping Articles, as evidence of his or her assent to the enlistment.

When the parent or guardian cannot be present, and can be referred to, they must sign duplicated certificates of assent, in presence of, and to be certified by, some Justice of the Peace, or other magistrate, according to a form which will be furnished, one of which certificates must be transmitted to the Secretary of the Navy with the Monthly Reports of the recruiting officer, and the other sent to the commander of the recruiting vessel, to be transferred with the account of the boy from one vessel to another, whenever he is transferred himself.

At the time of their enlistment they are to be rated as of the second or third class boys, according to their age, size, and qualifications.

The pay of boys of the third class shall be five dollars a month, and the pay of boys of the second class shall be six dollars a month. First class boys to receive seven dollars.

When they cannot be attached to vessels in commission, they shall serve on board some one of the three large receiving vessels.

They are to be supplied, under the immediate direction of the commander of the vessel, with such articles of clothing and other necessaries as may contribute to their health and comfort; but after the first supply, the amount which may be due to them is on no account to be exceeded; on the contrary, it is desirable that they should have as large an amount due to them as possible at the expiration of their service.

They are not to be allowed to draw the spirit part of their ration, nor to receive tobacco, but on the contrary they are to be encouraged, and required, if possible, to abstain from the use of both.

Whenever their rate of pay will allow it, they may allot to a parent such amount as shall not reduce the amount left for their own use below six dollars a month, nor more than one-half their pay when the half shall exceed \$6 a month.

They shall receive no part of their pay for their personal use until their discharge excepting for clothing and necessaries as hereinbefore provided, and occasional small advances in money, under direction of their commander, for the purchase of articles conducive to health, and for small expenses when permitted to go on shore for liberty; care must be observed, however, that this indulgence is not abused.

Every commander of a vessel in which any of these boys may serve, shall cause them to be well instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and to be employed on all such duties which they may be competent to perform, as may give them a thorough knowledge of seamanship, and best qualify them to perform the duties of seamen and petty officers.

They are never to be required or permitted to attend as waiters or servants to the officers whenever there are other persons present who can properly perform those services.

As an inducement for exertion and a reward for good conduct, all persons enlisted under this provision shall be eligible to promotion in the same manner as other persons of the ship's company, as vacancies may occur, and their qualification and conduct may merit; but all such promotions of boys shall be gradual and regular from third to second, and from second to first class boys, landsmen, ordinary seamen, seamen and petty officers; and on the other hand, they shall also be subject to a reduction of rating, like all other persons, for neglect or misconduct.

If they shall serve the full term of their enlistment in a manner satisfactory to their respective commanders, they shall, upon their discharge, receive a certificate stating the length of such service and time served in each rating, and the opinion which is then entertained of their conduct, qualifications and merits.

Should they subsequently wish to re-enter the service, and produce to the recruiting officer a certificate of good conduct while serving their first enlistment, such officer shall, if men are required, and there shall be no objection on the score of health or other disqualification, give a preference to them over persons who have not previously served in the Navy.

Should any of them give decided evidences of the talents and conduct which might, by proper attention and cultivation, make them valuable Boatswains, Gunners, or Masters for the Navy, they are to be specially reported to the Secretary of the Navy, and the commander of the vessel shall give all proper facilities to advance their instruction.

At the expiration of their service, or at their regular discharge, they shall receive the amount which may then be due them.

These regulations to be subject at all times to such alterations and modifications as the Secretary of the Navy for the time being may deem necessary or expedient; and it is to be understood that they form no part of the agreement between the United States and the other parties, all of which are contained in the Shipping Articles.

By order of the President:

JAMES K. PAULDING, *Secretary of the Navy.*

The Regulations adopted by the Navy Department in virtue of the Act of Congress of 2d March, 1837, require that boys presenting themselves for enlistment shall be of sound constitution, good health, free from all injuries, defects or

disease, which would be likely to render them unfit to perform the duties expected from them.

None will be received who have been convicted of any criminal or disgraceful offence, or from any house of correction or punishment.

They will be well and comfortably clothed.

The pay of the boys will be, for the third class five dollars per month; second class six dollars; first class seven dollars per month.

They are not allowed the spirit part of the ration, nor to receive tobacco, but on the contrary they are to be encouraged, and required, if possible, to abstain from the use of both.

They may allot a part of their pay to a parent when their rate will allow, and when permitted to go on shore may receive small advances in money, at the discretion of their commander.

They are to be well instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and in a thorough knowledge of seamanship, to qualify them to perform the duties of seamen and petty officers.

They are never to be permitted or required to attend as waiters or servants to the officers whenever there are other persons present who can properly perform those services.

They shall be eligible to promotion for good conduct, like any other of the ship's company, as vacancies occur among the petty officers.

On re-entering the service, a preference will be given them over others who have not previously served in the Navy, always provided they preserve a good character.

Those among them giving decided evidence of talent and good conduct shall be prepared for Boatswains, Gunners, or Masters for the Navy, and receive every facility to receive instruction accordingly, and are to be specially reported to the Secretary of the Navy.

Application to be made at the Navy Rendezvous.

By order of the Secretary of the Navy:

JOHN R. LIVINGSTON, Jr., *Navy Agent.*

Navy Agent's Office, New York, October 22d, 1839.

[From the New-York *Evening Star* of 29th June, 1839.]

HOME SQUADRON AND NAVAL SCHOOL.

The action which has been had on the Law of Congress obtained by the irrepressible spirit and indefatigable exertion, and at the great personal expense of Thomas Goin, to say nothing of the loss of time in urging it year after year upon the public attention, demonstrates the great value of his plan of Naval Education, and the great strength it is destined to afford to that arm of national defence. As far as our recollection serves us, his plan embraced at first 3 corvettes with 500 boys each, to be brought up in all the strictness of naval discipline; but if it was found to work well, to be extended; and we are happy to find that the national government has taken it up in earnest; and that the keels of three steam frigates are laid—one at Boston, one at Baltimore, and one at New York, where in addition to naval tactics, the boys will be taught engineering, receive a liberal education, fitting them for any situation in the merchant and naval service; and when we bear in mind that Nelson's origin was that of a cabin boy, we indulge in no idle speculation, when we say that this school is destined to produce many officers who will hereafter carry their country's flag in triumph through the hottest battle, and give additional glory to the stars and stripes. At present, we have the *Hudson* frigate as a receiving school ship at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, with some 200 or 300 boys generally aboard; the captain of which takes great interest in his school ship, where boys are taken for the naval service and distributed among the different men-of-war; and a letter from the *Ohio*, at Port Mahon, of 30th March last, speaks most highly of the boys:

"The pupil apprentices, fifty-four in number, are said to be well behaved intelligent lads, who give every promise of becoming good seamen, perhaps officers." The writer adds,

"They are under the exclusive charge of Lieutenant Ganse-

voort, who takes great interest in them, as indeed do all the officers in the ship. The boys are divided into two watches, one attending school while the other is employed in the ordinary duties of the ship. They thus attend school every other day. Their schoolmaster, who by the way is very capable, having been a public teacher in the United States, reports favorably of their attention and improvement. They will, I think, obtain as good an education as boys generally get at our public schools. They are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, navigation and composition. Some specimens of the latter, which have been shown to me, written by the elder boys, were really very creditable to the writers. They are allowed to go on shore on liberty, as a reward for good conduct, and thus far but one or two have required any punishment. They have the free use of the ship's library, and most of them are very devoted readers."

It is reported that the Secretary of the Navy has ordered the *North Carolina* 74, now just arrived at New York, to be anchored at Buttermilk Channel as a permanent school ship, to receive a supply of 2000 boys; and if this report be true, as we sincerely hope it is, we rejoice that Mr. Paulding has indeed turned his attention in earnest to the subject. Captain Gedney has 24 boys on board the U. S. brig *Washington*, all smart, clever, intelligent lads, whom he is bringing up as active seamen, surveyors and coast pilots; and Commodore Ridgely of the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, says the service wants 10,000 of these boys. All these gallant officers take great interest in the proposed plan, as they begin to realize the vast advantage it offers to the public service, and the greater dependence to be placed on the love of country which actuates the free-born native American, than on the paid-for service of the foreigner, and oftentimes the deserter from his own flag; and in about five years, Mr. Goin's plan, faithfully carried out, will give an infusion of about 10,000 native American seamen into our naval service.

The records of the United States Court will establish a singular fact, that mostly all the mutineers on board our vessels are foreigners, and we have not in our recollection known an instance of a mutiny on board a vessel manned by native American seamen, and the reason is obvious. They realize that the profession they have chosen is their own voluntary choice, profitable and honorable, if they conduct themselves with prudence and discretion; and as they are generally better educated than foreigners, they understand and admit the necessity of proper subordination; and they look forward to becoming in due time masters or mates of vessels, and will very rarely do any thing to compromise their prospect of advancement, or bring disgrace on the fireside at home. Foreigners, on the contrary, are reckless and careless. They have nothing to excite them beyond immediate pay; and at one moment they will crouch beneath the hand, and at the next spring at the throat of their superiors.

It is stated, that out of 38,564 seamen shipped at the port of New York last year, not 2000 were Americans. How has this disgraceful and unsafe result been produced? From the want of encouragement, and the disinclination Americans feel to enter into competition with foreigners, often of the very lowest description.

A writer in the *Army and Navy Chronicle* gives it as the opinion of an intelligent naval officer, "that the scarcity of native American seamen is mainly attributable to a law of Congress, obliging the captains of vessels to give bonds for the safe return or satisfactory account, of any American seaman he takes with him; but no such restriction attaching to foreigners, he ships them in preference to Americans, as he may discharge them in foreign ports if his vessel is unexpectedly detained, and ship others when ready for sea." This officer may be very intelligent, for aught we know, but in the present instance, he is wide of the truth. The law is certainly an injudicious one, and might be re-

pealed with advantage; for although it was evidently intended for the protection of American seamen, yet it is one of those statutory enactments which only embarrass a matter, without obtaining any positive good. It is idle to suppose that this act has any influence in determining the decision of an American for a sea-faring life; and if it had, it would only be an inducement, as evidencing the paternal care of his government over him in a foreign country. And as to an American captain's shipping foreigners in preference to his own countrymen, when they can be had, the idea is too preposterous to be for one moment seriously entertained. We shall next hear some such intelligent officer of the Navy declaring that they ship foreigners on board our men-of-war for their superior subordination. Away with such nonsense. We have all, or very nearly all, the seamen that the niggard policy of our Government permitted to be made, and while we are overrun with foreign seamen, the few Americans in foreign service is a full and triumphant answer. We can tell this intelligent officer of the Navy that, notwithstanding this law of Congress, the few Americans who are in foreign service are there in breach of this embarrassing enactment. They are principally wild and thoughtless young men, who have run away in foreign ports—become indebted to landlords under foreign flags—and the one month's advance which they would receive under their own flag not being sufficient to discharge their indebtedness, with the dread of a foreign gaol before him, the thoughtless and hard-run American is obliged to enlist under a foreign flag, where he receives three months' pay in advance, to satisfy his grasping creditors; and on the return of the original vessel in which he shipped, his non-return is satisfactorily accounted for by proof of his desertion, and the requirement of the law of Congress satisfied. But the real reason why so few native American sailors are shipped is, because they cannot be had.

Take some of our Eastern vessels, for instance, where the captain and crew go on shares, and you find no foreigners there—which satisfactorily proves that sailors can be obtained if adequate inducement be offered; and that foreigners are only shipped from a necessity, alike dangerous and disgraceful.

If we take the Report of Mr. Reade of Massachusetts, as Chairman of the Naval Committee in Congress, on the subject of the Naval School Ship, we learn that out of 109,000 seamen employed in the United States' service, 9,000 were Americans; one out of twelve: and to send a man-of-war to sea to contend for the liberties of our country, with eleven hundred foreigners and one hundred Americans, and to boast of American prowess, partakes somewhat too largely of the absurd. Verily "there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous;" which shall we take? Shall we foster and encourage our Naval School, until in a few years our navy will be entirely manned with young, ardent, intelligent, thorough-bred native American seamen; or shall we go on as we have, depending entirely on foreign mercenary aid, these "Brabançons" of the sea, for the support of our future naval reputation.

Apart from national considerations, there are however other points of view in which the subject presents a most interesting aspect. The philanthropist will rejoice in our Naval School, when he sees boys rescued from idleness and destruction, and its concomitants ignorance, vice, and often infamy, placed in a situation in which they may become useful and valuable members of society, perhaps honors to the naval profession and ornaments to their country, winning reputation for themselves, and weaving fresh garlands for the national escutcheon. Numbers of these boys, it is no unfair or ungenerous supposition, might become tenants of a house of refuge, for although possessing naturally a high and generous disposition, evil communication

corrupts good morals, and a youthful mind cannot be in long contact with vice without imbibing its withering influence,—naturally good principles give way before bad example, until at last the injured, ill-nurtured, and ruined boy grows up the bad and desperate man, fit for any species of crime or villainy—or the loitering and lazy mendicant, dangerous and burdensome to society. We are all the children of circumstance and education; and take the most moral and gifted man in the community—deprive him from his childhood of all incitement to good—place him in constant contact with vice—take from him all opportunity of instruction—and few will have the hardihood to deny that he who is now the pride of his friends, the ornament of his profession, and an honor to society, might not have died ignominiously on the gallows.

There is another consideration connected with these Schools, which is, that independent of the boys' receiving a thorough nautical, and a good scholastic education, they are not to be subjected to any menial office, or such as would break down the spirit of independence; but on the contrary, every thing is done to encourage a decent pride and self-respect: and no boy will be received who has been guilty of crime and the subject of punishment and disgrace. They do not take boys from the house of refuge or alms-house, but they prevent them ever going there, and they keep them from contamination. Associated with the officers, looking forward to advancement in their country's service, privileged to receive a preference in the way of promotion—there is everything to encourage them in a high and honourable career; and parents who have boys whose predilections are in favor of a sea-faring life, may place them in the School Ships with far more advantage than they can in the merchant service, under the most favorable circumstances. Of these boys, we understand from twelve to fourteen are already singled out for midshipmen's warrants, under the recommendation of the Sec-

retary of the Navy, and the sanction of the President, after a year or two of probation; and the reports which we hear from these School Ships are most satisfactory and heart-cheering as to the conduct of these naval cadets, for such in fact they are.

We are therefore safe in assuming that the School Ship is one of moral reform, inasmuch as an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of remedy; and that it is to be looked upon as relieving our city authorities and our private citizens from taxes, and contributing to the reformation and support of what might otherwise become a needy or an idle population. And here we must be permitted to pay a deserved tribute to Commodore Ridgely, and Captain Ogden, and Lieutenant Marshall, of the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, for their able and intelligent carrying out of the national design in the institution of these School Ships, an interesting incident in relation to which has just occurred. The U. S. sloop-of-war *St. Louis*, Captain French Forrest, has been rigged entirely by the apprentice boys at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, under the direction of Captain H. W. Ogden, of the *Hudson* frigate, and the First Lieutenant, J. Harding Marshall. The blocks are strapped, and the rigging set up in seaman-like style, worthy of old tars. If the seed sown already promises so well, what will be the harvest? Like the growth of our country, it outstrips all calculation; and prophecy becomes fact before the doubters are awakened to a sense of its possibility.

The merchants should regard the Home Squadron and Naval School with peculiar interest, not only as a nursery for seamen, but as supply vessels on our Coast in a boisterous or inclement season of the year, as Captain Frazer, in the cutter *Washington*, during the severity of the last winter, by way of testing the advantage of a home squadron, cruised about five thousand miles, from the Capes of the Delaware to Nantucket, relieving the distressed and frost-bitten mariners, by supplying vessels in dis-

tress with men and provisions. And it must be fresh in the recollection of all, that the steam-frigate *Fulton*, Captain Perry, a worthy bearer of the name, last winter saved several vessels from total loss. One in particular, the *Borodino*, with a cargo worth from forty to fifty thousand dollars, embayed among the breakers on Rockaway beach, both masts cut away, two anchors ahead, bay and harbour full of ice, was taken in tow, and both vessel and cargo brought safe into port, without any expense to the insurance companies. The *Fulton* has on board fifteen to twenty apprentices bringing up for engineers, in addition to their instructions as seamen. She is now at anchor at Butter-milk Channel, ready at the first note of danger to put to sea, and to afford assistance to vessels in distress.

When we bear in mind the dreadful shipwrecks that occur on our coast in the severity of winter,—we will instance the ship *Bristol*, and barque *Mexico*, for example,—and that heretofore our Insurance Companies had to send out supply vessels at their own expense, to relieve them, and that, owing to the exertions of one enterprising individual, and at his own expense, an object fraught with so much national and individual advantage, which may be briefly summed up as fostering seamen for our merchant and naval service; as promoting the cause of sound morals; as relieving our cities and citizens from taxations and contributions; as saving to our insurance companies tens of thousands of dollars every winter; it must be conceded to be the accomplishment of an object which the friends of good order, the man of philanthropic feelings, the merchant, and every one connected with trade, either as principal in the risk, or as guaranty for its safety in the shape of an insurer, have a deep, an immediate and an abiding interest. And all this has been accomplished by one man, and yet no national or individual movement has been made in his behalf. The city authorities rest quietly upon the annual

sum which his exertions are destined to save to the public coffers, by relieving them from the support of crime, occasioned by idleness or want of employment; the merchant sleeps the sounder on his pillow when the wind roars and the face of the ocean is whitened by the storm, because he knows the Home Squadron or the steamships are ready to interfere for the preservation of his property; the Presidents and Directors of the insurance companies congratulate themselves on the increased dividends which they will be enabled to make the coming year; the statesman, the patriot, and the lover of his country, rejoice in the certainty that, in a few years, an abundant supply of native American seamen will be provided to man our national vessels hereafter to meet war, if war should come, with hearts proud of their country, and hands nerved and strong in her defence; and yet, none that we have heard of have moved for any compensation, honor, or reward to Thomas Goin, or even an honest remuneration of his expenses out of pocket. While our ambassadors to foreign courts, perhaps on a mere congratulatory, or technical visit, which might be well dispensed with, have their outfits and their infits, their privileges and their perquisites, and never do any thing to promote the honor or to secure the independence of their country, this man, who in ancient times could have had a statue erected to his honor, and in England, wealth and dignity conferred upon him, is left wholly without any mark of national or individual approbation: but he carries with him a proud consciousness, when he treads our streets, when he visits our thoroughfares of business, or when borne on the broad waters of the Hudson he surveys our school-ships, with their barges manned with young and promising native American boys, the future Perrys, Lawrences, and Decaturs of our Navy, that this great saving of property and

positive and prospective amount of good, has been produced by his own unassisted exertions, under all discouragements; and if we were asked to point out, at the moment, the greatest public benefactor of the present day, within our knowledge, we should unhesitatingly name *Thomas Goin.*

A correspondent of the *Navy and Army Chronicle*, under the signature of "A Greenhorn," attacks an article in the *Star* on the "Home Squadron and Naval School," with that excess of valor and want of discretion for which the family of the "*Greenhorns*" have always been celebrated. Flies are an intolerable nuisance in summer—"Greenhorns" all the year round, as they are a kind of fungus excrescence growing on the rind of intellect, but never penetrating the shell. Now, as we have kept our temper through the fly season, we do not mean to be disturbed by these fungus appearances which look something like an intellectual mushroom, but differ from it essentially, for the one may be cooked and eaten, but with the other there is always "death in the pot"—"A Greenhorn" is like a toadstool, you never can make any thing out of him: he is born, lives and dies "A Greenhorn." If further proof is wanted of the unhappy writer belonging to the family of Greenhorns beyond his own sign-manual to the article in the *Chronicle*, let the reader consult Walker or Webster, and he will find the definition of Greenhorn very similar to Justice Shallow's directions to his clerk, "write me an ass." Again: "Greenhorn" cannot be a gentleman, for no gentleman would acknowledge himself "*a greenhorn.*" He cannot be a scholar, for no scholar would choose such a signature. He cannot be a man of sense, for no sensible man is "*a greenhorn.*" He is therefore by his own showing, no gentleman—by his own admission, no scholar—by the character which he assumes, a man

of no learning or intelligence. Why then should we do otherwise than laugh at him? Will the *Navy and Army Chronicle* publish this reply to "A Greenhorn," as they published his attack on the *Star*?

[From the New-York *Evening Star*, of August 3, 1839.]

NAVAL SCHOOL.

This subject is deservedly attracting a great deal of attention, and mixed with the various newspaper speculations on the subject, is a great deal of misapprehension, if not error. If the public will have patience sufficient to wait for the development of Mr. Goin's plan, they will find that it embraces active service as well as theoretical instruction, the practice as well as the science of navigation, as stated in our article sometime since. His original plan embraced three Corvettes as a home or cruising squadron, and years ago he presented as a model that of the *Eckford* corvette, which was given to him by Mr. Eckford, as a mark of friendly high personal esteem and deep interest in the object in which Mr. Goin had for years been absorbed, (the establishment of school ships,) immediately preceding Mr. Eckford's voyage to the East. This model may be seen in the office of the Secretary of the Navy at Washington, and is remarkable for the symmetry of its architecture, beautiful model, and is in itself extremely valuable. But time and money were with Mr. Goin no consideration, when his whole soul was engaged in the accomplishment of his object, for his business placed before him the great advantages which would result to the service from his success—and after expending thousands of dollars and urging his memorial upon the proper departments for several years, he at last had the satisfaction of carrying it triumphantly through. But when it is recollected that the school ships are to be a per-

manent establishment, it will be found that time is necessary to furnish the proper craft, and that steamships and ships of the line will answer very well for particular purposes, but light frigates and corvettes are to be the schools for practical seamanship. In the infancy of the school, in order to give the boys some instruction in nautical science, they are very properly placed on board receiving ships, of ships of the line, under competent teachers of the art of navigation—and in contact with old and thorough-bred sailors; but after having gone through the initiation, Mr. Goin's plan was to send 500 of these boys, well officered, with a sprinkling of old tars, in a light frigate or corvette, on a voyage to the Pacific or Mediterranean in a mild season of the year, and to have them back for supply vessels on our coast in the severity of winter. Thus one corvette might leave the United States in April for the Mediterranean, another for the Pacific, and a third might be employed in short voyages; but as November blasts come on, the young eagles should be found darting homewards, and then, after being well provided with every necessary, they should be employed as coasting or supply vessels until the coming spring, when having distributed among the different vessels in the United States some of the boys who were sufficiently advanced, and received a fresh supply, these corvettes could again leave for foreign climes, only reversing the order of their cruise; the one which went last year to the Mediterrean, goes this spring to the Pacific, and the one which remained at home taking a cruise to the Mediterranean. It does seem, however, to us, that with the beneficial results which are destined to flow from the adoption of Mr. Goin's plan, is mingled the duty of remunerating him for his services and sacrifices; and we shall be happy to hear that some plan has been devised by which this end could be obtained, in a way honourable to the individual and creditable and advantageous to the nation.

[From the *New Era*, of August 7th, 1839.]

THE AMERICAN MARINE.

We think, if our recollection serves us right, that it was after Sheridan's brilliant attack on Warren Hastings, in the British House of Commons, that Burke moved that the House adjourn, as they were too much excited to proceed with that calm deliberation so necessary to attaining the end of justice; and it has been under something of a feeling of this kind that we have allowed ourselves to wait until the excitement of the Naval School had in some degree subsided, before we entered into the discussion. It is fortunately one of great national interest, which can be freely and frankly discussed upon its merits without the smallest political feeling, although it may not be amiss to mention, that from the first moment of its suggestion by Mr. Goin, it received the warm approbation of General Jackson, and his efficient aid in carrying it through, and he always asserted that with Mr. Goin rested the merit of its origination, and to him the nation was indebted for whatever of good should ultimately flow from it. These feelings we know are entertained by Mr. Van Buren, and that the present Secretary of the Navy is a warm friend of the Naval School apprenticeship system.

Few men have had greater opportunity of observation on the deficiency of the American Marine, than Mr. Goin. His business for the last twenty years, as a notary and shipper of seamen, brought the fact constantly before him that our navy was principally manned by foreigners, and of the crews shipped for our vessels of war not one out of ten, on an average, were American seamen. It was idle to search for the cause, unless you ascertained at the same time how you could apply a remedy. Mr. Goin did not stop to canvass conflicting opinions, but his active mind at once suggested a remedy, and his determined and ener-

getic spirit never rested until that remedy was applied. We have long been aware of the fact that he was endeavoring to have the subject of the Naval Apprenticeship System acted upon in Congress. To this our representatives bear ample testimony, and under doubts, fears, misapprehensions, discouragements, and delays, Mr. Goin has persisted, year after year, in urging his project upon Congress, until at last he has carried his object.

Capt. Marryat, in his "Diary," furnishes some useful statistics to show the immense disproportion between the American and British seamen employed in our merchant service.

His experience in nautical affairs perhaps renders him better qualified to animadvert upon this important subject, than to discuss the propriety of American Provincialisms or manners. His opportunities of inquiry during his stay in this country were, according to his own account, all that he could have desired, and the sources whence he derived his information to be relied upon.

The whole number of seamen employed in the foreign trade and whale fishery, whence the Government Navy must derive its additional supplies in time of war, he puts down at *thirty-five thousand three hundred and three*, of whom more than *twenty-four thousand* are British seamen, with a slight intermixture of Danes and Swedes. These he alleges to be the very flower of the English Marine, and deplores the British policy of slow vessels and low wages, which compels her not only to raise seamen for her own navy, but also for ours, and to give us the refusal of her prime and best seamen, because our fast sailing vessels and high rates enable us to outbid her without loss to ourselves. He deduces from this that, in proportion as the commerce and shipping of America shall increase, the demand upon her will become more onerous, and that in case of war, should she fail in producing the number of seamen necessary for both services,

ours will always be full manned, whilst the deficit must fall upon her. A refusal on the part of English sailors to fight against their own fathers and brothers, he does not deem within the range of probability, of whom he says "*there is no character so devoid of principle as a British sailor and soldier.*" Many instances, however, occurred during the last war disproving this. The Captain himself is a British sailor! But if we are to take this character of British seamen as given by the hand of a master, what dependence is to be placed upon the hired service of unprincipled mercenaries, who will fight for or against their own country, according to the amount of pay they are to receive?

From the Report of Mr. Reade, of Massachusetts, as Chairman of the Naval Committee of Congress, it appears that at the time his report was written, of *one hundred and nine thousand* seamen employed in our National service, only *nine thousand* were Americans. By these data it would indeed appear that both the national and merchant service are deplorably deficient of that reliable strength which has become absolutely necessary for defence and attack in the modern system of warfare. If the character which Captain M. has given of the English sailor be deserved, every future contest between the two countries must be decided in favor of the highest bidder, unless we take effectual measures to furnish our vessels of war with an adequate supply of American seamen: men whose hearts will throb at the name of country, who will strike home for freedom, and who will shed the last drop of their blood to sustain their star-spangled banner victorious over its foes.

We find then, the reports of the American Congress, and the statements of foreigners, all converging to one point, the great disparity of American seamen in our service; and we feel our hearts warm and our bosoms throb, when we look to the home squadron and the Naval School, as destined to wipe away that

reproach hereafter, and render the United States dependent on the valor of her own seamen, for the support of her naval reputation. Nor, as it has been well observed by some of our contemporaries, is the Naval School only to be regarded in a national point of view—it commends itself to our philanthropy and to our interests as well as our national pride and love of country—to the merchant and all interested in trade, whether as principals or insurers, and to all who feel an interest in the promotion of the cause of education, and the prevention of pauperism and crime. To the patriot and statesman, our Naval School system is one of great hope and prospective good. Its projector and successfully persevering advocate is entitled to the warm and enduring gratitude of the people, as a national benefactor.

[From the New-York *Sunday Morning News.*]

THOMAS GOIN.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we refer to this individual, so well known to our fellow citizens for the last twenty years as one of our most active, intelligent and enterprising notaries, the senior of the house of Goin, Poole & Pentz, and now so favorably and so prominently placed before the public as the originator and founder of the National Naval School—an institution destined to give efficiency to our navy, and to hand down his name with credit to posterity. In this school, if we understand the subject right, boys are taken as naval apprentices, and brought up in the strictness of naval discipline, a good education given them, and the excitement of an honest and honourable ambition applied to them to signalize themselves in their country's service. In our country we know of no fictitious distinctions, and the son of a farmer or a cartman, entered as a naval apprentice or cadet, will have the same opportunity for future distinction as the son of the President of the United States. Many boys who

would otherwise grow up in idleness, or worse than idleness, in vice, simply for want of encouragement and proper direction, by entering the naval school will have an opportunity of the fairest and most animating description for a profitable and honourable future career; and for ourselves, we rejoice at every opportunity afforded to the young and destitute for escaping from the seductions of vice by which they are as it were hedged round and surrounded in a crowded city, their principles sapped by contamination, and their active minds given up to the pursuits of error, mainly because the avenues to a virtuous, respectable, and useful life are closed against them. We agree fully with our contemporaries, that this school is destined to exert a great moral bearing on the rising generation. Ten thousand boys or young men may annually be taken from our population, as naval apprentices, and be made good and useful citizens—placed in a situation where they may run a career of honour with a naval chivalry of other nations,—and those who are left behind be benefitted by the abstraction, until in the course of a few years our navy will be principally manned by ardent and well-instructed Americans, who, in the language of Lawrence, will “never give up the ship”; and until this is done, we can never say with Perry, “We have met the enemy and they are ours”; for the reproach will always be thrown in our teeth, “You have beaten us, it is true—but you have beaten us with our own men; it has not been a national trial of man for man, and gun for gun, but of treachery and desertion.” We will put a case which we think will come home. Our ships of war go to sea, we will say, with 900 foreigners to 100 Americans aboard. Do you think that the captain of a British man-of-war (supposing such a thing possible, which it is not,) would contend against an American man-of-war if his crew were nine to one Americans? Would he not be afraid, that as soon as the stripes and stars

waved before them, the flag of old England would be lowered, and the ship which he commanded would be surrendered without the firing of a gun? Would he dare to appear off any of our seaports, lest his crew would take the matter into their own hands, and while he found himself a prisoner of war, would laugh at his folly in supposing that they would ever lend themselves to national dishonour?

We know it has become fashionable in some quarters to abuse seamen; and Captain Marryat has the unenviable credit of having denounced British seamen (his countrymen and fellow shipmates) as unprincipled vagabonds: but the reproach is not deserved. There is at the bottom of the seaman's heart a deep and unwavering patriotic feeling, which the sight of the national flag will call into action, however reckless may be his general character. The opponents, therefore, of our naval school, if such there be, are on the horns of a dilemma. If they are good seamen, and honest men, they will not fight against their country. If they are not such, they are precisely the men we do not want; and the most conclusive part of the argument in favor of the naval school is, the feasibility and ease with which it may be carried out to any extent.

To our insurance companies the naval school should be an object of great interest, as supply vessels on our coast in the severity of winter, saving them thousands and tens of thousands of dollars annually: and all this has been accomplished by the patriotic zeal and activity of one enterprising individual, who has devoted years to urging it upon the General Government, and has attended Congress session after session, at an expense of several thousand dollars of his private funds, until at last the object of his thoughts by day and dreams by night, has received the national sanction, and become a permanent establishment. It is also most gratifying to see that the Secretary of the Navy

takes a deep interest in the naval school, and that his strong and well directed mind has realized the great aid which Mr. Goin's plan of naval education is destined to give to that arm of the national defence. Standing armies are objectionable in many points of view; but, commercial as is the spirit of our people—extended as our trade is to every portion of the globe, calling at the most distant parts for the protection of our national flag—exposed as is our coast—we cannot have too many of our wooden walls, and they cannot be too thoroughly manned by those who were born under the national standard, and to whom we may commit it with the perfect confidence that it will never be furled in dishonor.

NAVAL APPRENTICE BOYS.

These little fellows have had a chance of serving their country in a naval feat of some importance. Almost all the crew of Captain Gedney's surveying brig the *Washington*, that captured the piratical schooner, are boys.—[New-York Star.]

[From the *Baltimore American*.]

WEST POINT ACADEMY.

The Army and Navy Chronicle of the 4th inst. contains the Report of the Visitors of the Military Academy at West Point. The document is drawn up with care, and evinces an elaborate discharge of the duties assigned to the members of the Board. After setting forth in a general way the propriety on the part of the Government of having an institution at which persons intended for the military service of the country shall be fitted for the performance of their important duties, the Report goes on to suggest such alterations and additions as seem advisable.

With reference to the principles upon which candidates are admitted, the Board express themselves in terms of approba-

tion, and at the same time state that so far as they are informed, no complaints have arisen on the score of classification of Cadets. The regulations established in regard to the time of residence at the Academy and subsequent service during four years in the Army, also received the commendation of the Visitors as calculated to ensure a thorough education, and at the same time deter persons who do not intend to pursue a military career throughout life from availing themselves of the facilities of the establishment.

Without deeming it necessary to notice each branch of study particularly, the Visitors express warmly their approbation of that feature of the Academy which requires a register of the conduct of the pupils to be kept, an abstract of which is forwarded to Washington at the end of each month, and is thence sent to the parents and guardians of the Cadets. In examining into the police and discipline of the institution, the Board have formed the opinion that they are salutary in their character, and properly enforced. Increased attention to the study of Geology and Mineralogy is strongly recommended. The library of the institution is said to be excellent and extensive, including upwards of ten thousand volumes.

The Board speak in terms of the warmest approval of the views of the commanding officer, Major Delafield, and the manner in which he has administered his important trust. It is but justice to give the opinion of the Visitors in the language of the Report, which says:

"The multifarious, responsible, and highly important duties of the superintendent of the Academy require a superior order of qualifications in the individual selected for this distinguished station. The comprehensive views, the rigid and unbending impartiality, blended with a due share of paternal solicitude, all which are indispensable to the full and adequate discharge of his

elevated trust, are, in our judgment, conspicuous in the character and conduct of the present commandant of the post."

It may not be out of place here to remark, that whatever advantages—and it will be admitted by all that they are very great—may accrue from the institution above mentioned, they are in no way superior to those which may be expected from the establishment of Naval Schools.

If it be proper to fit men for military command at home, it is certainly not less so to prepare for the naval profession those who are to represent our country in distant climes. On the contrary, the obligation to educate our seamen appears to us the more binding, inasmuch as in the pursuit of their profession they must of necessity be deprived of the opportunity of self-improvement in after-life.

To them it is all important to acquire knowledge early, because the nature of their employment is such as to separate them from the society of their fellow men, and throw them upon their own resources. It must not be supposed that we would in the slightest degree detract from the claims of the Military Academy, which has always possessed our best wishes for its prosperity, and must continue to enjoy them so long as it is conducted as it has been, but we should be gratified to see the two great arms of defence equally cherished and sustained by the nation.

[From the *New-York Transcript*.]

NAVAL APPRENTICES.

This system is attracting very general attention from the Press, and we are pleased and gratified to learn that the Secretary of the Navy is so well convinced of its benefits and usefulness, that, in addition to the *North Carolina* line-of-battle-ship,

moored in our harbor, as the school ship here, he has ordered the *Columbus* to Boston for the same use.

Something of the kind has long been wanted, and the almost universal commendation bestowed on the present system evinces that it is the plan which was needed. It not only is the means of furnishing our navy with excellent and capable seamen, but it takes very many boys from a course of idleness and crime, and places them in a situation of interest and respectability. There are thousands of boys in this city alone who spend their days and nights around the wharves in petty thieving, or become the hangers-on of some favorite engine, and who, after generally a brief career in this initiatory step, become the occupants of the House of Refuge, or a prison.

They receive a good plain English education, and are instructed in the theory and practice of seamanship. Being early brought together, and looking to the United States' service, not as is generally the case, as a *dernier ressort*, but as the avenue to usefulness and station, they have an *esprit de corps*, which has been a desideratum much desired in the service.

The number of boys is constantly increasing, and is now about five hundred*—it should be five thousand; and if the facts were widely disseminated we have no doubt it would be so increased. In addition to the education, the boys receive good sailors' clothing and food, and the same medical attendance as is furnished to officers and men.

We know of no institution originating during the last ten years, replete as the time has been with schemes and theories tending to disseminate good and check the prevalence of vice and evil, better calculated to unite practical good with theoretical philosophy, than the Apprentice System. Its author and active

*Now about 2000.

supporter, we are informed, is Mr. THOMAS GOIN, of this city, a Notary and Shipping Broker.

[From the New York *Herald*.]

THE NAVAL SCHOOL.

The most interesting part of the celebration on Wednesday was the procession of the naval students from Brooklyn. This valuable institution has been but a few months established, and already contains one hundred boys, who are instructed in every branch of science and seamanship, under the tuition of competent teachers. It was urged upon the attention of Congress several years ago, by our enterprising fellow citizen, Mr. Thomas Goin, and passed through the United States Senate, but was laid on the table in the other House, in consequence of the "panic" of 1832, which seemed to suspend every thing like enterprise in the country. The school, however, has at length received the sanction of Congress, and is now in the full tide of successful experiment.

Unlike the candidates for admission to that rank, aristocratic, and anti-republican military seminary at West Point, the applicants to this institution are received without reference to rank in society, or the influence of politician. The son of every American citizen is eligible at the naval school, and the pretensions of the humblest individual in the community, provided he comes with a character of integrity and industry, are recognized and encouraged.

These lads, the youngest of whom are not over the age of thirteen, joined in the procession commemorative of this country's freedom, and were universally admired, both for their appearance and their general good conduct during the day. They were accompanied by their teacher, Geo. T. Page, and Lieutenant Woodhull, U. S. N. They were, by special invitation of the

Mayor, present at the review, upon the balcony of the City Hall, and, at a signal from the flag beam they simultaneously sprung upon the top of the balustrades, and waving the star-spangled banner, gave nine hearty cheers, in real man-of-war style, with the alacrity of foretopmen. The enthusiasm of the young tars elicited a shout from the surrounding multitude, which was gallantry returned by the round jackets. Success to the young heroes—the future commodores and commanders of our gallant navy.

SCARCITY OF SEAMEN.

The Boston *Mercantile* says: "The scarcity of seamen in the naval service is getting to be an evil of magnitude. The *Constitution* is still detained at New-York for want of fifty able seamen, and the *Concord* has been lying at the Charleston navy yard for months, fitted for sea, and detained, doubtless, merely in consequence of the impossibility of procuring a crew. Other sloops-of-war, in other ports, are detained for the same reason."

For years past great difficulty has been experienced in supplying our vessels of war with seamen, in consequence of the better wages offered in the merchant service. The British Government have experienced yet greater difficulties, from the wages in their merchant service being on an average somewhat lower than in ours, and the pay in their marine so small that, according to the statement of Capt. Marryat and others, British seamen, allured by the great advantages offered in our country, constitute the bulk of the crews of our vessels, both of the merchant and naval service. Great Britain, however, will have every year less and less to apprehend from this drain than we ourselves shall have,

from the difficulties of procuring seamen for our Navy increasing with the rapid increase thereof, and the more extended and prosperous condition of our commerce. Now, it is obvious that some means must be devised to supply this deficiency, and that we cannot look to any relief from a prospect of an increase of pay, as that must, in the course of time, from the augmentation of our marine, necessarily undergo a corresponding reduction. Common sense and the necessity of the case have pointed out a mode of supplying this desideratum. The subject has been for some time discussed in the public prints, and attracted the attention of Congress; and public opinion has settled down into the recommendation of the employment of *boys* in the Navy, to be brought up therein as in a school. It is proposed that the Government guarantee to them such an education as will render them adapted both for the ordinary duties of seamen and of petty officers, with the prospect of rising by their merit from this *naval seminary*, which our vessels will possess within themselves, to the highest command and rank in their profession. The experiment, in fact, has been already commenced, under an act of Congress recently passed; and we have, we believe, in all our receiving ships a large number. In that of the navy yard of this port there are, we believe, some two hundred boys, who are many of them of respectable families, and all of whom have passed through a certain preliminary examination as to their fitness and qualifications, intellectually and morally, to be admitted to the privilege of being in this service, now already beginning to be esteemed as one of the most eligible to which parents can send their children. Congress should immediately enlarge the provisions of the law, so as to embrace a number of from *ten to fifteen thousand pupils*, thus to have the resources of a supply of seamen abundant and at hand. We have had occasion several times to witness the advantages of this system, even

in its present state of infancy. The boys are brought up in the rudiments of an excellent naval education, and kept in admirable discipline, costumed in neat sailor dress, and daily drilled on ship-board, at the boats, rigging, &c., so as to become intimately conversant, from their boyhood, with all the practical duties of their profession, while they are acquiring an excellent education in all the most useful branches of knowledge, and of the sciences immediately connected with the life they are to follow. These schools, in fact, are *manual labor colleges afloat in the Navy*, and we know, from conversing with many naval officers, that their introduction is deemed one of the most important reforms ever attempted for the preservation of that right arm of our defence, which must ever constitute the glory of a commercial people.

While on this subject, so vitally connected with the existence of our Republic, we notice in the paper already cited the following remarks:

"According to the present rules of the service, no sugar, coffee or tea, usually denominated by seamen 'small stores,' are allowed by the Government. These little comforts are considered not merely luxuries, but *necessaries*, by almost every seaman, and are purchased of the Purser out of their hard-earned wages."

This is peculiarly hard, and we cannot discover the motive of this abolition of an excellent usage, except in the evidently unfriendly feelings which have existed on the part of the present Administration towards this branch of our service. It is, or certainly has been, very obviously the intention of the policy of our present rulers to retard if possible, the growth of a service which, by the high principles that must govern those employed in it, and by its being placed, as it were, beyond the reach of party control, must in a measure be a dead weight upon the

hands of those who would desire to convert it into a political machine. But we will not at present discourse on this topic, feeling assured that the country, without reference to party feeling, will take good care that the Navy, the most cherished jewel in our possession, shall never be tarnished in its lustre, nor want protectors.*

[From the New York *Herald*.]

Among the most interesting spectacles will be the procession of the boys attached to the Government Naval School. This is a new institution, a sort of naval West Point, for the education of sailors. The plan has been for a long time urged upon government by Mr. Thomas Goin, of this city, to whose unremitting exertions the community is chiefly indebted for its present establishment. The boys will leave the United States frigate *Hudson*, at the Navy Yard, at 9, and land at Castle Garden at 10 o'clock A. M., from whence they will proceed to the City Hall, and be present at the review. The lads, about 90 in number, are from 13 to 16 years of age, and will be dressed in Navy uniform.

[From the New York *American*.]

Decidedly the most interesting object we witnessed yesterday, was a procession of one hundred boys belonging to the United States Naval School at Brooklyn. They marched in double files through the streets, in charge of a Midshipman, to the Mayor's Office at the City Hall. The young Jack Tars were uniformly dressed in blue jackets, white trowsers, and blue and white shirt collars turned over the neck, and neat tarpaulin hats. They were sprightly and pretty boys without a single exception, and will, we doubt not, make glorious American seamen—we dare

* The omission to preserve the name of the paper from which this article was taken, was unintentional.

say officers, for this is the very material from which our Naval Officers should be taken. We understand that most of these lads belong to some of our most respectable families; but we sincerely hope the Apprentice System in the Navy will be encouraged and extended as it deserves, and the Navy hereafter be principally manned by men brought up to seamanship *from the start.*

[From the New York *Herald*.]

THE SHAM FIGHT, AND THE NAVAL SCHOOL.

There is to be a sham fight on Thursday, and the Commodore of the Navy Yard and the officers, and the Mayor and Corporation and other dignitaries, are to be there. Very good! Now then, what else? Why this: "*Utile et dulci*," is our motto. Let good spring out of pleasure. And no move could be made so beneficial, as to invite the "seamen boys" of the New-York Naval School to witness the manœuvres of the French seamen. This is a suggestion of our friend Tom Goin, the founder of the school. This suggestion, we think, demands the respectful attention of the French commander, the Mayor, and the powers that be. We expect to see the boys at the sham fight; and shall think that the spectacle will be incomplete unless the boys are present.

THE HOME SQUADRON! WHERE IS IT?—THE AMERICAN BOYS' NAVAL SCHOOL! HOW DOES IT PROGRESS?

These are very simple but very important queries. It is now three years back since we first called public attention to this subject; it is more than ten years back since Mr. Goin of this city first called the attention of the government to it. But up to this hour very little has been done by the government towards perfecting a system, the most important in its results, that ever was broached in this country.

What has given the United States its prominent position upon the page of history but her unrivalled enterprise in foreign commerce? To her merchants—her merchant service—the seamen in that service—and by means of that service, her extensive and unrivalled commercial transactions with foreign nations, the United States of America owes her present power and eminence. But unless more attention is paid by the government to the Naval School system already established in this Navy Yard, we must fall behind all other nations instead of preceding them.

If ever a home squadron was wanted on our coast, it is now. Our harbors and bays are now filled with ice—ships, brigs and schooners in abundance are now off our coast, unable to enter their destined haven from the severity of the weather, their seamen worn out by fatigue, in sight of their homes, and anxious to embrace their wives, to bless their children, are destined perhaps to a doom similar to the seamen of the *Bristol* and the *Mexico*, because we have no home squadron.

And why is this? The Home Squadron Bill passed both Houses last winter, and yet it is not acted upon. The never-to-be-forgotten Henry Eckford presented Mr. Thomas Goin with a model of that beautiful corvette, the *United States*, before he went to the Mediterranean; this model Mr. Goin presented to the

Secretary of the Navy, and it can now be seen at Washington, over Mr. Paulding's private desk. For this model, \$40,000 was offered;* it was intended by Mr. Goin as a model for corvettes for the Home Squadron, to be manned solely by seamen trained in our Naval Schools. From these corvettes, all vessels arriving on our coast in the winter might be supplied, and many valuable lives and much property might be saved. These vessels, manned solely by our own tars, might be used also for despatch vessels, and many other purposes.

Under these circumstances, therefore, we ask, can there be a more important subject brought before Congress? Decidedly not! It is a fact, that out of 38,564 seamen shipped out of this port last year, *not two thousand were Americans*. Is not this fact disgraceful? In the New York rendezvous 940 seamen were shipped for the United States' service; of these 162 only were Americans. Out of 800 seamen on board the *Ohio*, not 100 were native Americans! These facts are startling but true. And the *Delaware* 74 put to sea with a less proportion of native seamen than the *Ohio*. And yet, by the laws of the United States, no government vessel can go to sea with less than two-thirds of her crew native seamen.

Here then is a glorious subject for the true patriot—the philanthropist—the lover of his country, to display his abilities. Who will bring the subject before Congress and see that it is fully acted upon? A citizen of New York—one of her best and noblest—Henry Eckford†—began the movement—his mantle

*This \$40,000 was offered to Mr. Eckford, and refused. He presented it to Mr. Goin as a model for his naval school ships, and Goin refused \$2700 from an English Agent, as he was determined to present it to his country as a model for his school ships, and it is now to be seen in the office of the Secretary of the Navy at Washington, and is universally admired for the beauty and symmetry of its architecture.

† This is an error—Mr. Eckford did not begin the movement, but very patriotically and liberally he presented to Mr. Goin the model of his beautiful corvette, as one on which the school ships should be built.

descended on his friend Mr. Goin; this gentleman has spent many months of time and some thousands of dollars to bring the naval school to perfection; he has succeeded partly, but much remains to be done.

We want American seamen! we want thousands of them. With the tremendous disproportion of foreigners that we have named, still there is a deficiency of able seamen in our ports: putting French, English, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Portuguese and Spanish together, still we have not seamen enough to man our merchant vessels. And this evil, and this alone, caused the late disastrous war; and in the event of another war, would be attended with still more disastrous results. How is it to be remedied? Easily. By establishing naval schools in all our principal sea-ports; have receiving ships for the boys, like the *Hudson* frigate in our Navy Yard—let them be taught the rudiments of all that is necessary to make sailors of them—then provide school ships, corvettes, and a home squadron, to perfect the boys thus trained; and in five years *every American man-of-war and merchantman might be manned wholly with American seamen*. This would be a desirable state of things, and its beneficial results would be incalculable. Five years would effect this, and yet for ten years past Mr. Goin has annually been at Washington, endeavoring to get his plan put in full operation, without the desired effect. Who is there to come forward and see it carried to perfection? It concerns not alone one branch of the country—it concerns all classes;—the President—the cabinet—members of Congress—agriculturists—manufacturers—merchants—insurance companies in particular—and the parents of all hearty boys.

Something has been done—a nucleus has been formed. A naval school is now in operation on a small scale on board the *Hudson*, in our Navy Yard. About 120 boys are there, under

the supervision of the excellent Captain, and Lieut. Mitchell. So far as government has delegated the power to them, they have carried out the plan; they have taught the boys to reef, splice, strap blocks, &c., almost equal to old seamen. In short, the Boys' Naval School on board the *Hudson* is a little world of wonders, and ought to be visited by every member of Congress, legislator, and lover of his country. It has but to be seen to be admired.

We have done for to-day, but we have not left the subject. Hundreds of boys are strolling idly through our streets—hundreds more are begging and stealing—we continually see cases of magistrates committing boys to the House of Refuge and to prison. Out upon such mock morality and reformation! Let every citizen lend all his energies to train American boys for the American Navy—let them, like us, determine never to let the subject rest till they see every Navy Yard in the country supplied with 2000 or 3000 active hearty boys, to man our ships; and then, not till then, can we point proudly to the Star-Spangled Banner, and as proudly exclaim:—

Flag of our country! in thy folds
Are wrapped the treasures of the heart;
Where'er thy waving sheet is fanned
By breezes of the sea or land,
It bids the life-blood start.

THE NAVAL SCHOOL.

We do not claim the merit of the invention of the plan; far from it, for that belongs to Mr. Thomas Goin, of this city; who single handed, unaided, unassisted, at his own expense, fought his way through innumerable difficulties, until he obtained the passage of a law by Congress to establish a Home Squadron and

a Naval School in every Navy Yard in the United States. After this but little was done, till we roused the dormant energies of the government by a series of articles on the subject, and since then we have the gratification of finding that there is a Naval School, for boys, in successful operation in the principal ports of this country. Already about 2,000 boys are receiving an education sufficient to make them competent seamen in three or four years, and in less than two years we hope to find at least 20,000 boys similarly situated. We shall never leave this subject until we see the honors and tribute paid to the founder, where it is due, and our Navy manned solely by American seamen.

[From the New York *American*.]

NAVAL APPRENTICES.

It is now a little more than two years since the law authorizing the enlistment of apprentices in the naval service was passed, since which about five hundred have been enlisted, and placed on board the three large receiving ships, at Norfolk, New York, and Boston. Two hundred and ninety of these have been received on board the *Hudson* at New York, and instructed in all the branches of a plain English education, and all that relates to a seaman's profession. Two hundred and four of them have been transferred to different seagoing vessels, and from the favourable reports received from several of the commanders under whom they are serving, there is every reason to be satisfied with the experiment thus far; and now that a more regular and general system is to be instituted for the government of all the receiving ships, growing out of the course pursued on board the *Hudson*, it is to be hoped that much greater advantages may be realized.

Since the arrival of the *North Carolina*, a ship of the line, she has been converted into the receiving ship on this station, and

placed under the command of Captain John Gallagher, an intelligent officer and seaman, who it is believed feels great interest in the apprentice system as indeed every intelligent officer must, and will do all in his power to carry out the object of the law, on the plans of his predecessor, which have met with the approbation of the Navy Department. The course of instruction and management of the boys, on this station, has become so well established, that, like the general discipline of the service, it would be more difficult to do away with than to continue it; therefore the officer under whose command it may fall into disuse, will incur great and well-merited censure. Of this, however, we have no apprehension, as the good conduct of the boys themselves has created an interest among the officers, which will increase rather than diminish.

On the President's recent visit to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, he was conducted on board the *Hudson*, where the apprentices were ranged in a line on the gun deck, eighty-six in number, all dressed in their sailor uniform, viz.: white shirts and trowsers, trimmed with blue nankeen, blue jackets, with a white anchor on the right sleeve, and black tarpaulin hats, with broad flowing ribands, &c.

As soon as the President had cast his eye along the line, he remarked to Commodore Ridgely that he had not seen so gratifying a sight for a long time. He made very particular inquiries as to the manner of instructing the boys, and manifested great interest in the system of thus preparing young Americans for the naval service of their country.

It was only a few minutes previously to this that they had manned the yards at the reception of the President at the Navy Yard, and presented an appearance worthy of the best disciplined crew in the service. These boys have since been transferred from the *Hudson* to the *North Carolina*, she being

moored under the Brooklyn heights, or at the naval anchorage, as it is now called, where their education will be continued; but with regard to the daily practice of seamanship, such as reefing and furling, bending and unbending the sails, sending up and down topgallant yards, &c., we fear that the yards and sails of so large a ship will be found unmanageable by youths between thirteen and sixteen years of age. The *Hudson* was lightly fitted with the masts, spars, and sails of a sloop-of-war, which brought every thing within their strength, and they very soon became expert in the management of them; but the *North Carolina* is too large a scale for a school of practical instruction to boys so young.

If this plan of receiving ships is to be persevered in—a plan, by the by, which, without adequate results, will cost the Government more money than an actively cruising Home Squadron—there should be connected with them a small vessel, such as the brig *Washington* or *Dolphin*, to be manned during the favourable season by apprentices, under the direction of efficient officers and petty officers, as instructors. This vessel should cruise along the coast between Boston and Norfolk, which would teach the boys all that relates to their profession; and by occasionally touching in, and communicating with the different receiving ships, the best boys could be transferred as required for sea-going ships, and those last enlisted received on board the brig for instruction. From the deep interest which we perceive Mr. Paulding feels in the apprentice system, and the attention he has already bestowed on it, we doubt not that some such plan will be adopted, as soon as a small vessel can be spared for the purpose; but in consequence of the appropriation for building five small vessels having failed for want of time at the last session of Congress, there are not at present a sufficient number for the wants of the service.—There are however, four new sloops of war, of a

small class, recently launched, which cannot be immediately employed, for want of seamen. Would it not be well to employ at least one of these, in a manner which would assist in remedying this difficulty, rather than to let her lie useless at the dock? Not a dollar would be added to the present expense, as both boys and officers receive the pay, whether thus employed or where they now are.

OUR REVENUE CUTTERS—RELIEF TO MERCHANT VESSELS.

We were informed some time since that no U. S. vessel but the cutter brig *Washington* was cruising off the coast to relieve merchant vessels at the present perilous period, and the following letter from Captain Fraser *confirms this statement*:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD,—

SIR,—It was with much surprise I saw a paragraph in your paper of this morning, asking why the U. S. Revenue brig *Washington* under my command, was at Newport, and myself in New-York, when my presence was so much needed upon the coast. I would inform you that the *Washington* is the only vessel employed upon the coast this winter, and since the cruizing commenced she has been at sea on the coast fifty days, and it will be perceived by the public prints—the *Herald* as well as others—that she has been spoken repeatedly, in every situation, between Block Island and the Capes of Virginia. My supplies having been expended, and some of my men, who were put on board the schooner *Samuel L. Southard*, the crew of which vessel were frozen, having arrived here, it became necessary to touch at some port for men and provisions. The harbor of Newport being accessible at all times, I made that port. Not having authority to procure supplies or money at any other place than

New York, I came here for that purpose.

ALEXANDER V. FRASER,

Lieut. Com'g. U. S. Revenue Brig *Washington*.

New-York, Feb. 8, 1839.

Lieut. Fraser need express no surprise that we asked the question; it was our duty to ask it—it was due to the merchants of this city—to those who support the Government and pay the expenses of the navy, to know why the only cruiser allowed by Government was in port. The Lieutenant renders a reason—*his supplies were expended*. This is sufficient, as far as he is concerned; but it is not sufficient as far as the Secretary of the Navy is concerned. It is his duty to have cruisers on the coast; and we hope a meeting of our merchants will be called instantly to petition Congress to remedy the evil. *There is at this moment not one government vessel on the coast to relieve our merchantmen*. Out of eighteen revenue cutters, only the *Washington* is fit to cruize on our coast. What a miserable state of things! We are pleased to learn that Lieut. Fraser is not only free from blame, but that he has amply done his duty; he has been at sea fifty-three days, and has cruised nearly five thousand miles, and was appointed on his own application. But still we must ask the question, why there is no other vessel on the coast? This state of things must be remedied. What member of Congress will take this matter in hand and immortalize himself?

[From the Baltimore *American*, July, 1839.]

From a well written communication in the New-York *American* we are happy to learn that about five hundred youths have been enlisted since the passage of the law authorizing the employment of apprentices in the naval service of the Government. Of these, two hundred and ninety have been received on board of the *Hudson*, at New-York, and instructed in all the branches

of an English education, and two hundred and four of this number have been put on board of sea-going vessels. The best reports have been received from the several commanders under whose charge they were placed, and every thing is calculated to induce the belief that the system will succeed to admiration. Two courses were open for adoption with reference to the mode in which these youths were to be instructed; the one proposed the employment of them on board of the Home Squadron; by the other, receiving ships were to be established, in which the schools should be kept. This latter course has, it seems, been preferred, and since her return from sea, the *North Carolina* 74 has been placed at the naval anchorage, near Brooklyn. This noble ship is under the command of Captain John Gallagher, an officer distinguished for his qualities as a disciplinarian and seaman, and noted for his bravery during the last war. As Marylanders, we are pleased to see the selection, knowing as we do the zeal which this excellent officer, who is a native of our own State, will carry into the undertaking with which he is charged. The lads at Brooklyn were paraded on the gun deck of the *North Carolina* at the time of the President's late visit to that station, and attracted his attention by the neatness of their appearance, dressed in their uniform, which it appears consists of a white shirt, collar bound with blue nankeen, blue jacket, white trowsers, and black tarpaulin, with broad ribbons streaming to the wind. Thus has been commenced under favorable auspices a system which, if properly carried out, cannot fail to furnish the American Navy with a material not equalled for intelligence and honorable motive in the world beside. Under such guardianship the stripes and stars must float triumphantly wherever honor calls and national right invokes. We say—All hail to the young Blue Jackets! The more, the merrier.

[From the *Army and Navy Chronicle*.]

The causes of the scarcity of native American seamen may be variously accounted for, and by every one perhaps satisfac-

torily, according to his own notions. An experienced and intelligent officer of our Navy has given it as his decided opinion that one of the leading causes, if not the greatest, is the existence of a law of Congress, designed for the protection of American seamen, but which in its operation has a contrary effect. By our laws as now in force, the captain of every merchantman, before sailing, gives bonds for the faithful return or satisfactory account of every *American* seaman he takes with him; but he is not called to account for the *foreigners* who compose a greater or less proportion of his crew; consequently it is an object with him to ship foreign in preference to American seamen, because when he arrives at a foreign port he may discharge them to save expense, if his vessel be detained any length of time, and ship others when ready for sea.

OUR NAVY—THE MERCHANT SERVICE—THE NAVAL SCHOOL SYSTEM.

It is a remarkable, but a lamentable fact, that out of thirty thousand seamen that navigate the mercantile vessels of this port, only nine thousand are natives of the United States. The five individuals arrested on board *La Duchesse d'Orleans* on Tuesday morning by the energy and activity of Mr. Goin, were all foreigners. Mr. G. has spent a great deal of time and some thousands of dollars in endeavoring to convince the Government of the necessity of some action for the purpose of establishing a Naval School, and yet they have done comparatively nothing to effect so desirable an object. If we doubt the success of the scheme, let us look at the example of England. Not only is every shipmaster compelled to take a number of boys as apprentices, in proportion to the tonnage of the vessel he commands, but the merchants of London have established a Marine society, having for its object the taking of friendless lads from the streets, and educating them to be seamen. This society has

a large ship always stationed at Deptford, where these boys are received and instructed in the rudiments of the naval profession. Truly did an English editor observe in an article on this subject, that "in this early attention to the supply of seamen, does the real strength of the British Navy repose." Let us contrast this attention to the national and mercantile marine with that paid to the manning of our vessels by the Naval Department. The *Ohio*, which lately sailed on a three years' cruise, had a crew of nearly one thousand men, and out of that number not more than one hundred were native Americans. What regard or feeling for our national honor—what love of our institution—can be ever expected from such a crew? Is it not enough to alarm any thinking mind for the safety of that noble vessel and the gallant spirits who have gone out in the command of her? Suppose the foreigners were to revolt as they did on board *La Duchesse d'Orleans*, could the one hundred Americans and the officers make any defence against such an overwhelming array of physical force? We hope these few facts will arouse the watchful activity of some member of Congress, and that some means will be taken to provide for the education of the thousands of boys that are standing all the day idle in our market-place, for a profession to which this country must depend on for its safety whenever another war shall arise.

A HOME SQUADRON.

The case of the Spanish schooner taken into New London is again arousing public attention to the necessity of a Home Squadron. The United States is probably the most defenceless country in the world, on a short notice.

[From the Baltimore *Sun* of October 31, 1839.]

NAVAL APPRENTICESHIP.

We have repeatedly referred to the naval apprenticeship sys-

tem as founded in wisdom. It is known that under the present arrangement, boys are admitted into the naval service of the United States for the purpose of being instructed in the principles of naval science, and inured gradually to the toils and hardships of a seafaring life. They are admitted between the years of 12 and 16. Their wages vary from five to six and seven dollars per month, and they are instructed in the ordinary branches of an English education, and in such knowledge as pertains more immediately to the duties devolving upon them in their naval career. They have also the chance of promotion to the post of gunners, boatswains, masters, &c.

By such a plan, efficient seamen are far more likely to be obtained than by the course too long pursued of taking sailors from the bosom of society, and (as is of necessity the case under the present relation of things) not unfrequently from the ranks of ignorance and degradation. In addition to the stimulus of a chance of promotion (which acts certainly with no little power) are assurances of success in after-life, should they see fit to exchange the duties of a naval seaman for the merchant service. The certificate of moral character and proficiency in the required knowledge which they will receive, as a kind of *diploma*, from the officers under whom they may have passed their apprenticeship, will serve as a sure passport into profitable situations, which applicants of another kind cannot so readily secure. Hence should they continue per choice, (for there is no compulsion) in the seafaring life, they will find the road to usefulness and prosperity through an orderly apprenticeship.

It will be seen that the plan under notice rejects the idea of abandoning the sailor to a life of vice and ignorance, and looking upon him as though a being of some lower species than our own, and totally unworthy of being classed among us, and to be treated as an outcast from decent and respectable life—as, in other words, only worthy of being regarded for the physical

benefits to be secured by his services, his intellectual and moral attributes uncared for and unprotected. How often, alas! are mankind disposed to look upon the poor sailor boy as a being of necessity, hardened, and reckless, and abandoned,—as past reclaiming. Hence, this class of our fellow beings are left to the ravages of intemperance, and dark and vulgar crime.

It is well, then, that in the system of naval apprenticeship we have a promise of a better state of things. It is high time that these hardy guardians of our national safety and pillars of our commerce should be regarded more benevolently, and not be permitted to remain in the bonds of degrading ignorance and sheer brutality, to be flogged and goaded to exertion like mere beasts of burthen. They are worthy of a more humane and brotherly usage. In the amelioration of their condition, as a large and indispensable class of the community, the nation's honor and beneficence (and, at the same time, its own *interest*) are conspicuously displayed.

The New York *Times* of January 8, 1840, in speaking of the Report of the Secretary of the Navy, says:

Our system of naval apprenticeship affords the subject for some very interesting statements and important suggestions. The Secretary, in referring to the benefits which have resulted from this admirable system, takes occasion to speak of an infamous abuse of its benefits, in the following terms:

"They (the apprentices) are occasionally presented by persons claiming to be the parents or guardians, and received accordingly. After remaining until they are sufficiently educated, and capable of being useful to their real parents, the latter come forward, prove the whole case a fraud, procure a *habeas corpus*, and release the apprentice after he has been maintained and educated at the public expense."

A similar fraud is stated to be frequently practised by minors, who present themselves for regular enlistment. They take the oath of majority, (the violation of which has been decided not to be perjury) and after receiving an advance of pay, perhaps becoming indebted to the purser, procure a *habeas corpus*, and are released from their engagement, without any legal obligation to pay the debt thus contracted. In order to put a stop to this systematized swindling, the Secretary recommends "the passage of a law authorizing recruiting officers to cause an oath to be administered to persons offering for enlistment in cases where their majority is doubted, and in every case, to parents or guardians presenting boys as apprentices to the navy, the violation of which should be declared a perjury, and subject the offender to legal prosecution and punishment."

[From the *New Era*.]

NAVAL APPRENTICES.

We have been highly gratified at the deep and patriotic interest which the press has taken in the Naval Apprenticeship system, as evincing that deep love of country, which, in every bosom, is a deep and exhaustless fountain, extinguished only with the existence of the individual. Time cannot change it—circumstances cannot chill it—political feeling cannot poison it. But however strong the individual may appear under what he considers ordinary appeals, come home to his heart with but this, and the rock is smitten, and the pure and refreshing stream will gurgle out. Talk to an American citizen of our naval exploits, and his eye brightens, and he feels himself identified with the national glory; but tell him that in the conflict on the ocean, but a small, a very small portion of our seamen were Americans, and the great majority British subjects, and he hangs his head in shame. Be this as it may, the war terminated gloriously for our Naval reputation, but the reproach has always been thrown

in our teeth. To wipe off the possibility of the recurrence of such a reproach—to man our vessels of war with our citizens—and to confide to them the task of bearing the stars and stripes of the country in triumph over the wave—through the battle and the storm, has been, for years, the ardent object of our enterprising and patriotic citizen, Thomas Goin. Years ago he introduced his project, and took journey after journey to Washington to bring the subject before the proper authorities, and when he called on the old General* and mentioned to him that the disgraceful fact was true, that the American Navy was manned principally by British seamen, down went his hickory stick, and out came his expressive declaration, "By the Eternal, that should not, nor ought it so to be." On went his white hat, and with Goin he took his way instantly to the office of the Secretary of the Navy, to confer with him on the subject, and the patriotic honesty with which he forwarded the project, may be gathered from his two last messages to Congress, in which the matter was twice brought before the National Representatives. Mr. Van Buren has also been always a firm advocate of the Naval Apprenticeship system; but Mr. Goin has been the originator, the father and founder of the school, and to him is the nation indebted for its establishment, and for all of good that may ultimately flow from it.

The present Secretary of the Navy has entered warmly into the subject, and to Mr. Paulding the Naval School is greatly indebted for the progress it has already made. Confessedly a man of superior mind, and of great grasp of intellect, he at once saw that Mr. Goin's plan was the sober deduction of reason enlightened by experience, and stimulated to action by an ardent love of country, and he has lent his official aid warmly and intelligently to carrying it into effect. In any point of view in which we re-

* Jackson.

gard it, the Naval Apprenticeship system comes commended to our interest as well as to our patriotic love of country—and it possesses strong claims on our philanthropy. To our interest it points out the great saving in life and property which will be the annual result of the Naval School plan, to supply vessels on our coast in the severity of winter, and the lessening of our taxes for the support of houses for the prevention or punishment of crime. To our patriotism it says—Can you submit to the reproach of being dependent on mercenary aid for the support of your naval reputation, when thousands and tens of thousands of the rising generation would spring at your call to man your vessels of war, and to lay down their lives in support of the national honor? And to the philanthropist it says—look for a moment at the situation of New-York, and every other Atlantic city throughout the Union—see the thousands of idle boys, who may be saved from prospective crime, and rendered useful to their country; some of them winning honor for themselves, and succeeding in naval renown, by being well and carefully brought up as the property of the nation, as the children of the Republic, and our future “gems of the ocean.”

[From the *Baltimore Post.*]

THE NAVAL SCHOOL SYSTEM.

This is the right principle, and cannot fail of success. It has been put into operation in New York, where about three hundred youths are already fairly, and with the consent of parents or guardians, enlisted into the service. They are received on board the *North Carolina* 74, Capt. Gallagher, an officer distinguished in the last war, and a practical nautical scholar. The boys are to receive a good education, fully embracing navigation in its technical and active seamanship. Their uniform, in which they were paraded on the gun deck on the occasion of the President's visit, consists of blue jacket, white trowsers,

white shirt bound with blue nankeen, and tarpaulin with a broad ribbon streaming to the wind.

The abundant success which seems likely to result from this scheme, we hope will soon lead to the entire abolishment of promiscuous enlistments or at least to the exercise of more caution in effecting them. The distress and agony which they too frequently occasion in the bosom of a family is beyond description. An instance but a short time since came under our notice: a respectable family in humble life, out of a numerous offspring had raised but one child, the last born, and he was about sixteen years old; the heart of a parent will at once feel how dear he was to them: one night at supper his place at their table was vacant, and when he returned not through the night, alarm took hold of the mother's heart; in a few days, it was ascertained that he had shipped and was gone,—gone for three years in the *Brandy-wine*. His parents are deserted by the hope of their age, and their boy will come back to them a changed being, on the verge of manhood, with a heart estranged from its filial love, and with the habits and the rough exterior formed on the gun deck of a man-of-war. We question if they would not rather he had died.

How many instances of this kind must occur under the old system may be easily conjectured, and often attended with still more afflicting circumstances. The Naval School System we hope will take precedence of the old mode, and remove entirely the necessity to resort to it. We say—with a contemporary—All hail to the young blue jackets. The more the merrier.

[From the Philadelphia *Ledger*, of July 29th, 1839.]

THE APPRENTICES.

About 500 boys are on board the receiving ships moored at Norfolk, New York and Boston, who are receiving an excellent education. It has been suggested to the Navy Department that

practical lessons on navigation be afforded the pupils, by cruises along the coast in small vessels, rigged lightly and adapted to boys' strength.

■ We perceive in the Norfolk *Beacon* an article showing the beneficial effects of the apprentice system in the navy. The writer, however, does not seem to have been aware that Mr. Thomas Goin, of Burling Slip, in this city, merits all the credit for this arrangement. He has exerted himself for several years to have the system introduced, at an expense of time and money, which reflects great credit upon his enterprize and patriotism.

[From the *Journal of Commerce*.]

THE LOW, BLACK SCHOONER CAPTURED.

The runaway schooner has been captured by the U. S. surveying brig *Washington*, Lieutenant Gedney, and carried into New London. She is the *Amistad*, of Puerto Principe, Cuba, and was owned by a Mr. Carrias of that place. At the time she was taken possession of by the slaves, she was bound from Havana to Nuevitas, with a cargo of dry goods, and about fifty slaves. The slaves rose upon the captain and passengers, and killed nearly the whole of them.

The trial of these blacks will involve several curious questions.

P. S. Since writing the above we have received the following letter:

NEW-LONDON, Aug. 27, 1839.

The surveying brig *Washington*, Lieutenant Gedney, put in here last night, with the schooner reported by your pilot-boats. She proves to be the schooner which left Havana in June, with negroes for a neighboring port. The slaves murdered all the white men, and then intended to go to Africa, but brought up on this coast. She had touched near Montauk Point, and got a supply of water, &c.

The head negro jumped overboard, when the boats from the brig came alongside, and it was with some difficulty he was recovered and saved. The negroes made no resistance. One of the white men saved is the owner of the slaves, as he says. One or two of the negroes died yesterday, and several are sick. It is said there is money and jewels on board of the value of \$40,000, but this is mere report. The schooner lies down the harbor, awaiting the arrival of the U. S. Marshal.

[This is an interesting exploit for the boys of the *Washington*, for she is *manned* with thirty or forty Navy apprentice boys, and only three or four men. She is engaged in surveying the coast.—*Eds. Jour. Com.*]

[From the *New-York Herald*, of Jan. 14th, 1840.]

THE NAVAL SCHOOL.

Every one who desires to see the Navy of the United States manned by American seamen, will rejoice to find that the Naval School system is in the most flourishing condition. After unsuccessful trials for several years, Mr. Goin, (the originator of the system) some three or four years since, by great exertions, and a considerable outlay of time and money, effected the passage of a law through Congress, for the establishment of a naval school in every Navy Yard, and the fitting out of a Home Squadron. The various Secretaries of the Navy have each done but little towards carrying the law into effect, but the present Secretary seems disposed to help the project considerably.

The school, in our Navy Yard, contains nearly 300 boys, all hearty and strong; many of whom would be running the streets, ragged and noisy, dragging fire engines, or stealing at every turn, if they were not on board the school ship. In this point of view, therefore, the establishment of the naval school is an invaluable project, and of incalculable benefit to the community. Again, by means of the school, an immense number of otherwise

helpless, idle, and worthless boys are endowed with an education, and the means of obtaining an honorable and independent livelihood. Lastly, by means of the Naval School, we shall in four or five years be enabled to man all our men of war with educated, well disciplined, native born American seamen. This latter circumstance is of itself a fact of such immense importance, that it is only necessary to state it, to convince every one of its value.

[From the *Norfolk Beacon*.]

APPRENTICES IN THE NAVY.

We happened to be near one of the wharves a day or two since, when a boat was seen in the stream and attracted much attention. The crew looked like sailors in miniature, as in truth they proved to be, for they were the young apprentices from the *Java*, and so neat and tidy did they seem, that they might readily have been taken for some youngsters who had stolen from school and equipped themselves in the apparel of the sailor.

It is plain to see that this system of apprenticeship is about to effect a great change in the *materiel* of the man of war—a change that will be hailed as one of the most important revolutions of modern times. If there was ever a class of men deemed incapable of amendment, they were those who, without pride of profession, and as a last resort, shipped on board a man of war. Such men seemed unassailable by the ordinary means of moral attack; they were given over in despair. But there is a means now operating which will accomplish the work. The regular education of young men, from their earliest infancy to manhood, in all the details of seamanship, in the nurture of sound morals, and under the guidance of intelligent and accomplished officers, will bring about the change. These youths will be well skilled in their profession—a qualification that will claim for them the respect of the oldest or most worthless sailor. They

will have become acquainted with the officers, shared their confidence, and like them will feel a professional pride as well as a sense of self-respect that will lift them above vicious associations. Known to the commanders, they will be selected as petty officers, and be deemed worthy of confidence and respect. Each will form a nucleus among those who have not enjoyed the same advantages, and while the tone of the ship will be improved, its discipline will be also promoted.

We understand that in order to attain a result so important to the discipline of the navy, and so auspicious to its moral and intellectual improvement, the Secretary of the Navy has determined to remodel the receiving ships, and convert them into schools of practice for young landsmen and boys. The system which has heretofore prevailed in these ships had some considerations to recommend it, but it has been felt very sensibly that it crushed the spirit of the sailor and made the service unpopular. It sunk every sentiment of chivalry in the bosom of the young mariner, who, with all the pride of profession about him, was handed over to the dock-yard for daily labor, at reduced remuneration. It was a commingling of land and sea service in the case of those who looked to the ocean as their proper element, and the ship as their native home.

Under the new system, which will regard the receiving ship as in its proper light as a school of discipline for young landsmen and boys, the best results will assuredly flow. Much of the practical knowledge of seamanship may be learned in port. To handle the guns, to manage the yards, to attain, if we may so speak, the geography and vocabulary of a man in war, may be done ashore. A service of six or eight months will enable an active lad to perform the duties of a sailor well and skilfully, especially if an occasional coasting trip, by way of experiment, were added. Such a policy will insure a constant supply of good seamen in our ships of war, and if the present Secretary of the

Navy succeeds in establishing the system on a firm and lasting foundation, he will have done more for the real interests of the Navy than he could have done by any other act whatever, and will have secured a reputation for himself as lasting as the benefits conferred upon this favorite arm of the public defence.

We lately visited the receiving ship *Java*, under the command of Capt. Charles W. Skinner, and had an opportunity of observing the apprentices. They were about forty or fifty in number, neatly attired in the garb of a sailor, good looking, and ranging from twelve to eighteen years of age. We saw the school room appropriated to their use, and the caronades which they used in their exercises.

They show great aptitude in acquiring knowledge, and are already catching that *esprit du corps* so essential to effective organization. If the boys on this station do not turn out worthy and skilful seamen, it will not be the fault of Capt. Skinner, and the intelligent officers of the *Java*.

[*Extract from the Report of the Secretary of the Navy, to the President of the United States, of 30th November, 1839.*]]

I deem it proper, also, to bring to your notice an abuse of great importance to the interests of the service. Numerous instances occur of the enlistment of minors; and it is obviously impossible to discriminate between those who are, and those who are not, of legal age.

After receiving further advance of pay, and becoming, perhaps, indebted to the purser in addition, they apply to a lawyer or a magistrate, procure a *habeas corpus*, and obtain their release without any legal obligation to pay the debt thus contracted. The instructions to recruiting officers authorize them to cause an oath to be administered in cases of doubt; but it has been decided that its violation does not subject the offender to legal punishment. Cases analogous to these frequently occur in

the enlistment of apprentices authorised by an act of Congress. They are occasionally presented by persons claiming to be their parents and guardians, and received accordingly. After remaining until they are sufficiently educated, and capable of being useful to their real parents, the latter come forward, prove the whole case a fraud, procure a *habeas corpus*, and release the apprentice after he has been maintained and educated at the public expense.

I would, therefore, respectfully recommend the passage of a law, authorising recruiting officers to cause an oath to be administered to persons offering for enlistment, in cases where their majority is doubted (and, in every case, to parents or guardians presenting boys as apprentices to the navy), the violation of which should be declared a perjury, and subject the offender to legal prosecution and punishment.

Should this system of apprenticeship be carried to the extent of which it is susceptible, I look forward to it as a source of great and lasting benefit to the navy. There is every reasonable prospect of its becoming a nursery for the supply of petty officers, one of the most important constituents in the service, nor can I doubt that it may be made the means of supplying a large number of capable, intelligent seamen, more strongly attached to their country by the benefits she has conferred on them.

The result, thus far, has been highly encouraging. A spirit of excitement and emulation prevails among those boys; their conduct, with rare exceptions, is correct and exemplary; examples of profligacy and cases of desertion seldom occur; commanders of vessels of war, are, without exception, anxious to have at least one-tenth of their crews composed of them; and the reports from the receiving ships give uniform testimony to their general deportment, their habits of order and industry, and their capacity for the acquisition of those branches of learning

and that practical knowledge of their profession which fit them for future usefulness.

I have endeavored to call the attention of magistrates, parents and guardians, to the means afforded by this system, of providing for that large class of unfortunate children which has become so numerous, most especially in our large cities, and which is without the means or the prospect of a comfortable maintenance, or of acquiring even the rudiments of education. If, instead of permitting them to live in idleness, exposed to every temptation, and plunging prematurely into every vice, they were apprenticed to their country, they would receive such an education as befits their station, and acquire those habits of sobriety, honesty, order and industry, which would go far to render those who are so apt to become the bane of society, efficient supporters of the honor and interests of their country.

The New-York *Courier and Enquirer* of the 4th of January, 1840, in commenting on the Report of the Secretary of the Navy, uses the following language in reference to the Naval School:—

"On the subject of Naval Apprenticeship, the Secretary makes highly judicious observations. He represents the benefits which have hitherto resulted from the system as of the most highly encouraging character. The attention of parents, guardians, and magistrates, cannot be too earnestly directed to the opportunities offered by this system for the disposition of that numerous class of children, born to misfortune, and now educating in vice and ignorance, to become pests to the community. The naval nursery, so wisely established by our government, offers the means of rescuing hundreds and thousands of this class from the degradation and wretchedness which menace them; of giving them useful education; submitting them to a wholesome and salutary discipline; and ultimately rendering them the 'efficient supporters of the honor and interests of their country.' "

[From the New-York *Evening Star*, January 18, 1840.]

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

The Secretary of the Navy has recently issued an order prohibiting the flogging of sailors, and making it imperative that such punishment shall be strictly conformable to law, and always by order and in presence of the captain. This order is not only conceived in a proper spirit of humanity, but is likewise policy, as good seamen are unwilling to join our Navy, from an abhorrence of the system of tying up a free citizen and flogging him like a convict. The subject has probably been brought to the immediate consideration of the Secretary from having seen it asserted in a Portsmouth paper that a gentleman saw twenty-five hundred lashes inflicted on board a United States line-of-battle-ship one morning before breakfast. Without crediting this statement, various considerations pressed upon the Secretary the necessity and importance of taking some measures to abridge such practices in future. The Norfolk *Herald*, in noticing the arrival of the *Vandalia* sloop-of-war, Commandant Levy, from a long and perilous cruise in the Gulf of Mexico, notices the great moral reform brought about in that ship, the crew of which were remarkably steady and attentive to duty, and asks:

"By the way, we observe in the same article from which the above extract is quoted, that Commander Levy, of the *Vandalia*, managed matters so well that he kept his ship always in prime order, and yet seldom had occasion to use either the *cat* or the *colt*. If this is true, (and we do not doubt that it is so,) we would call upon that officer to impart his mystery. He owes it to the service, in which he holds a distinguished position, no less than to the advancement of his own fame, to let it be known by what process he has arrived at the consummation of a high state of discipline with so little use of the '*cat*' or '*colt*'; while an old veteran in the service, who has heard the enemy's bullets whiz-

zing about his head like mosquitoes in September, could not admonish his ship's crew of their duty without giving them twenty-five hundred lashes for their bitters before breakfast!"

The story is soon told. Captain Levy has had twenty-eight years experience in the Navy as a seaman and an officer, and he always held the opinion to us that too little care was bestowed upon the morals, comfort, character, and health of seamen—the mainstay of the Navy; and he adopted a system of his own—for example: When a sailor was drunk, instead of his being taken in charge by an officer and handed over to the master-at-arms, and put under a sentry's charge in irons, and the next day flogged for using abusive language when drunk, the officer was not permitted to have intercourse with him; his messmates were directed to take charge of him, and he was immediately placed in his hammock and lashed securely. The next day he was sober, and at work, under a reprimand from his captain, instead of being in irons and punished at the gangway, and then be placed a week on the sick list in consequence of exposure in the brig. This produced the best moral effect. The habitual drunkard had a wooden bottle painted black and lettered "punishment for drunkenness," hung round his neck and locked securely, which he wore night and day: this fretted and worried the sailor as a disgrace, and it seldom occurred twice to the same person. For petty crimes, for which the grog is usually stopped, a severe privation for seamen, the captain ordered the delinquent's whiskey to be watered—a pint of water to a gill of whiskey. The seamen preferred a dozen lashes to this watering their whiskey; but it had a good moral effect. For petty thefts, a wooden collar was hung around his neck and a badge upon his back, and the delinquent messed in the manger, and not permitted to speak to any one. When fighting took place, the captain heard the story of each, and punished the offender by making him drink a tin-pot

of sea-water, which, though he disliked terribly, nevertheless cooled his blood and cleansed his stomach.

It was by this system, carried out firmly, that flogging ceased—a pride of character among seamen was created—duty performed cheerfully, and the men kept in perfect health. The captain, when the men were sick, saw in person to their comforts—sent them something nourishing from his own table. This is the proper course to be pursued towards seamen, who, in short, are children, and are to be coaxed, not driven. A sailor will work hard when well treated; and we have no doubt that Captain Levy could ship a full crew with more ease than could almost any other officer, from the confidence that men have in him relative to duty and general treatment. We say this much because we have a personal knowledge of his humanity and kind feelings to a brother sailor.

F I N I S

A DIALOGUE

Between a Southern Delegate and His Spouse

On His Return from the Grand Continental Congress.

ATTRIBUTED TO JEFFERSON

See Sabin—under title.

A
D I A L O G U E
B E T W E E N
A Southern Delegate
A N D
H I S S P O U S E ,
O N H I S R E T U R N F R O M
The Grand Continental Congress.

A F R A G M E N T
I N S C R I B E D
To the MARRIED LADIES of *America*,

*By their most sincere
And Affectionate Friend
And Servant,*

M A R Y V. V.

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A DIALOGUE, Etc.

WIFE—In less than a Year,
Mark me Sir, you'll repent of't, as sure as
you're there.

HUSBAND. Pray, for God's sake, my dear,
be a little discreet;
As I hope to be sav'd, you'll alarm the whole
street;
Don't delight so in scolding yourself out of
breath;
To the Neighbours 'tis sport, but to me it
is death.
I submit for Peace sake to be led by the
Nose;
Don't make the World think that we're come
to Blows:
If once but a Crotchet in your Head you
have got,
For your Husband's Advice, Ma'm, you care
not a Groat.
There are many wise people, I'd have you to
know,
Who often have ask'd it, and have follow'd
it too:
If I speak but a Word, you rave like a Fury,
The Patience of Job, Madam, wou'dn't,
cou'dn't endure ye:
Had I a million of sons, Ah! by the Lord
Harry,
I'd advise every one of them never to marry.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A

WIFE. Call the Doctor!——by this unusual Palaver,
 I fear thou'st been bit, you so foam and so slaver:
 Alas! never,—ah!——never, elect him again;
 This pride of Delegation turns many a Brain.

HUSBAND. You mistook me, my Dear, I did not pretend
 Every Measure of Congress, right or wrong to defend;
 Many Things they've left undone they shou'd surely have done,
 Many Things they have done, they shou'd have sure let alone:
 The - - - - - *Suffolk* - - - - - Appropriation,

— — — — — — — —
England - - - - - d—m—n

— — — — — — — —
 Nice Discussions a wise Man will ever decline,
 When his Head and his Heart are o'er heated with Wine:
 Men, when drunk, are all Heroes, all prudent, all gallant;
 Stark Fools become Sages; rank Cowards, grow valiant:
 High Matters of State should be plann'd before Dinner;
 A Saint in the Morn is at Night oft a Sinner:

But grant their Resolves were more absurd
than they are,
Could you really expect your meek Husband
would dare
Oppose such a Torrent, when its very well
known,
He dare not say to your Face, his Soul is his
own?

WIFE. God bless us and keep us! why,
my Dearest, till now,
I ne'er heard you so wise, or so witty, I vow;
I protest this same Congress's a very fine
School;
A man comes back a *Chatham*, who went
there a Fool.

HUSBAND. You're afraid to hear all, but
for once I will speak,
Wherever I am known, I am call'd *Jerry*
Sneak;
I bear for all that, with your Caprice and
your Tricks,
But prithee, Dear, dabble not in our Politics.

WIFE. Prithee! ha, ha, ha, Prithee! my
Senator grave!
Sir! I'll make you repent of that Speech, to
your Grave;
Why had'st not said, KNOW THEN, like
the mighty Congress,

I presume you'd a Hand in that civil Ad-
dress:
Indeed my sweet Sir, when you treat with
your betters,
You should mind how you speak, and how
you write Letters.

HUSBAND. That Horse-laugh is all feign'd,
with much better Grace,
You know Ma'm, you cou'd hit me a slap in
the Face:
Consider, my Dear, you're a Woman of
Fashion,
'Tis really indecent to be in such Passion;
Mind thy Household-Affairs, teach thy chil-
dren to read,
And never, Dear, with Politics, trouble thy
Head.

WIFE. Good Lord! how magnanimous!
I fear Child thou'rt drunk,
Dost thou think thyself, Deary, a *Cromwell*, or
Monk?
Dost thou think that wise Nature meant thy
shallow Pate
To digest the important Affairs of a State?
Thou born! thou! the Machine of an Empire
to wield?
Art thou wise in Debate? Shou'st feel bold
in the Field?
If thou'st Wisdom to manage Tobacco, and
Slave,

It's as much as God ever design'd thee to have:
Because Men are Males are they all Politicians?
Why then I presume they're Divines and Physicians,
And born all with Talents every Station to fill,
Noble Proofs you've given! no doubt, of your Skill:
Wou'd! instead of Delegates, they'd sent Delegates' Wives;
Heavens! we cou'dn't have bungled it so for our Lives!
If you had even consulted the boys of a School,
Believe me, Love, you cou'd not have play'd so the Fool:
Wou'd it bluster and frighten its own poor dear Wife,
As the Congress does *England* quite out of her life?

HUSBAND. This same Congress, my Dear,
much disturbeth thy Rest,
God and Men ask no more than that Men do their best;
'Tis their Fate, not their Crimes, if they've little Pretence
To your most transcendent Penetration and Sense;
'Tis great Pity, I grant, they had'n't ask'd the Advice

Of a Judge of Affairs, so profound and so
nice;
You're so patient, so cool, so monstrous elo-
quent,
Next Congress, my Empress shal't be made
President.

WIFE. I have said it, my Dear, and I'll
say it again,
That your famous Congress were a strange
set of men:
To you, my dear Love, I may be sometimes
too pert,
But then you know well, Dear, it is but for
a Spirt:
Tho' I do now and then take the Freedom
to glance
At your Dreams, and your Visions, I mind the
main Chance;
Regard your true Interest, your Health and
your Ease,
And am ever dispos'd to do just as you please;
Sometimes, to be sure, it is not quite conve-
nient,
But since I swore t' obey, I'm always obe-
dient;
I defy you to say now; you can't for your
Life,
That I'm not, at the Bottom, a very good
Wife:
Could I see you in Prison, or hang'd, without
pain?

Then pray, have not I reason enough to complain?

HUSBAND. Psha! for God's sake, what hazard of that do I run?

WIFE. Psha on, but beware, Dear, that you are not undone;
'Twou'd soon break my Heart, tho' we do now and then jar,
Were you ruin'd or taken, or killed in War.
From the Love I bear you, and our dear Girls and Boys,
I have examin'd this Book, that makes so much Noise:
Without seeing thro' Mill-stones, its soon understood,
As sure as you are born, this will at last end in Blood:
A Cabal, which the high sovereign Power defies,
No matter whether prompted by Truth or by Lies;
No Matter for us, whether without or with Reason,
In Law, they say's deem'd little short of High Treason.
Three thousand Miles distant, we may crow and exult,
But can you hope any State, will bear such Insult.

To your high mighty Congress, the Members
 were sent,
To lay all our Complaints before Parliament;
Usurpation rear'd its head from that fatal
 Hour,
You resolved, you enacted, like a sovereign
 Pow'r.
Acts, tho' not enjoin'd, on Pain of Gibbets
 and Flames,
Disobey'd, at the Price of our Fortunes, and
 Fames.
Your Non-Imports, and Exports, are full
 fraught with Ruin
Of thousands and thousands, the utter Un-
 doing:
While without daring to bite, you're shewing
 your Teeth,
You've contriv'd to starve all the poor People
 to death.
Into all that's most sacred, you've made mad
 Inroad,
Morocco itself wou'd be ashame'd of your Code.
Pretty Sovereigns, in truth! God help us,
 what Things
To make deep Politicians, or Statesmen, or
 Kings?
If *Philadelphia* or *York* propos'd some wise
 Plan,
From that very Moment, you all branded the
 Man
----- of Sense and of Honour ----- derive
----- Carpenters Hall ----- alive

murder or rob
Pieces Mob.
Instead of imploring their Justice, or Pity,
You treat Parliament like a Pack of Banditti:
Instead of Addresses, fram'd on Truth and on
Reason,
They breathe nothing but Insult, Rebellion,
and Treason;
Instead of attempting our Interests to further,
You bring down on our Heads Perdition, and
Murder.
When I think how these Things must infalli-
bly end,
I am distracted with Fear, and my Hair
stands an end.

HUSBAND. You've been heating your Brain
With Romances, and Plays,
Such Rant and Bombast, I never heard in my
Days.

WIFE. Were your new-fangled Doctrines
as modest and true,
'Twould be well for yourselves, and this poor
Country too:
But supposing *Great-Britain*, quite out of
the Case,
And you all should be sav'd, by some high Act
of Grace;
Let's return to ourselves, if you've Eyes, you
will see

Your Association, big with rank Tyranny.
It's hardly worth one's while to show Indig-
nation
At that foolish Bugbear, your Non-Impor-
tation;
For Men do so hunger, and so thirst after Pelf,
That when thousands are starv'd, 'twill blow
up of itself.
You have read a great deal,—with patient
Reflection,
Consider one Moment, your Courts of In-
spection:
Could the Inquisition, *Venice, Rome, or Ja-*
pan
Have devised so horrid, so wicked a Plan?
In all the Records of the most slavish Nation,
You'll not find an Instance of such Usurpa-
tion.
If Spirits infernal, for dire Vengeance de-
sign'd,
Had been nam'd Delegates, to afflict Human
kind,
And in Grand Continental Congress, had re-
solv'd
“Let the Bonds of social Bliss be from
henceforth dissolved,”
They could not have plann'd, with more ex-
quisite Skill,
Nor have found a tame Race, more submiss to
their Will.
Let Fools, Pedants, and Husbands, continue to
hate

The Advice of us Women, and call it all
Prate:

Whilst you are in Danger, by your good }
Leave, my Dear,
Both by Night and by Day, I will ring in }
your Ear---
Make your Peace:—Fear the King:—The }
Parliament fear.

Oh my Country! remember, that a Wo- }
man unknown,
Cry'd aloud,—like *Cassandra*, in Oracular }
Tone,
“Repent! or you are forever, forever undone!” }

FINIS

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